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THE LIFE OF

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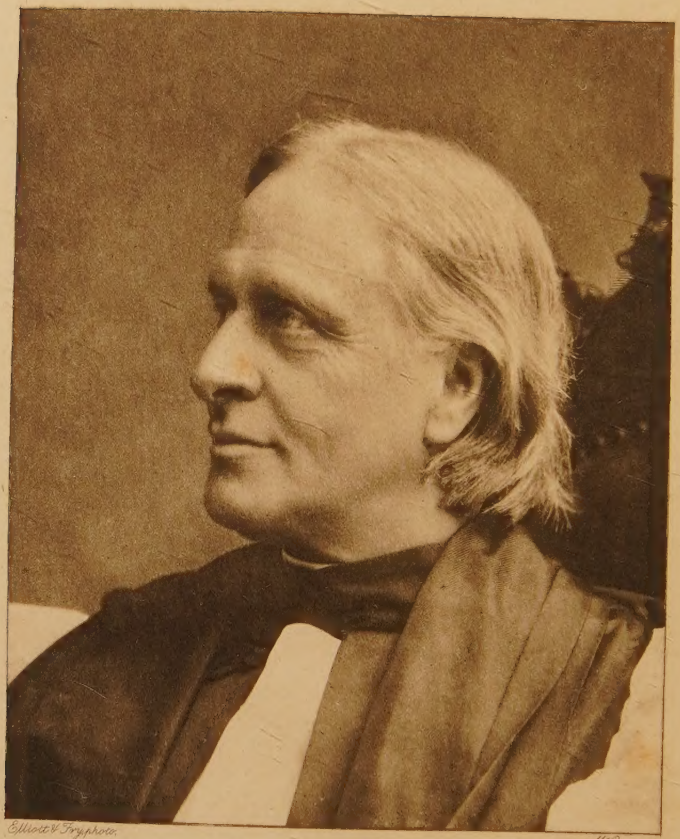

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1883.

THE LIFE OF
EDWARD WHITE BENSON
SOMETIME ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BY HIS SON

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

OF ETON COLLEGE

"Not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake, having the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me."

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

DIARY.

"*That great glittering world.*" W. Cory.

After his succession to the Primacy, my father began to keep a very full, confidential and outspoken Diary. It is difficult indeed to imagine how he found time to write it, but it was evidently, as a rule, written late at night, after the labours of the day were over. The whole book, in its fourteen volumes, is a remarkable historical document, and I am not without hope that at some later date more pages of it may be given to the world. It is so extraordinarily frank in its criticism, so full of personal details, and deals so boldly with recent events and living persons, that the greater part could not be printed at present, consistently with the exercise of a due discretion. It acted for my father as a kind of safety-valve: the depression, the irritation, the disappointment that must necessarily attend so eager and masterful a temperament while striving to carry out a policy deemed essential to religion in the face of so much opposition and indifference—all these are recorded in the Diary: not less poignant is the picture he unconsciously draws of a man of deeply spiritual instincts, with a deliberate hankering after study and seclusion, forced day after day to organise, to superintend and to direct a mass of practical enterprises, both small and great. In his letters, speeches and private conversation, he assumed of set purpose a brighter tone; but in the Diary are written

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plainly enough the struggles, the fears, the agonies that he did not allow to appear in face or voice or gesture.

From this time his life was not eventful in the ordinary sense, but there were questions of great importance like the Ritual Question, the Lincoln Case, and the Question of the Papal Claims, which extended over a series of years; new interests springing up, new actions and organisations in which the Church was taking part. Some of these need for clearer treatment chapters by themselves; at the same time these matters are in themselves so complicated and of so recent interest that a complete historical handling of them is out of the question in such a personal biography as the present Memoir; I shall therefore only attempt to indicate the Archbishop's attitude to these questions, and leave them to be treated by the historian of the future in a more competent manner. We are too near them at present to see these controversies in right proportion, and many documents very material to these grave subjects cannot at the present time, for personal reasons, see the light. For the rest, I propose to give a rough outline of his official life, with such extracts from the Diary as are illustrative of personal life and character or touch on matters of public interest; arranging the special episodes so that the critical points shall fit in as nearly as possible with their historical sequence.

On January 9th, 1883, the Archbishop-designate went to Osborne to have an interview with the Queen. He writes:—

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1883. To Osborne, the Queen sending her yacht to Southampton for me.

Had a very long—about an hour's—most interesting and stirring conversation with the Queen—of which elsewhere. Her sagacity in reading people and their ruling motives and weaknesses, and a little disposition (though very little and scarce more than to show her complete grasp of them) to be quietly amused

at them, struck me very much. Quite as much also, the fearless confidence with which she said *out* all these insights, and all that she had to say on modes of dealing. Partly resumed at dinner and after. She left me much wiser about a good many men than I expected to be.

She has most earnest views as to the maintenance of Establishment.

The early weeks of 1883 were spent in endeavouring at the same time to make arrangements for clearing off necessary business at Truro, and to deal with the immense mass of correspondence which began to pour in upon the new Archbishop.

On Saturday, the 3rd March, the Archbishop was confirmed in Bow Church, with the grotesque ceremonies in use; no answer was made to the challenge for opposers to come forward[1]; the Bishop of London (Jackson) presided, and the Bishop of Exeter (Temple) was one of the Bishops present. As the procession left the Church, a rush was made to the table, and an enterprising gentleman appropriated the blotting-pad on which appeared the reverse of the first signature, *Edw. Cantuar.*

To Canon Mason (in reply to news from Cornwall).

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
13 *March*, 1883.

Your most loving letter is very dear. The whirl and whizz of work unutterable is all traced over with voices and shadows of the West. I know you will hold all together and be of one heart, and when Wilkinson comes it will all be well. But now I can't fancy you without me, which is vain—nor me without you, which is too sad.

Windsor was very very nice. The Queen is wonderful!

Your AGAPON.

Love *omnibus meis ac tuis.*

[1] The Archbishop always maintained that the challenge is only to those who have anything to object as regards the personal identity, character or attainments of the Archbishop or Bishop, not as regards his doctrine. See p. 390.

To Canon Wickenden (*on wearing his hair long*).

LAMBETH PALACE.
March, 1883.

DEAREST F.,

As to the Hair! Opinions are divided. Some desire me to be *Cometes*, others would have me as "bolch" as the moon. But long hair (if any) is the tradition of the primacy I am told! God bless you for all your love and your fun.

The Archbishop took his seat in the House of Lords on Monday, March 12th; on the 19th he went to Windsor to be sworn of the Privy Council. The previous day he had preached in the Chapel Royal. He notes:—

March 18*th*, 1883. Palm Sunday.—St Edward's Day. Preached in Chapel Royal, St James's. The "natural curiosity" is such, that it is said five times as many tickets are asked as there are places. My curiosity is as great as theirs to know how the new Archbishop will be able ἀναστρέφεσθαι ἐν οἴκῳ Θεοῦ[1]. My *only* confidence is that He will not fail to support His own Call—ἑαυτὸν ἀπαρνεῖσθαι οὐ δύναται[2].

He was enthroned at Canterbury on the 29th of March, in the presence of a vast congregation. The lily-of-the-valley was generally worn, as the supposed emblem of Thomas-à-Becket; though "a Somersetshire Rector" wrote to the *Times* to beg people before "denuding the conservatories" to read Froude's Essay on "that turbulent prelate," going on to suggest that "the tiger lily (though unfortunately not now in bloom) would be a more appropriate flower."

The ceremony of Enthronement had been revived by Archbishop Sumner[3], it having until then fallen into

[1] To walk in the House of God.
[2] Himself He cannot deny.
[3] April 28, 1848.

desuetude[1], the ceremony being performed by proxy; for instance, in 1783, when John Moore was appointed Archbishop, the Vice-Dean was installed in the Archiepiscopal Throne, the Patriarchal Chair and the Dean's Stall, and the Chapter took the oath of Canonical obedience to him. Archbishops were not over popular at Canterbury, and there is a tradition that at one visit paid by Archbishop Howley to his metropolitical city, after the rejection of the Reform Bill, stones were thrown at his carriage. It is said too that on the same occasion one of his chaplains complained of having had a dead cat thrown at him, when Archbishop Howley replied that he should be thankful it was not a live one.

Archbishop Benson arrived the day before the Enthronement by special train at 3.30 p.m. No one travelled with us except a few personal friends; I was struck at the time at the tranquillity and cheerfulness of my father. He talked about a number of interesting things and displayed neither agitation nor preoccupation. He was received by the Mayor and the Dean with a Guard of Honour of Kent Rifle Volunteers and Kent Yeomanry to whom he made a short speech; he then drove to the Guildhall where he was greeted with loud blasts upon the Wardmote horn, irreverently received with loud laughter; the Mayor presented an address from the Corporation, and the Archbishop spoke at some length; noticing that Cornish Choughs were included in the City Arms, and were represented in the jewel round the Mayor's neck, the Archbishop said :—

As a Cornishman I claim the same privilege as the three Cornish Choughs to come and live here, where they have lived, under the roof of your Guildhall and close to the heart of your Mayor. You have admitted three and I hope you will admit a fourth. I must not close this part of my address without saying

[1] Archbishop Wake was the last Archbishop enthroned in person, June 15, 1716.

of the Cornish Chough that he is a very home-loving bird—he clings to his home in the rocks and gives utterance to the most melodious screams (laughter), and it is there that his red legs and bill are to be seen flashing upon the rocks. When he has taken up his home on the rock it is difficult to detach him from it.

On the following day he was enthroned. There were present the Duke of Edinburgh, representing the Queen, many of the principal laity of Kent, and most of the Bishops of Great Britain. He was installed as by ancient custom by Bishop Parry, Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Archdeacon of Canterbury having the right to enthrone, induct, and instal all English Bishops of the Southern Province[1], as Suffragans of the Metropolitical See, as well as the Archbishop himself.

The *Times* wrote of the Archbishop's appearance at the West Door: "With neither affected humility nor any manifestation of unbecoming pride, but as one deeply impressed with the consciousness of the heavy responsibilities devolving on him, he moved with firm steps and a certain stateliness not unbecoming one called to his high office." The train was carried by his son Robert Hugh Benson, then a boy of ten, and by a King's Scholar of Canterbury, vested in surplices and purple cassocks. Almost the most solemn moment, which no one present could ever forget, was the reading of the Second Lesson, from St John xxi. from a lectern facing west under the choir screen, by Archdeacon Harrison, of Maidstone. It was read with a dramatic dignity and a pathetic power that were indescribably moving.

[1] There is an interesting volume in the possession of the Archdeacon of Canterbury which contains formulas for enthronements, and a list of Archidiaconal fees, which included the horse, with saddle and bridle, on which the Bishop rode to the Church, a silver cup, of ten marks value, hospitality and provision for himself and retinue for several days, with especial provision for a cup of the best wine to be placed at the Archdeacon's bedside every night.

At the luncheon held in the Chapter Library, in answer to the toast of his health proposed by the Dean, the Archbishop made an impressive speech: he dwelt much on the qualities of his predecessor and the essential concord of the Church of England. He said:—

In contending for spiritual freedom we do not seek what some of the greatest of those who have sate in the chair of Augustine have sought and obtained—temporal dominion in the world. Whenever there has been a grasping to gather into the bosom of the Church temporal dominion which she has no right to claim and no power to use, there has been, my dear friends, a heavy account to settle, even if it were two or three centuries after.....The Church of England has no fear. She need never be afraid of education, never afraid of research, or anything that science or philosophy may find out, because science and philosophy have their fountains in the Throne above.

He visited St Augustine's College, and spoke with deep feeling of the week that he had spent there in 1850 "in loneliness and sadness" after his terrible bereavement, drawing comfort and joy from the venerable walls and the simple services of the chapel.

On the 1st of May he spoke at the Church Missionary Society meeting. He writes in his Diary:—

Tuesday, May 1, 1883.—Spoke for Church Missionary Society to a vast (crowded actually) mass of people at Exeter Hall: urged them to consider that educated, cultivated men, Hindoos, etc., had souls not less dear to God than the souls of the ignorant. I am mistaken if this Society is not fast adding to its faith virtue.

Friday, May 4.—With dear wife for a short time to private view of Royal Academy. The most touching picture I have ever seen bears on the mysteries of animal life and feeling. The collie putting its paw on the knee of the dying child and *looking*—if it *is* looking—just as my Watch *looks* at a mystery which moves his feelings. Something or other, whatever it may be, passes out by a dog's eyes, not merely is taken into them: the human eye is not used thus, because we have speech. And Rivière has seen this, and I have seen it.

Early in the same month the Cathedral Statutes Bill was brought before the House of Lords by the Bishop of Carlisle. The Archbishop spoke for the first time, and with obvious nervousness. The object of the Bill was to enable Cathedral Statutes to be altered and modified conveniently and to give legal statutes to Cathedrals that were without them. The Bishop of Peterborough (Magee) spoke strongly against the Bill, which he thought would lead to an undesirable intervention of Parliament between the Crown and the Cathedrals[1].

In the same month the Archbishop paid several visits in the Diocese; on May 5th he writes:—

Saturday: Chevening.—Endless goodness from Lord and Lady Stanhope—and quantities of interests in the house and library. The goodness we have received here seems almost to come in special annihilation of the deepest wound my pride ever received—when his father[2], asking me a question, and receiving from me the simplest and most straightforward answer possible, turned to the Prince Consort and said, "Sir, here is another fact *elicited*." *Pax illi!* The memorials of a good ancestry abound.

Dr Gifford writes:—

When the translation to Canterbury in 1882 was first made known, I happened to be staying at Fulham with Bishop Jackson, who on hearing the news burst out into unfeigned delight, exclaiming that the choice was the very best that could have been made, and the one which he had hoped and prayed for.

Some months later I was invited to a dinner given in honour of the Archbishop by his old school-fellows. His most intimate friend, Dr Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham, was in the Chair, and sitting on his left hand I could observe closely the intense emotion by which he was overcome in proposing the Archbishop's health.

Trembling all over and with tears streaming down his face Lightfoot told us how on the very first day of his entering King Edward's School, Benson, who had been some time in the School, showed him much kindness, and walked home with him, "and

[1] The Bill was passed in the Lords, but withdrawn in the Commons on Aug. 7. Another Bill introduced in 1884 was withdrawn also.

[2] Philip Henry, 5th Earl Stanhope, was a Governor of Wellington College.

from that day to this," said Lightfoot, "I do not believe there has been a thought or wish in the mind or heart of either which he has not shared with the other."

The Bishop then went on to speak of the grand and powerful position held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the recognised head of the whole English-speaking race in Communion with the Church of England throughout the world, a position which he regarded as little inferior even now to that of the Bishop of Rome, and destined at no distant date to be even greater.

It was on the 10th of May that he was entertained at dinner by his old Birmingham school-fellows; the Archbishop writes:—

Thursday, May 10. A dinner given by old pupils of King Edward's School to their unworthy school-fellow the Archbishop. It was a sort of resurrection. So few of them have I seen in the meantime though those few are the dearest friends. The faces of so many are so familiar and recognisable on the instant—not changed so much as translated into a manlier nobler tongue. I made an unlucky but innocent and not to be recalled observation which I shall not soon hear the end of. I was speaking of the many strange and unexpected associations which, turning up or being realised, make the new life so "dream-like" for the time being. Among these I mentioned the stall in Lambeth Chapel, the very stall which Laud erected with the screen—and of his being the man who, I said, "in spite of his misjudgments and misunderstanding of what was good for Church and for State[1] alike, had set *the* great example of devotion to the English Church and had undoubtedly died for her." The *Standard* reported me as having said "how I sate in the Chair of the martyred Laud," without anything else of my language about him. The *Spectator* and the *Pall Mall* and others in full cry have assaulted me daily now for ten days as taking Laud for my "model Archbishop" and glorying to sit on "the Throne of the martyred Laud." I will be more *careful*! Yet what care can avoid such perversion as is partly a blunder and partly a malice? The *Spectator* has an antipathy to an archbishop, and pursued the last as a Broad Churchman, and this as a Laudian.

[1] The speech is reported truly and in full in King Edward's School Magazine, Birmingham.

My words did not include "martyred," which was only an abstract by the *Standard* itself. Bp of Durham remembers all the other expressions and does not remember this or would have been struck with it. It is curious that the expression of one reporter's *view* of what one *means* may set the whole press on fire with a mistaken term. The "martyred Laud" threatens to be a proverb! I will bide my time and pluck a crow by-and-bye with the "Inquisitor."

He wrote at the time to his old friend Bishop Lightfoot on the subject:—

RISEHOLME, LINCOLN.
May 14th, 1883.

DEAREST BROTHER,

Did you see these two articles?

If I *had* said "The Martyred Laud," even in a rash slip, there would be nothing to say. But I think I can trust my memory of what I did say, as well as my notion of what I should be likely to say. And I am pretty sure it is not my way of talking, and not what I said. On the contrary, I spoke of Laud's "misreading of his times, misunderstanding and misjudgment of what was good for either Church or State." I feel sure of this.

Do you think it would be well for me—(I think you will not) or for anyone who was present, to contradict it?

How shall I thank you, dear old friend, for what you said as to your—if only one could grow worthier of it!—Love. And now I think these articles will give you an opening (if you will but use it in your friendship) for telling *me* as you find occasion, and as soon as may be, two or three things which *you* clearly see I must try to avoid, and am prone to, as you half hinted you would in your kind letter some time back.

Best love. When you come to Town would you rather be at Lollard's Tower or with us? Please do what you find best, but *do* come to us occasionally.

Your loving, EDW. C.

The following note was added nearly a year afterwards, in March, 1884:—

Next scene of "The martyred Laud." In moving the resolution in the Commons for removing the Bishops from the House of Lords (March 21, 1884), Mr Willis among the crimes of the

Prelates averred that when the present Primate was enthroned at Canterbury, he could find no comparison to describe his feelings in his speech on that occasion, but to compare them with those of Laud! "Cheers" from the House of Commons!

On the 11th he had an interesting interview with the Queen:—

May 11th. Went with Davidson to see the Queen and his Deanery[1]....The Queen said to-day, "As I get older I cannot understand the world. I cannot comprehend its littlenesses. When I look at the frivolities and littlenesses, it seems to me as if they were all *a little mad.*" She said, too, "The wickedness of people's spite against one another is so great."

Davidson's simple and comforting frankness will be a great strength to her. She desired him not to leave me until the summer: "Let the *canons* work, let the *canons* work."

On the following day he was present at the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition, and said a prayer: he then went down to Croydon to confirm and afterwards held a reception. He adds:—

All seem to feel Archbishop Tait's death as a charge to them to receive with lovingness his successor, who, I am sure, has need of it. "As he was following the ewes great with young ones He took him." May He add "the faithful and true heart," to forget self. To be tender to hardness. Not to yearn for sympathy which it seems His will to withhold.

On the 16th he visited Lincoln:—

Wednesday, May 16th. Evening service at Lincoln Minster. The dear Lincolners came in a crowd. The boys gave up their very half holiday to come to sing. No such people as Lincolners when their friendship is once made.

The Bishop still rises at six; still reads and writes as much as ever; still quotes fathers and classics aptly and abundantly, and still reasons as ill and is as beautifully courtly as ever. One of his excellent quotations was Caesar's character of the Britons as the weakness of the English Church, "singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur."

[1] He had been recently appointed Dean of Windsor.

On the 26th of May he went down to Tunbridge Wells. He writes:—

On Saturday went to Tunbridge Wells and confirmed 400 people in Canon Hoare's church: on Sunday morning 39 boys in Tonbridge School Chapel, in the evening 138, of whom about 40 were adults, and this morning above 100 in St Stephen's. Most interesting confirmations in the very Beulah of these darling old Evangelicals. We stayed most happily with the Deacons in their beautiful home, meeting there Bishop and Mrs Parry, the Melvilles, and the Evangelical Shepherds and Sheep, for Mr Deacon suffers none beside. They are all right—they hold nothing but the truth and they hold it strongly, consistently, sweetly, but with just a little tinge of Torquemada. They are only short of the full τελειότης[1]. They are happy in the Court of Israel and of the Women. They have never seen the Court of the Priests. I keep back nothing from them in my addresses, yet they did not seem displeased. There is something in Evangelicalism, as it exists now, in "Protestant Truth," as dear Mr Deacon calls it, which is very concordant with wealth.

May 29th. A terrible day of hurried and impatient work. Every morning, thanks to God, a perfectly unclouded conviction that this day is going to be serene and orderly and full of smooth strong work. Every evening, thanks to myself, utter and entire dissatisfaction with every hour. Bed at one or half-past one each morning, almost untired, yet the shoulders galled, not by the weight but the friction. The psalms to-night a great comfort, and I think they were Laud's last in the chapel.

June 11th. The Bill legalising marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister was ordered to be read a second time in the House of Lords. Arnold said, when the steam of the first locomotive passed Rugby, "There is the death blow of the Feudal System." This is the first real dissilience of the Law of England and the Law of the Church.

I spoke with all my might on the common arguments which were flat for very staleness in spite of importance, but the House seemed pleased at my maintaining that "Theology" was the *Science* of religion. The word begins to be used contemptuously, and must not be.

[1] Perfection.

On the 22nd of June he went to the Crystal Palace to the Handel Festival. He says:—

June 22nd. With dear wife to "Israel in Egypt" at the Handel Festival. They received us with much honour; there were 22,000 people at least present and 4,000 in the orchestra. The truth of Handel's genius is in nothing more manifest than in the ever increasing glory of his work, as it is, so to speak, more and more *magnified*. Other works reveal their thinness of tissue when they are committed to orchestras far beyond the author's possibility of even imagining.

June 24th. Preached to a terrific congregation crowding the transept and down almost to the west end and standing in the gangways at St Paul's. These scenes must come to an end, but I wonder that their curiosity lasts so long. When they find what few barley loaves and what very small fishes this poor soul, hungry itself, possesses, this five thousand must melt away. Or will Christ have compassion? Meanwhile let us make what running we can. The Church of England has to be built up again from the very bottom. It is the lower and lower-middle classes who must be won. All else would be comparatively easy. And it must be humility, intense devotion, and talking of *English* tongue which must be laid at the disposal of the poor. There is little to be done yet with the rich. And there is *nothing* to be done by *force majeure*, by exhibiting our claims on allegiance. Our claims must be our work. If our Faith is to be shown by our Works, our "Succession" may (with all its rights) put up with the same claim to a hearing and a trial.

July 16th, Monday. Went with Minnie to call on Mrs Procter, my father's first cousin; her mother, my grandfather's sister, married Mr Skepper, and afterwards Basil Montagu; and this lady, of whom at the age of 16 there is a charming description in Fanny Kemble's Diary, married Mr Procter, known as Barry Cornwall, and her eldest daughter was Adelaide Procter, the very sweet poetess.

She is a very old, dear, active, bright little lady, and something like my grandmother, who was also her first cousin. She showed me a very nice miniature of my great-grandfather, Mr Edward Benson, of York. She said Mrs Basil Montagu used to talk a great deal of my grandfather, White Benson, who she said was full of quiet humour. Once he had been summoned at dead of night

to a friend's house where there was believed to be an alarm of fire, and he went all over the house with his friend. On coming back he said, "What a very well-bred man that is; he was much discomposed by his fire, yet he never forgot to give me the entrée into every one of his rooms."

In August he went down to Addington, where he at once began to busy himself about the house and park, but little guessing how he would come to love it. He writes :—

Thursday, August 9th. Busily employed with workmen in "converting" the Chapel. It was hideous, with stalls on either side the altar, and all other seats eastward. I have brought down Bp Juxon's rails, which I found in lumber room at Lambeth, which cannot be used in Chapel there, and some seat fronts which were made in imitation of Juxon's work, and were also in same limbo. With these I construct a screen which looks quite Belgian, and a reredos, and some side panelling, and turn the seats choir-wise. Nellie is to paint frescoes in red lines on walls, and Fred (Wickenden) gives us new glass and refits the old, which he gave us for our chapel at Lincoln, into the windows : I hope we shall obtain a quaint and grave effect, if not a very exquisite one ; but we shall still see what colours and a little parquetry will effect.

Nellie has drawn "Lazarus," Maggie "The New Jerusalem"; both good first attempts in this style.

To his son Arthur.

ADDINGTON PARK.
19 *Aug.*, 1883.

DEAREST ARTHUR,

I hope you will not worry yourself about *scholastic* life, or make any change of plans with a view to it. It's very nice, but it's not all—and it makes me sad to think how many capable men, who might have added something to the "enrichment of the blood of the world," are by the temptations of schoolmastering so early quenched. Perfect your education on the best and highest lines, and the future will be cared for.

I am afraid some of the Bishops lose their reverence, but they

ought not, and I hope they will not[1] in a case I know of. It must be a shallow mind which, being near in place, and marking imperfections, fancies that the patch it is close to is *all*, and that the *all* is imperfect. He must be a very unimaginative man who, being close to the lower slopes, cannot realise that there are central Alps behind, and actually *loses* the belief that there are, by being brought into close neighbourhood with those lower slopes. This is, I suppose, what someone calls "the vulgarity of the Sacristan," familiarity with the earthly sanctuary, and its liability to dust and cobweb, destroying the sentiment and even the faith. Well, I ramble on. I hope that I shan't, through any error of mine, lead *my* children to forget the mystery that lives above and beyond the profession. The mystery is the true.

Your loving father,

EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] N.B. I've seen not a trace of it in said case. This is for fear you should think I "*mean*" anything.

September 2nd, Sunday. Such a bounteous harvest, gathered in such golden weather, and after it such deliberate soft rain that you can scarcely see it falling outside the windows, but only the whole land grey with it at a short distance. Beech trees and cedars standing as still as possible in it with such gentle slow wavings as to make the most of it—like great creatures liking to be stroked and pressing up under your hand—and a bloom coming over the grand flat boughs even while one watches their lowering blackness.

Sept. 3rd. Matthew Arnold is going to America to lecture. What a discipline, to grind for Philistines after he has mocked them with his foxes and firebrands and all his riddles so long!

My father's first meeting with Matthew Arnold had taken place at Rugby. He sat next him at dinner at the house of Mr Charles Arnold. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Matthew Arnold uttered some humorous semi-cynical statement to the effect that it was useless to attempt to enlighten the general public or to give them a sense of due proportion in the matter of truth. My father was somewhat nettled, and quoted a few lines from the

celebrated sermon of Dr Arnold's on Christian Education[1]. Matthew smiled very affectionately at him, drooping his head sideways in his direction while he patted his shoulder, saying, "Very graceful and appropriate, my dear Benson, but we must not take for Gospel everything that dear Dr Arnold said."

A severe illness took up many weeks of this autumn, and after visiting Lord Cranbrook, with my mother and sister, he went in November to the North to recruit, and visited his Sidgwick relations in Yorkshire: he writes:—

Monday, Nov. 26th. Auckland to Keighley. Found the dearest old cousin commonly called Aunt, at 81 ruling her little Riddlesden Hall, with its sweet gables and low large rooms and unnumbered mullions, as picturesquely and briskly as ever, and the parish with a thorough and perfect happiness. Walked straight up on to Ilkley Moor, the best walk in the best air and with the least fatigue I have had yet.

They rang the bells all afternoon. How odd to look back on oneself a little helpless chap on the top of the coach going to and from Leeds and Skipton, and chatting on the box seat to the coachman about eight and thirty years ago. And now, here is another box seat and more helplessness than then. But the Auriga! In Him is my trust.

He went from Keighley to Skipton, and writes:—

Nov. 27th. Skipton with Nellie and Fowler: lunched at the Raikes[2] and saw everybody. The glorious old Archdeacon of Craven[3] came to stay the night at the Hall—the father of all clergy progress in the Dales, still fresh and rosy as a boy. I well remember the thrill of and sense of a holy man doing something very sweet with a slight dash of wrongness in it when I first saw him step into his pulpit in his surplice to preach. His sympathetic counsels in youth have entered as a most traceable thread into my life, and he was a real ideal of what a pastor might be and what a

[1] Vol. III. Sermon XVI. p. 199. Ed. of 1834.
[2] Mr Robert Sidgwick's house at Skipton.
[3] Archdeacon Boyd.

pastor was. He was in his time a great contrast to most of what surrounded him. No diocese has more eager clergy or nobler people. He and my wife's father were devoted friends.

The castle was a great delight to Nellie—the dungeon tower of which the very outside used to be full of awe,—the window where I used to read Newman's Sermons to my splendid stately old Aunt, on condition that I might be also allowed to read her Arnold's. "Georgii Monumentum marmore perennius" and "Désormais[1]" gave Nellie all the delight which one likes a daughter to feel in this early association; as well as the gateway out of which I used to patter with Mr Christopher to Church at 7 a.m., and she went up the turret staircase and the glassy old floor to see my bedroom.

Willcock the old clerk came down with the manners of a prince under his white hair, black coat and Yorkshire tongue. "I heard His Grace wanted to see Willcock, and I said, 'Then he *shall* see me,' and so I comed."

And old John Smith, who was so attached to the great Ram which won all prizes for John Sidgwick in the country round, that they were inseparable companions known as "T'ould John Smith and Ram." Almost blind, but shrewder than ever. "I mind yer preaching last time you was here." "Ah, but John, you've forgot the *sermon*, I know." "*Well, I can't say.*" Then he told me how lucky he'd been in a dangerous accident, and how he was going somewhere else, when I said "Good-bye, John, I hope ye'll be lucky again." "Ah," said he, "I only want now to be loocky at t'last dee, that's the loock I want now."

The mayor and some aldermen, vicars, churchwardens, readers, and a whole posse, came to see me off. There are no hearts like these Yorkshire hearts. Blood *is* thicker than water here.

In December he was a good deal depressed both at the amount, the continuousness and the gravity of his work: he writes on Dec. 2nd:—

Sunday. Why has He put me in this place? Thou hast done great things through great souls becoming filled with humility as the grace of their childlikeness. But my humility, Lord, is not as theirs. My feeling is due to the mere knowledge of my mere emptiness. This is clear to me from the transitions

[1] The open stone-work inscription over the gateway of Skipton Castle.

to conceit which is another form of emptiness. I am so tremulous: so afraid of the face of men: so irritated by just carpings which are despicable only because they are carpings, not because they are untrue. I cannot conceive why Thou hast put me here. But then I know nothing is so unlikely as that I should be able to conceive it, or so wrong as that being unable I should murmur. I will only trust Thee to do something with me that shall be to Thine honour and not to my lasting shame. I will, I will confide in Thy lovingness, and I shall not be confounded in aeternum. "Confisus non ero confusus."

Towards the end of 1883 he had been much pulled down in health, and in January, 1884, he went for a short tour in Dovedale with his old friends Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Westcott. He seriously needed rest, which a bad cold seemed to give him, for he wrote to his wife:—

Iz. Walton, Ashbourne.
28th Jan. 1884.

I have not a single intellect, not pulse or stir. My cold has lulled all my faculties to rest, even to my taste and smell which are perfectly blank, and I feel sure the cogitative membrane of my brain (you of course know what that is) is in exactly the same state. I have no ideas except what Dr Westcott communicates and they remain with me for from 12 to 15 minutes, then sink into a copper coloured glow and presently die out.

He writes in his Diary:—

Jan. 25, 1884. Life of Anselm. Hook good in describing him as one who always thought himself an "exceptional man." And this is the ground of all ill-doing. Surely never were greater losses borne in a moment than the Church suffered when William and Lanfranc were replaced by Rufus and Anselm.

Jan. 31*st.* A fine walk to Tower End and back over the ridges of Brewster, where, after scorning Lightfoot for throwing down one or two big stones, I threw down about a quarter of a mile of wall in crossing it.

We both held much talk with Durham, endeavouring to convince him that he is a Bishop of the Church of England as well as of the Church of Durham, and is bound to bring his powers to

bear on the House of Lords and to give annually some weeks to London.

Feb. 1*st.* A finely executed work of Chantrey in a Mausoleum. A Mr Watts vigorously dying on a sofa lifted up on a high step so as to pose the little children well without hindering the view of him. Conventionalities seem necessaries while they last, and absurdities when they are gone.

(To-day) my father died, in 1842. He must have been a most remarkable person. His looks, talk, love of truth, energy, diligence, *intensity* about natural things, religiousness, delicacy of health, and enjoyment are as vivid and perfect to me as those of anyone I now know and live with, and my mother's force and beautiful profile and ruling power are equally clear, but I had many more years with her.

Feb. 3. Westcott's great theme at present is the unity of the race, and the astonishment with which they who little think it, rich and intellectual and independent, will awake to find themselves so closely united in life and future lot with those whom they never saw nor heard of, and would only have contemned if they had.

At this time my father offered the vacant living of All Hallows, Barking, in Trinity Square, to his friend and Chaplain, Arthur J. Mason[1]. The Church, in which Laud's remains had been placed, stands close to the Tower. Canon Mason, as Missioner of the Truro Diocese, had, with the Rev. F. E. Carter and one or two others, carried on the work there in a conventual or semi-conventual form; and the Archbishop was very anxious that the large endowment of All Hallows should be utilised for work of a similar description, though on lines that were to be distinctly "secular" and collegiate. He was very reluctant to detach Mr Mason from Cornwall; but after waiting for several months, and making many enquiries, he felt it right to make the offer. Under his urgent persuasion, Mr Mason undertook the task: he took two houses in Trinity Square, fitted them up, and formed a

[1] Canon of Canterbury and since 1895 Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

College of studious priests to serve the stately Church and to take Mission work. Canon Mason was one whose nature, tastes and even prejudices made him singularly congenial to my father, and my father loved him more as a son than a friend. I do not know anyone in whose company my father expanded so easily and sweetly as he did with Canon Mason. He brought out for him his curious and quaint stores of Mediaeval knowledge, in exquisite allusions to fact and legend, sure as he was of the sympathy and charmed by the courtesy of his hearer.

I anticipate somewhat to give a letter he wrote on the development of the work at All Hallows nearly two years later to Canon Mason, who had then found by experience, what he at first anticipated, that the Archbishop's original scheme for the College required modification in one of two ways—either by appealing more directly to the instinct of self-sacrifice, or by frankly offering men a fairly good income, at the cost of reducing the contemplated numbers of the College.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
21st December, 1885.

I have indeed given many anxious considerings to what you left for me to reflect upon. I have tried to see the questions in every possible light—for the Church, and for you, and for them—and have opened the shutters of my darkness to the light of heaven as best I could.

I feel utterly with you that there should be communities of poor men living like poor men among poor men. But very different persons from you could carry these forward and through; homely persons, without gifts for scholarship and for preaching, would work them even *better* than you could.

But you have yourself *gifts*, rich gifts, strong gifts, which demand *in nomine Domini* another and fuller and wider and deeper exercise. Gifts which to work out demands a stronger self-denial. These gifts I solemnly feel you are called to turn to greater account than you have yet been able to do.

The humble community of poor men God will call into exist-

ence, not by the burial of such gifts as yours, but in His own time through the right men, not through the wrong men.

The small charge of All Hallows sufficing to keep the pastoral heart warm, with its income and its leisure it ought to be turned to the account which is its own. The collegiate church is still that for which the gifts you have, and the opportunity at your disposal do, in my judgment, bid you work. I do agree that you ought to associate with yourself in it men of more experience and higher culture. It probably *is* necessary to give them £300 a year and their rooms. I quite think that *this* change is necessary to develope the Collegiate Church. Young men might with great advantage be allowed to come for training as Commensales, and to pay for their training. But your four or three Canons should be men of your own stamp who would learn with you and of you, and as Scholars and Preachers you ought to work; oh! how crying the need is, *more* crying than that of the *poor*, for men who really can affect the upper, educated, and nearly educated classes! They are the really destitute spiritually. I see it with amazement and horror deepening before me.

I am sure it would be wrong for you to go and place yourself in the position of the mendicant and quasi-mendicant. Everything in your past and present calls on you to exercise self-denyingly, and without hankering for a more retired lot, those highest gifts. We are on our trial as to whether our men who *can*, choose to use or not to use, what it is painful to flesh and blood to use, far more painful than living in an order of service and emaciation. Your wish is to wake up the people who can do nothing else to go and do that. The good you may do if you choose is incalculable, what you may *throw away* is incalculable, and all in the name of religion.

Surely the men whose names are before the world now as preachers, have forced themselves into their position by fanatical views, not by comprehensive *thought* or *knowledge* or *wisdom*. "Mediocrity in extremis" is their ticket. You must get wise and wide and affect us in the great ways that told on men in the past. And you must associate with yourself such men to work out *great* matters with you.

I don't know now, and no one knows, which way to look for the governors and guides of the English Church, for men who can *express* what *knowledge* brings them to. There is wisdom uneloquent and there is eloquent rabies. We want a different

combination and men to be brought up to it. And you can do it, and can call men to your side who understand it, but are *losing* their gifts among so many bushels, and not merely hiding their lights under them. I need say no more, Agapit. Agapit, I am quite clear.

Your most loving,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On Feb. 9th, 1884, he writes:—

Went with Minnie to Winchester to keep the commemoration of our Martin's death. His grave is in the sweetest spot in England, the most sacred and the one which he loved best. A beautiful cross of flowers was on it before we took ours there. We prayed out of his Prayer-book, his own wonderful little group of prayers. Went to Evensong at the Cathedral, and sat by William of Wykeham's tomb as he loved to do.

Feb. 10*th.* Have lost great time since July last with poorliness and feeling unequal to work, besides actual illness. But must not shrink from London and its harrying ways. We go up on Tuesday. Fowler a delightful Secretary and as tender as a son.

On the 6th of March he attended a banquet given in honour of Lord Shaftesbury, who had just received the freedom of the City of London, at the Mansion House. Lord Shaftesbury gave a long and earnest address, and the Archbishop responded to the toast of the Clergy. Lord Shaftesbury, he said, had determined in his Harrow days "to dedicate his life to remedying the irremediable and healing the unavoidable, to untwisting the knots and meshes of insoluble problems about things which men said 'could not be helped,'—a doctrine which was common many years ago."

Some irritation was expressed by certain scrupulous High Churchmen that the Archbishop should attend such a banquet during Lent. If his critics had realised how intensely unpleasurable his anticipations of such festivities were, they could hardly have maintained that the interests of the soul were sacrificed to the pleasures of the body in such a case.

To Canon Mason.

Lambeth Palace.
10 *March*, 1884.

I am told that Carvell Williams[1] lecturing in Cornwall states that Bishop Benson said, before or on going there, "that he was coming to lessen Nonconformity"—and that this declaration of Bishop Benson's has acted to quicken the Liberation Cause and promote dissent.

But if he does make that statement, and someone told me he saw it in the *Echo* on Friday and I think I have heard of it before, might it be well for you to ascertain what he said exactly—and to absolutely contradict his assertion, or the newspaper account of his assertion. I never did say anything which might even be twisted into it. Mr Bright said I *thought* so, but not even he said I said so. Perhaps he would say *when, where.*

And if the result of my working there was so to strengthen and amalgamate Nonconformity into Liberationism, why does Mr C. W. throw such energy into Cornwall? I should have thought he was not wanted.

On the 21st of March, while Mr Willis's resolution was being debated in the Commons, the Archbishop spoke in the House of Lords against the opening of Museums on Sundays, on the ground that it would entail increased amount of labour for the custodians and attendants, and lead to a considerable augmentation of traffic and trade, while it was by no means certain that the class intended to be benefited by the motion would avail themselves of it. This was the ground that he always maintained; saying also strongly that it was "an entire mistake to imagine that the clergy were ready to sacrifice the social good of the people to religion."

[1] Secretary of the Liberation Society; now M.P. for the Mansfield Division of Notts.

To Professor Westcott.

LAMBETH PALACE.
March 25th, 1884.

...I feel very strongly what you say as to the abeyance of the Church as a power spiritual. The very streets of London, and the meanness of all, rich and poor, in them seem to negative the very consideration of such a thing. The Church seems to most men like any other business—well managed or ill managed—the managers to be envied or contemned or accepted as managers, anything above "nature" not to be named. Then comes Sunday and suddenly all is so changed. It seems the last witness. And yet little more than a witness. I know the fault is ours. But how are we to get out of it?...

He suffered a good deal at this time from a feeling of bodily prostration and mental depression: he writes on March 29th on hearing of the death of the Duke of Albany:—

All houses in sudden grief at the loss of the pure-hearted, and true-aiming and cultivated Leopold. The Queen, whom we shall see in public no more, and the Duchess who, at the child's christening, looked so one with him in heart and simple devoutness, are in all hearts.

A very large Confirmation in Croydon Parish Church to-day, and afterwards I opened the school for 700 children, built since October at a cost of £4000, very fine. Can't recover vigour, voice or spirit. Was truly feeble.

The *Spectator* still goes on "with slight attacks."

I do not agree that the Church's work is to be done by my sketching grand programmes for her in public. There are better and stronger ways than that.

Rearranged portraits in Guard-room chronologically—added Longley to it.

Anniversary of Enthronement. *Deus misereatur.*

He was present at the funeral of the Duke of Albany and writes:—

April 5th. I think the most beautiful ceremonial I have ever

seen. The sense of the change for *him* from so much ἀσθένεια[1] which he felt so grievously. A thoughtful princely self-denial about him where many would have found nothing but self-excuse.

The Archbishop to the Queen.

LAMBETH PALACE.
4 *April*, 1884.

MADAM,

May I venture now that this day with its special griefs and its special grace is over, to thank Your Majesty for a letter which makes me feel with deep thankfulness how, along with sorrow upon sorrow, God is sending yet more fully strength upon strength.

We can see Him enabling Your Majesty to encounter and at least "through a glass" to understand that Struggle and Mystery of Life of which you speak so truly and so touchingly. And the people's heart which feels this is drawn to God meanwhile.

I have just read a stirring sentence in a letter of Mr Maurice's. "I am grieved that you should be called back to the *work* of suffering—*high and honourable work as it is*—when you were looking forward to action."

What Your Majesty says of the Duchess makes me feel that for her for the present He is marvellously substituting one *work* for another.

She is even now able to make her own suffering help the weakness of thousands, of whom she never thought, to be strength—and who would have thought her the last person in the world to have any relation to their own crushing griefs.

Such confidence in the lofty and bright and loving side of His action, and the insight which we are sure of to-day, is a blessing of blessings to the most tried and afflicted and *best* people.

The very looks of the poor working folk in the streets to-day showed that this has not fallen "in vain"—and if it is consolation to be sure of this already, how much fruit of it is stored in the great future.

Your Majesty's

Most faithful and devoted subject and servant,

EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] Weakness.

On the 8th of April he writes of a sermon he had heard that day :—

Strange that so fine an orator as B—— with all the Irish fervour, that kindles even commonplace passages, and glows at a white heat in the best, should be unable to be free from the native confusion. He described *himself* as in danger of being wrecked on the coast of Africa by wind dashing the boat on the headland, after having instantly before described the storm as gathered on the mountain range and the "breezes" sweeping wildly down the gullies on to the sea.

On April 10th :—

At the distribution of the Maundy at Whitehall Chapel with the wife and children. It may be the last ceremonial, for the Treasury suggests that the "fourpenny bits want reconsideration."

It was a rather startling ceremonial with the beef-eater walking with the great salver on his head, and the strings of all the purses hanging below his beard like a fringe. The four anthems were beautiful. It might easily be made more religious by a little explanation—but this is how forms become "mere forms"—the laziness of men in pointing morals.

On the evening of Good Friday, he says :—

April 11th. Good Friday. Litany early in Chapel and then a peaceful Matins and Ante-Communion there with family only. 1 to 4, at St Paul's, attended a three-hour service. And then Vespers. A—— very fine in language and intellectually, but though on the emotional ground he awoke no emotion. It is due slightly to his taking the "thoughtful" view and then exaggerating a little out of his fancy. He has not *lived* that which he describes so well—as to sorrow, as to death, as to suffered wrong.

On the 23rd he paid a visit to Oxford, where he received the degree of D.C.L., and writes :—

April 23rd. A most kind and warm reception at "our" College of All Souls ; a large party of "quondams" and present Fellows. Sir William Anson a Church-Liberal of delightful type. The Song of the Mallard was sung "*for the first time* in the presence of the Visitor" in the Common Room (by Lane, late

Lord Mallard[1]). Cholmondeley, Buchanan, Buckle (Editor of *Times*), Lord Devon, G. Lushington, Milman. Having studied Burrows' *Worthies of All Souls*, was fairly at home. Warden made Latin address before dinner, to which I had to reply *Latiné*, in the Common Room. There was a very fine strong feeling of family friendship here, which floated about like a summer air.

One who was present on the occasion of the degree being conferred says "I never saw the Archbishop look more vigorous or stately than when he came in, very upright, in the scarlet Doctor's gown. Another recipient of the degree walked by him, old and bent. The Archbishop smiled goodhumouredly at the remarks which greeted him, and turned with great courtesy and deference to help the older Doctor up the steps."

April 25. Early celebrated at Choral Communion at Keble, —and after, "High Matins." The Chapel is very stately as to its roof, and the bold division of the wall spaces. But the dowdy ineffectiveness of its windows and prosaic colouring is sad. It is not brightness but glow which is so essential and so wanting here. Not height of colour but jewelled-ness. All the materials of those ancient effects are used, but there is no felicity in composing them.

On the 27th of April he writes:—

Happy working hard early at St Peter, I. Chapter.

Holy Communion. But much self-inflicted gloom. How difficult to realise what is moral and what is physical. A talk with the children about God and loving Him could not bring me back.

On May 3rd he attended the Academy banquet, and in returning thanks for the guests made a speech, for him very impassioned, on the functions of Art. He said in the course of his speech,

Every picture of nature and life upon which the eye rests with pleasure shows us nature and life either as having lost something or as losing something, and in that lies the pathos of Art; or else

[1] The Venerable Ernald Lane, since 1888 Archdeacon of Stoke-on-Trent.

it shows us life and nature gaining and stirring towards some great end, however blindly, and in that lies the great joyfulness of Art.... I would not venture to tread on ground where angels might fear to criticise: but I can assure the President that whether we see upon these walls clouded skies or the clear shining after rain, animal life appealing to our sympathy or commanding our admiration, man in the wonders and mystery of suffering or in the still more wonderful mystery of rejoicing and mirth—in these and in other subjects we recognise that artists are subtle and mighty interpreters to us.

It is curious to me to note one thing in this speech; on the eve of an important address my father often used to ask us, while bewailing humorously his lack of time to prepare the speech, for some ideas or quotations,—"sense" as he called it,—from the old Eton phrase. "What am I to speak to them about?" he would say, looking round, or later, with vexation, "You haven't given me any ideas. I *must* have some!" On this particular occasion, someone quoted the line of R. Browning, "We love things first, first when we see them painted." It was interesting to see how such fragmentary suggestions often came into his speech afterwards transmuted and embedded in appropriate eloquence. This line he quoted with great effect, coupled with a majestic compliment to Mr Browning.

I may mention here another instance; he had to give some educational address, and consulted us at tea-time on the very evening it was to be delivered. Someone hazarded, from a book of nonsense verses;

> "But what a tongue, and oh what brains
> Were in that Parrot's head;
> It took two men to understand
> One half the things it said,"

which he introduced into his address, pointing with it an interesting passage on the futility and pedantry of unintelligent accomplishments.

He writes in his Diary:—

May 3. Elected at Grillions Club. R. Browning introduced himself to me because I had quoted him in my speech. He looks strangely to me, if he does really live his poems.

June 13. My mother's birthday. She would have been, I wonder whether in wiser lands she is, pleased with her son's present work. God grant it.

June 16. Maurice's life a ceaseless reproach to the unthoughtfulness of this busy existence. It is very clear how our life like the life of the busy old Jewish priests may become ἄχυρον[1] in no time—and be ready εἰς κατάκαυσιν[1]. The first year of my Archiepiscopate, when everything within and without, crowded business, details, talk, grind, meetings, interviews, letters, without stop or stay, from early till past midnight; I thought I would acquiesce in it as God's will, and trust Him to feed me spiritually in the midst of this current. But He did not, and will not, and I thank Him. Little as I have lately got of separate moments, it is a great blessing, and it is clear that to get it is one's true work—and to refuse false work.

To Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln.

(*Unanimity of Bishops.*)

LAMBETH PALACE.
28 *June*, 1884.

MY DEAREST LORD BROTHER,

I think it will be well that you should *propose* in a private conversation with the Bishops what you propose to me. *They* I think should determine whether there should be public discussion among them.

All has proceeded hitherto on the theory that there would be such discussion.

The Bishops are looked to as Rulers and Guides. If on a critical emergency they offer no guidance there will be disappointment and loss of confidence.

I am afraid Bishops never have been all unanimous. But ought I to say "afraid," when the only instance which occurs to

[1] Chaff, for the burning. Luke iii. 17.

my inscience is the disastrous agreement of 87 at the VIIth Council of Carthage under the influence of Cyprian.

Ever your loving child,

E. W. C.

We hope that Mrs Wordsworth is better and you happier about her. What lovely pieces of Michael Angelo you have given us. The Tudor age of women ought certainly now to return.

On the 8th of July the Archbishop spoke strongly in the House of Lords on the Franchise Bill. It is commonly said that on this occasion he implored the House in dealing with this measure to "trust the people." This is however more a summary of what he said than an actual quotation. He said that he trusted the good sense of the country, and that the good sense of the country had brought them onward to where they stood at that moment. He said later in his speech, "The Church trusted the people. How could they refrain from desiring to elevate the people by giving to them that principle of independence upon which so much of progress depended[1]?"

On the 11th of July he dined with the Queen. He writes:—

July 11th. At dinner the Queen asked me about the Bishops voting for the Franchise Bill. I told her that the Bishops of to-day were not like the Bishops of fifty years ago or fifty-five. Then they did such governing as they did through the superior clergy or by missives. Now meetings, lectures, temperance gatherings, constant openings of mission rooms and churches, above all schools, familiarise them with the people as well as the people with them. They have all this time been teaching them, going in and out among them, addressing them, educating and elevating them in every way. It is not likely that now when all sides agree that the people can use the Franchise properly, the bishops should be found against their own flocks and unwilling to trust them,—and this accounts for the almost perfect unanimity of the bishops on this subject.

[1] The two Archbishops and ten Bishops supported the Bill; one Bishop opposed it.

On the 24th he had a reception, originated by Archbishop Tait, of some of the poor and invalid from Lambeth Parish. This as has been said was an annual engagement and he had always a peculiar pleasure in it. The "garden-party" and tea were followed by a short service and nothing hindered him from taking this service himself; he chose the lessons, commenting on them as he read; carefully chose the hymns and gave always a brief and simple address.

July 24th. Had a party of ninety-nine poor and halt and blind. Their manners and tone as they approach the grave become so sweet and considerate, whatever their rank. If blindness and lameness and deafness are "*limitations*" truly considered, under which God makes many souls do their work—and it is well done—how strange it seems that when we approach our goal every single soul is subject to so many and so irksome "limitations"! We cannot be perfected except by suffering.

On the 29th July he had an interview with the Crown Prince Frederick of Germany: he writes:—

July 29th. The Crown Prince of Germany called—was very kind—recalled the several interviews I have had with him with dates! These royal memories are absolutely *sui generis*. "The moment I heard you were Archbishop I said, I am certain it is the man who dined with me twenty-five years ago at Babelsberg!" He is a very kingly sort of person.

The Archbishop was much troubled at this time by the illness of his old and dear friend Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln: he says:—

August 1st. Better news of the Bishop of Lincoln whose condition through the week has been very alarming. The world and the Church to me without his fatherly love to me, his magnificent generosities and his impracticable opinions, backed by absolute learning, would be much grayer and dimmer regions to live in. He has daily asked "Doctor, am I any better?" If the Doctor is cheerful, he says "Thank God"—if not, "God's

will be done." "And now may I see Mrs Wordsworth?" Her condition is one of great anxiety too. However, Paget is hopeful of him.

On the 5th of August he went to Osborne to confirm the Princess Louise of Wales. He says:—

August 5th, Osborne. Reached Osborne easily and quietly, reading a good deal by the way. A noble walk among trees by the sea with the Dean of Windsor.

The little Princess very anxious, I hear, about her Confirmation —may God guide her anxiousness into simple resolution. My room here intensely quiet and deliciously cool. My dear old predecessor sitting quiet, watching, in the corner; an excellent copy of the Lambeth picture—and the Two Foscari behind me. Dined very quietly with the Queen.

He was now living quietly at Addington; he thus records a Sunday afternoon there:—

August 10th. Maggie, Fred, Hugh and I went out in the shade and wandered and sat while Nellie and Mother had their classes. Hugh read the "Life of Paul the Hermit" aloud from Kingsley, and we concluded that if it was *right*, and necessary for the weal of Christianity, that such an awful enterprise as the desert life should be entered on, in such an age of Sin and Delight as the Alexandrian life exhibited, then we had every right to expect birds to fetch us bread and lions to dig our grave. That being settled we discussed what was meant by "getting one's own living" if one was rich in estates already, and concluded that ἀρχαιοπλουτεία [1] meant nothing but that God paid us our wages direct, and began by anticipation, so that our station and duty had to be much more rigorously consulted and lived up to than in any other case. We terrified ourselves also by the memoirs of the Hermit Crab and the Sacculina, as exhibiting how frightfully we get punished, if we dare to live without working, in body and spirit, and that Degeneracy is an almost intolerable vengeance on Degeneration[2]. Then Fred read Stanley's account of Jerusalem as it was and is, but alas by this time I fell asleep under a tree and did not hear all.

[1] Ancestral wealth.

[2] With reference to Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*.

Tea under the Cedar, and a strain or two of George Herbert. The London fatigue seems passing off in this sweet holiday.

His Diary is full of quiet enjoyment of the country life at Addington. He writes:—

August 12, *Addington.* This morning the children kept me to Virgil for more than two hours I believe. This evening a delightful ride with three of them across Selsdon Park and up to Warlingham and round. Full of delightful mishaps which surprise and exercise the temper and strengthen it so beautifully. To see a boy whip in hand, walking after his horse, looking bland and coaxing, having let him give him the slip at a heavy gate,—to find a stone in your shoe, etc., and help them all to know what to do, is one of the chiefest pleasures, and by them never forgot in the years of Methuselah.

August 13. Except among the Addington villagers themselves, who are the sweetest, friendliest people, there is no trace of kindly or respectful salutations among the Kent and Surrey villagers. Hardly will they give a growl if one wishes them "good-night" first; most pass on mum and sulky. If this is not the result of the general upheaval against powers above them, it must be due either to the general prevalence of "incomelings," uninterested in neighbourhood and neighbours and soon to depart for other settlements, or else to the increased touring about of unknown persons—so that the people forget to acknowledge *any* powers. But, whatever is the cause, you can be sure of a friendly greeting from no one. It augurs ill if this is the early bud of the coming change, this contempt for ἐξουσίαι [1].

As was always the case, the quiet and repose of Addington soon brought depression and melancholy reflections. He writes:—

October 10*th.* Our dearest dutifullest Nellie's twenty-first birthday. How can one help perplexing oneself in such a place as this? I find in myself no fitness for it. I could not resist, I had no right to resist. If calls exist, called I was; against my will. An unfit man, not unfit in his humility subjective, but clearly seeing himself by God's help as he is—yet called. Follows from that, that there is something unknown in

[1] Powers, authorities.

God's counsels for the Church and for His poor servant, whom He will not let fall to the ground for simply *nothing*, for His own love to the least—something He means to have done by one unfit for the great place. Well then, he will be fit for the thing He wants to have done. Then *make* him fit—and let, O God, whatever it be, be good for Thy Church. It is in Thy Hand.

To Canon Crowfoot.

(*Appointment of Tait Missioner.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Oct. 10*th*, 1884.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I want your help again of course—I want to establish a Cathedral Mission Preacher at Canterbury like Mason at Truro. In memory of Archbishop Tait they have raised £300 a year for 5 years as an experiment. The Dean and Chapter will give a house when their leases fall in shortly. He must work 6 months, and positively *not* work, except at books and meditations, 6 months.

I should desire of course Zeal and Faith—in the means, and in the Power behind—a Personal sense of a Call: one can't always have that in fulness.

I do not know whether wife and children would impede him. I do not know why they should, if they can put up with his absences. Of course a Happy Monk or Friar is the ideal.

Can you tell me the *man*—and send him to see me—I hope he would take missions both in Canterbury Diocese and in London from time to time in pet wildernesses of mine.

Best love to you dear friends; the days are heavy with the thought of Saints Christopher and Susan[1], πορευομένων ἄνω[2].

Your loving,

E. W. CANTUAR.

To Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
15*th Oct.* 1884.

MY DEAREST LORD BROTHER,

I have indeed nothing to tell—and there is nothing I can say, which you do not only know tenfold as well as I, but

[1] The Bishop of Lincoln and Mrs Wordsworth.

[2] Journeying heavenwards.

there is nothing I *can* say, which you do not *live*. *Vivere Christum* is what you always taught us, and now *pati Christum*—for surely it is He who so marvellously lays His Hand with suffering on you and dear Mrs Wordsworth at the same moment. It has been such a blended life of love and work and holiest joy, that such a συζυγία[1] in sorrow, so exactly paralleled, is plainly direct from His loving touch. And you, I know, are not unwilling, but wholly resigned even to His painful use of yourselves, that we may school and subdue ourselves with the thought of your faith and patience. There are many who would gladly bear part of the ταπεινότης[2] which He lays on you, if they could only help dearest Mrs Wordsworth and you. And I do and will believe that we are able to help with prayers.

I am constantly thinking of that mysterious visit of yours to Wellington and of all the life that has come forth from it.

Of course we need no answer, save through Susie, just a word of Love and blessing.

Your most loving,

Edw. Cantuar.

To Miss S. Wordsworth.

(*Death of Mrs Wordsworth.*)

Addington Park, Croydon.
Nov. 4th, 1884.

Dearest Susie,

"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."—This was the first sentence of our prayers on Saturday morning, and you know where it carried us. At midday we had the Holy Communion, Mylne celebrating, in the church here, and pausing long in the Church Militant Prayer at the commemoration, just, I thought, at the moment when you were either round the grave or approaching it with a precious burden in God's sight. We could only desire that the "good example" should be ours for ever. I hope the dearest father is somehow only gathering strength in the inner spirit out of sight for whatever God has next for him. All saints on earth who know and love him—and what thousands there are—are praying with him here, while one is

[1] Partnership, fellowship. [2] Humiliation.

praying with all saints in Paradise. When you can, give him my dearest son-like love—and you are all sure, I know, that we are with you in most brotherly and sisterly heart.

Your ever loving brother,

Edw. Cantuar.

Don't answer, dearest Susie, for answering's sake. You have been so good in writing to Minnie and have given us more sense of unseen strength than we can give you. You have been and will be wonderfully "holden up."

On the 6th of November he notes:—

Addington. Lord Cranbrook and Evelyn Hardy, Dean and Mrs Church and Miss Church, Bishop of Peterborough, J. Fowler[1] and Mrs Fowler, William and Isabel Sidgwick, all left after most pleasant days and rides and walks and much talk, to me most valuable. The Bishop of Peterborough older and weaker but as brilliant and swift as ever. He told us a story of going down to a party of men whom he saw on the sands at a wild sea-place in Wales, carrying a strange-looking black burden. It was, he found, an old man alive, wrapped in an ox-skin. The men were Mormons going to sail next day. The old man could not bear the voyage, and the Mormons had told them that if they put him, thus wrapped up, into the sea, he would come up in the Salt Lake at Utah! When we had all been sufficiently horrified, I said the ancients thought there were magic powers of resuscitation in an oxhide,—*δέρμα ταύρειον*. He said, "Now, that sounds so like Dermot O'Ryan that I'm sure you mean to be personal—so I'll say good-night."

Attended Charterhouse Meeting. A very bad fall under the gateway where the Abbot was hanged,—very humiliating—a useful penance, the more so because not self-inflicted or chosen. Met Bishop Doane of Albany, Mrs Doane and Dr Hale of Baltimore, at London Bridge, and brought them down for two nights. Delightful Americans—his favourite phrase is "lovely," which he deserves himself both face and spirit—and Dr Hale in spirit. He is learned in parties, factions, movements, and all hopeful. They say the tone in the circles they pass through in England is quite different from what it was ten years since about

[1] The late Sir John Fowler, Bart., engineer-in-chief of the Forth Bridge.

Disestablishment. Then it was "in the air." Now it seems far more distant. Lord B—— said the other day, that it was only possible if some sudden parliament of equal power and violence assembled, and that it would not be without *bloodshed.* I told Dean of St Paul's this, who said it was "awful to think what great forces were gathering: that the *Pall Mall* had used the word 'bloodshed' about the House of Lords." So do men differ.

On the 13th of November he attended the unveiling of the Tait Memorial in Westminster Abbey, and made a speech full of affection and reverent admiration.

In the course of November he wrote a prayer for the English Army in the Soudan, the wording of which was strongly objected to by certain sections of politicians.

The prayer was not one of the Archbishop's happiest efforts, and contained several remarkable inversions: but it was only the tension of public feeling that made it appear objectionable: those of the public who objected to the whole Expedition were not likely to approve a prayer for God's blessing upon it.

On the last day of 1884 he writes:—

December 31st, Addington.—There never was a night which brooded over the earth with such affection. "I am your last one," it said. It was warm and just before midnight one could have seen to read by the moonlight. And all the sky was filled high with the softest fleecy motionless clouds. The light lay like a rich substance on everything and broke through the cedars here and there, while they also climbed up like blackest cloud masses.

The Church was nearly full of people. There was a beautiful short Service of good simple words from Mylne. A brief silence at midnight and then bells full of hope. It was a natural ending to a year more full of sunlight than any year I remember, a summer in which one day was more beautiful than another, without stop or stay for months, and it was a tender spiritual farewell, with all one's dear ones about one, to a year in which one has had to live much in crowds, and much alone, and much without *them* in both cases; a year in which spiritual blessings have been many, but have not, on account of the hurry, and my difficulty in combining hurry with peace, yielded their harvest well.

One cannot leave the record of this year without mentioning a scheme which then took shape and which demanded later from the Archbishop much time and thought—time and thought willingly given to what was a deep and important interest to him, even an enjoyment. In all the years that followed, at first weekly, later less frequently, his engagement book while he was in London had the entry εὐσχημόνες ("honourable women"). The following account of the movement has been sent me by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, who was closely identified with it from the very first. She writes:—

A character[1] in one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels asserts that sensible men are all of the same religion, though what that religion is, sensible men never tell. This epigram describes a type of mind not unknown to London Society although the Archbishop was somewhat loth to recognize its existence—"What then do they *believe*?" he would ask impatiently, when the attitude of "sensible" men on such a question as missionary effort had been explained to him. This absence of definite conviction (combined though it often is with a large and generous outlook upon human affairs) was, to him, a painful phenomenon. As it forced itself on his attention he brooded much over the relation of the Church to the world, with especial regard to the responsibilities of persons of wealth, rank and influence.

His own ideal of the uses of a great position was a very noble one, and its realization in many cases that he had known had happily confirmed it. A great name and continuity of possessions appealed to his vivid historic sense; it pleased him thus to link the England of to-day to that of three centuries ago. "I feel as if I had a perfectly new glimpse of English history from the livingness of all those portraits in their wonderful order," he wrote on leaving Woburn Abbey in 1892. And again, after some anxious reflections as to how far the use made in the present day of such positions by their possessors would justify or tend to maintain them in the future, he wrote:—"It would be piteous if

[1] Waldershare, in *Endymion*. The character is said to have been intended for George Sydney Smythe, of "Young England," the prototype also of *Coningsby*.

people who begin the world with such advantages as a class really lost them through not using them. If at the same time the clergy lost their own vantage ground for any faults of their own, what a mass of formative influences would be cut off from this rising democracy. But I can't really believe that either event will happen, either slowly or quickly. A new wind must blow from somewhere. On the whole though, '*worth*' as you call it, has characterized the upper folks—cleverness certainly—but I should say worth too, if all that constitutes worth is added in."

He counted a man happy who had large responsibilities: life and thought, he believed, grew under the pressure, and failure could not altogether attend upon sincerity; but a career of self-pleasing, whether in man or woman, was from the first, he maintained, a process of decay, and many a young life was tainted at the core. For some reason, not perhaps very definable, many thoughtful women were stirred in the years 1884–5 with the desire to purify and elevate the moral tone of Society in London. A West-end Mission had been announced for Lent, 1885, and it seemed an occasion for a real effort to bring religious influences to bear on those who were perhaps least aware that they needed them. The Archbishop was approached through Dr Wilkinson (then Bishop of Truro and formerly Vicar of St Peter's, Eaton Square), and the result was that at the end of the first year of his Archiepiscopate he found himself confronted with a problem of singular difficulty, from which many a man, equally conscientious, but less intrepid, might have turned away in despair. It was not in his nature to shrink from difficulty; the demand for allies, moreover, was a call of honour. "They have appealed to the Bishops," he would say, "we must not fail them." The Spring of 1884 found him accordingly ready to hear, to advise, and to act. A meeting took place in Lambeth Palace, which was attended by about thirty ladies, most of whom took part in a discussion on the probable causes of the decline in morals and religion in the social world of London. This gathering was followed by several others, and eventually a scheme was drawn out which took shape in the following year. It included a series of discourses on social subjects which were delivered in Westminster Abbey to large audiences by the Bishop of Truro, and the present Archbishops of Canterbury and York. But the most interesting proved the most permanent feature, viz.:—a course of addresses given by himself in Lambeth Palace Chapel, which, begun in the Spring of 1885, continued till

the year of his death. By a strange coincidence of events the first meeting took place under circumstances of peculiar solemnity: the Soudan Campaign was in progress, and from almost every home a soldier son, brother or husband had gone forth. The Chapel was thronged, and many and fervent intercessions were offered for the safe return of the absent, and for comfort in bereavement and anxiety to sorrowing hearts at home. As time went on, and the shadows dispersed, the character of the audience was to a considerable extent modified. The Archbishop's teaching was at no time of a *popular* order, and this (together with other reasons of a more practical and mundane character) sifted his hearers. For the last ten years, however, few changes occurred, and many will recall the sense of quickened expectation with which they took their accustomed places year by year.

The Address was preceded by a Hymn rendered with great sweetness and intelligence by a choir of ladies. A Collect or two followed. Then the kneeling forms rose, amid a silence broken only by the twitter of birds in the garden without, as the light of the Spring evening lingered. Bibles were opened and the hour of initiation had come for many a hearer. The Archbishop was a master in the art of the exposition of Scripture. Character and scene lived and glowed under his hand; the past mingled with the present; Divine activities were at work; there were "signs" now as then. He loved to touch with a word the ideal of condition, state or duty: the matrons who in demeanour were as Priestesses[1]—or the contemplative souls withdrawn by sorrow from life's energies and peacefully seated[2] at the feet of Christ. The poetry of goodness was felt in his every word, and he would have agreed with Edward Fitzgerald that the patience of Romney's wife was more artistic than her husband's pictures. On the other hand, he never ignored the subtle attractions of evil to the lower nature. He would track impulse to its source and find it lodged in unsuspected habits; self-seeking was unmasked, and no disguise covered insincerity. Strenuous himself to the point of sternness, he could not tolerate an easy or sentimental pietism. Pitiless excision of the unworthy elements in character, and untiring cultivation of its higher qualities seemed to him to leave less space for emotion than is often allotted to it in the spiritual life, and perhaps for this reason he quoted with approval the saying of

[1] Titus ii. 3 Gr. [2] 1 Cor. vii. 36 Gr.

another that "few women are truly religious." A combination of piety with frivolity was necessarily distasteful to him, but, apprehensive of unreality in its subtler forms, he would sometimes say, when sure of his hearer, "take care not to fall into *religiousness*." His own Mysticism was of a very pure and elevated type. Three lines of thought seemed to recur to him with special frequency and vigour. (I doubt not that others have noted them, but in recalling the Lambeth Chapel Addresses, I cannot forbear to do so as well.) First, he dwelt much on the Church,—"the one living spiritual reality besides God." Secondly, on the restoration of Humanity to its true place in the Universe[1], and thirdly, he had (what I may call) a doctrine of Sorrows, of which more hereafter. In these and kindred subjects, he rose to great heights; but who can forget the peculiar glow of pleasure with which he produced a neat bit of evidence in favour of the Scripture narrative, supplied by archaeology, history or language? He was never content, however, without a grasp of the special circumstances of his hearers, and sought to acquaint himself in the most minute manner with the whole problem of social life.

What gave my father a peculiar fitness for this work was not only his high ideal of the uses of "position" but his comprehension of women, and one would pass over much, in pourtraying his character, if one did not touch upon the view he took of women and their part in Church and State. It was different from the view usually taken either by the ecclesiastic or the average educated man. He did not regard women, on the one hand, as more easily victors in the strife for holiness, nor on the other, as more heavily handicapped in the race for knowledge, neither as necessarily superior in character, nor essentially inferior in intellect. But again he did not, as do most advocates for what are vulgarly called "women's rights," underestimate the difference between the mind of women and that of men. If he had not this difference prominently before him, it was because he did not care to dwell on

[1] Deus qui humanae etc. Collect for Matins and Vespers of the Nativity. Gelasian Sacramentary (see *Cyprian*, p. 293, note, where the Collect is quoted).

unfruitful contrasts, because he estimated people primarily as individuals and not in classes. He did not contend that a woman's education must be the same, or must be different from a man's, but he would exclude no subject, classical, scientific, philosophical or religious, from a woman's study merely on the ground that she was not a man. If the character and if the mind were suitable the subject was suitable. He was quite clear from his experience as to the subjects which were generally suitable for the education of boys—he would allow instinct and taste to mark out new paths if it seemed well for girls. "Not one step taken thus far in woman's education and advance," he wrote in 1889, "can be said to have led to one evil or done one mischief. Her dignity has risen steadily with her power for good[1]."

As the distinctions between schools of thought in religious matters were seldom prominently in his mind, since he saw something more important than schools—namely religion—so the distinction between women and men was not brought forward, for he cared for something more fundamental—namely the individual.

But he was not therefore careless of special qualities that women may have and may use for the Nation and the Church, but like a "wise master builder" brought these forward where they were needed; seeing not only those, which, like tact, are commonly ascribed, but qualities which, like a fine perception and judgment, are not often conceded.

When the mission to the Assyrian Christians was started one of the first things he said was "now we must have a ladies' association"; when committees were organised for diffusion of knowledge about Church History and for the defence of the establishment, he founded at

[1] *Christ and His Times*, p. 105.

once a committee of women. The literary committee of the C. C. C. was at first composed of women only.

It would be too much to say that he was never disappointed in the working of these, but his ideal was in all things pitched so high, his expectations were so sanguine, that perhaps nothing short of a committee of angels could wholly have come up to them.

It is not difficult to see how his view was formed. The remarkable strength and capability of his mother, exercised indeed in a small sphere, made a great and early impression upon him. His youngest sister had, with others, made something of an era in the education of girls in England. It would little become me to dwell on what my mother's companionship had been, but how much he depended on her judgment is evident to everyone who knew them. His friendships with women have already been mentioned and from the father of early friends of his—from Bishop Wordsworth—he had perhaps partly imbibed the view he took. It has been seen how he writes to Bishop Wordsworth of the "Tudor age of women" and how, staying at Riseholme in March, 1869, he writes to my mother of the Bishop's view of the place of women in the Church.

With such a view of the capacities of those with whom he had to deal, with an ideal so great of the way in which their capacities and position might be used, this work cannot be reckoned among the least of his life.

On January 7th, 1885, the Archbishop heard of the death of Bishop Jackson, of London. He writes :—

Wednesday. The Bishop of London died as he slept, without having moved. What a sweet end for the patient gentle life of so honest a counsellor and so incessant a worker. To me always most fatherly, and more and more since I came to Canterbury. Not an overpowering man, but how much nobler than overpowerers.

To Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
12 *Jan.* 1885.

MY DEAREST LORD-FATHER,

Your present to me of a most noble copy of Cyril of Alexandria has this evening arrived—and Elizabeth had privately sent me your most loving and stimulating expression of love which I shall place as a *monimentum et pignus* in the forefront of it. It is most refreshing to me, except so far as it tells me of what I might have been to you, if I had been worthier, rather than what I have been to you.

But you know how dearly I do love you, and what thoughts of love and Christian fatherliness rest on the memory of every day and walk and talk enjoyed with you. They at any rate are not lost, and I take Cyril to witness that I will try that they may be more fruitful.

Your paper on Wyclif written with such vigour and research under such suffering must surely have had an effect in sobering us all. I think the commemoration came to little; but the pamphlet now will perhaps warn many people and me too, to deeper study of his work. Thank you for another affectionate mention, in that, of work which does not merit so much.

The funeral of the Bishop of London was most beautiful and solemn. Infinite respect was shown to him. The sweet enthusiasm seemed to be a comfort which his daughters in their hour of sorrow could even feed on. The crowds of mourners mourned as full of hope. All the daughters are wonderfully upheld. He has been a wise, well-informed, sober and comforting counsellor. I count his goodness to me among the blessings poured down on my work these two years.

But there is no kindness like yours to

Your most loving *orator*[1],

EDW. CANTUAR.

In writing to Miss Jackson he said:—

It seems to me to be one of the most perfect instances of the many I have known, of God's own loving hand ending the lives of

[1] Orator, from oro, one who prays: a variation on "bedesman," his usual signature to the Bishop.

His servants in the most exact fittingness. The Bishop of Lincoln says, "He was always so full of humility that he did not need the discipline of waiting"—and one may say that he was so resigned to do and suffer the Will of God, that he did not need that suffering at the last should be added to the suffering which had been unable to break his work, or his patience, or his tenderness.

On the 17th the Archbishop attended a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum: he says:—

Saturday, Jan. 17th. We had a long discussion among the Trustees as to whether to recommend that it should be open from 2 to 6 on Sunday afternoons. Something was said about the "English Sunday," and the Prince of Wales who supported the opening said strongly that he wished the English Sunday to be observed.

I said I had no objection, but satisfaction, at the thought of poor people walking through galleries on Sunday who could see them no other day, if that be so. But I was sure that Sunday traffic would make a great advance, and put infinitely more omnibus work, tram work, railway work, and cab work in requisition, besides opening practically many more victualling rooms. Absolutism and despotism were dying indeed, but the most miserable class in the world, in their own estimation, was the serving class whom those a little above them kept at work 17 hours of every day without scruple. There were no such tyrants as the democracy-strata, which could just force work for themselves by payments which they could just afford. No pity ever touched the people who could just get other people to do them service, by keeping their souls and bodies together as the price of it.

On the 22nd he has an interview with Mr Gladstone about the vacant See of London: he writes:—

Thursday, Jan. 22nd. A long talk with Mr Gladstone to wind up our conversation. He refused to appoint the Bishop of London except on my recommendation. We thought on the whole, though I never in my life had such subtle difficulties and differences to weigh, that it was best that the Bishop of Durham should work out further the great things which he had begun in his northern region with such great power—that he had better be reserved for the Archbishopric of York, and that neither his

present work nor the Archbishopric would in so grave a way hinder his Theological work, "so essential for the Church," as London would undoubtedly end it. We therefore determined on the Bishop of Exeter, who (without mentioning my name) is to be recommended at once to the Queen. No other name was even discussed.

He writes to acquaint Bishop Lightfoot with the decision and receives the following reply:—

AUCKLAND CASTLE,
BISHOP AUCKLAND.
Jan. 31*st*, 1885.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

No one can less regret than myself that I had not the offer of London. The wrench of leaving Durham would even be worse than the wrench which brought me here. I *could not* have accepted unless I could have seen it was an obvious duty; and I do not think I could have so viewed it.

An ideal is gradually forming itself, of which I can only say that I wish I had the grace and power in any degree to realise it. But it has its centre in the work and men gathered about me at Auckland Castle; and this would hardly be possible elsewhere.

Many thanks for your letter.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. B. DUNELM.

To his son Arthur.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
2 *Feb.* 1885.

MY DEAREST ARTHUR,

It is a great comfort to have seen you in your new quarters with the background of school and playing-fields.

I perceive that Sir H. Wotton was a determined enemy of "The Gothick" as dark, heavy, and barbarous—which fully accounts for the bright, light and polite arches of Lower School[1].

Abp Laud is a fine subject for a dissertation. But he is a very incomprehensible personage. The very best thing which I

[1] Sir H. Wotton, Provost of Eton, who thought Gothic barbarous, fitted up the Lower School at Eton, in which I was then teaching, with dark and substantial Palladian arches of oak, to support the ceiling.

have ever heard of him is Prof. J. B. Mozley's essay on him (one in his two volumes of collected essays). It approaches nearer to rationalising so very contradictory a compound as I think he must have been. Macaulay was never *more* wrong than in despising Laud's ability. But personally I question very much whether there is at present enough material to form a complete picture or judgment. There must be great materials yet to be reproduced out of the Record Office or some other slumbrous receptacle—and my only fear is that such a discovery may some day render all previous work futile. At present there is really no knowing what was *meant* by "*Thorough*." Well, that is the key to the whole policy. And evidently we shall one day have it all in print.

What a long letter.

Ever your most affectionate father,

Edw. Cantuar.

Dio vi benedica.

On the 3rd February he held a meeting of Bishops, at Lambeth, to discuss the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, of which when Bishop of Truro he had been a member, and to decide upon possible legislation. He writes :—

Tuesday, Feb. 3rd. Held a Committee at Lambeth of the Bishops who had sate on the Commission. They went through the Bill drafted by Sir H. Thring[1] on the lines of the Report, and read his memorandum. Considering the intensity of the feeling when Green was imprisoned[2], and the imminent certainty that a new crop of trials might be originated at any moment by the Church Association, it is marvellous that such an apathy as to

[1] Created Lord Thring in 1886.

[2] The Rev. Sydney Faithorne Green, Rector of St John's, Miles Platting, was charged under the Public Worship Regulation Act with introducing unauthorised ornaments into the Church, and using unauthorised ceremonies and vestments in the Communion Service. Lord Penzance in 1879 issued successively a monition and inhibition, which were both disregarded. In 1881 Mr Green was imprisoned at Lancaster. Proceedings for a *habeas corpus* failed in every court. At length in Nov. 1882, the benefice having become void under the Act, Lord Penzance liberated him on the application of Dr Fraser, Bishop of Manchester.

the necessity for legislation should have come on. It is all very well if there were to be no more proceedings. Naturally in that case we should not want Courts.

But I fear this alternate heat and cold has become characteristic of us in all things. The intense excitement when Gordon went out—the coolness when he was gone—the total indifference about Transvaal affairs—are like flushes and chills on ecclesiastical legislation—and if excitement returns and our courts are what they were we shall be poorly armed.

He records on the 4th of February the failure of this attempt at legislation. He says :—

I regret deeply that there should be no legislation after all the preparation for it. But we could do nothing disunitedly, and we are not ready.

On Feb. 8th he preached at Westminster ; the intensest anxiety was then prevailing as to the fate of General Gordon at Khartoum ; a singular incident occurred : he writes :—

Preached in Westminster Abbey—enormous crowds of men—as we started in procession from nave to choir, the precentor and Dr Troutbeck hurried from their places to the Dean, and said, "The Government have sent you special message that Gordon is alive." "The Government." The Dean told me instantly, and as he spoke Mr Gladstone passed by the procession and went on to the choir. The Dean seeing this concluded that Gladstone had given the message—and as there was not a moment to ask more, gave me his permission to mention it in the sermon. No one was so astonished as Mr Gladstone.

On the 11th February the actual news of Gordon's death arrived.

Thursday, Feb. 19th. Sat to Mr Joy[1] for an hour. House of Lords at 4.30. A very feeble hopeless defence of the Egyptian policy of the Government by Lord Granville—a dark minatory speech of Lord Salisbury. Vote of censure expected Monday. The terrible news arrived that Baker has had to fall back from Abuklea to Guldac, and of how easily our seven thousand may be surrounded by the sixty thousand of Mahdi's, how if the

[1] Mr Bruce Joy, sculptor.

Mahdi presses on he may take Korosko and hold our men in his hand—and how that he *is* pressing on. I met Mr Gladstone this afternoon walking in the park, and looking perfectly lost—he made a bow which seemed to say he was hundreds of miles distant in spirit. There has never been so universal a sense of loss and danger in England.

It was a full house—the cheers of the Liberals were brief and spiritless—the Conservatives hoarse and threatening.

On the 7th March he had a curious accident. He writes:—

After having visited St Bartholomew's the Great, to see that marvellous still sanctuary in the mid-roar of Smithfield, my horse fell with me on the smooth asphalte pavement of Holborn, slippery as it was with moistish mud. I fell with him, but not under him, yet right beneath the feet of the horses of a huge omnibus. I felt as if their hoofs must strike my back. My horse picked himself up in an instant, and so did I, perfectly unhurt, and most strangely and unaccountably to me my sole anxiety at the instant was to recover my whip, over which the horses instantly began to walk. This quite absorbed me for a moment, so that my horse and myself were insignificant to me. How strange what trifles fill one's mind at such a moment. I think it must be that one's *habit* of acting in *common* circumstances carries one on to do what it is familiar to do, viz. pick up one's stick when one drops it—but one is not familiar with one's horse falling under an omnibus in a crowded street, and requires a moment for reflection, doing in the meantime what is simple and habitual. That coolness passes sometimes for presence of mind when it is really habit outrunning reflection. Real presence of mind is instantaneous reflection under strange circumstances. Perhaps the functions of different lobes of the brain are seen in this. A lad slipped through, picked up my whip, a little shoe-black with two brushes began to brush my coat, half a dozen people with anxious faces asked me how I was, an old man wrung my hand, John brought up my Quentin, and I mounted and was off in an instant—feeling marvel and thankfulness.

On the 12th of March he says:—

Sate for half an hour to Mr A——. He is painting Cardinal Manning. He says Manning has the most winning manners and

sweetest voice—but creates in himself and in most whom he knows a completeness of distrust. At every moment he looks as if he had an end to answer. A—— calls it a very poor head in spite of the size of the brain—or the apparent size, for much of his impressive effect is due to the skull being so thinly covered with parchment down to the chin even. Still the face looks to *me* as if self at any rate were gone out of it—that is its beauty.

On the 16th he writes:—

Monday. "Quae homo in se vel in aliis emendare non valet, debet patienter sustinere, donec Deus aliter ordinet . . . . Si quis *semel aut bis* admonitus non acquiescit, *noli cum eo contendere*, sed totum Deo committe ut fiat voluntas ejus[1]."

How many fewer agitations of life and spirit would one have had—how many fewer weeks of gloom—in one's life if one had not "contended" in tone and spirit, when in no other way, with what one did not and could not save.

On the 18th of March he records:—

Wednesday. Dined with the Aberdeens, Mr and Mrs Gladstone, Lord Lyttelton, Lady Frederick Cavendish, very sweet and strong expression—her courage has been wonderful, Mr and Mrs Quentin Hogg—he who took the Polytechnic buildings for a boys' and young men's club and instruction in technical knowledge, and religious teaching. A quiet kind man. They have 150 classes and 10,000 members. Mr Gladstone absolutely lost in Mark Pattison's Life—his violent antichristianism, of which he quoted verbatim several mere paradoxical sentences. George Eliot's Life is "not a life," he says, "but a reticence." He is much impressed too with new phenomena of spiritism and the religious uses which are being made of it. He never composes anything original, he says, after 6 p.m., it would destroy sleep. Speaking in the House, and writing the Queen a full Report of all proceedings does not, he says, "under the law of habit" in the least act on his brain like composition. He never suffers himself to think after he lies down in bed—that too would be fatal. He warned me to be much more stiff against interruptions.

[1] "The things which a man cannot alter in himself or in others, he ought patiently to bear, until God ordain otherwise....If a man after being once or twice admonished, does not obey, do not strive with him, but commit the whole matter to God, that His will may be done."

On the 21st of March my father entertained fifty of the Church of England Working Men's Society at Lambeth. This kind of gathering was one of the Archbishop's greatest pleasures; he delighted in the talk of working men. He showed them all over the palace himself, gave them a lecture and an extempore service in the Chapel; shaking hands with the men he said, "I can assure you this is a day I shall never forget. I shall never forget the way you sang our hymn just now. I can only say in the words of the old Saint, 'May the Lord bless you and increase you a thousandfold, and may you raise seed to Him through the generations.' God bless you all."

On the 25th of March he attended the funeral of his dear friend and master, Bishop Wordsworth. He writes:—

March 25th. I went on to Lincoln and arrived at two for the funeral of the Bishop. The completely filled building, the sound of Great Tom in the air, the perfect stillness of such a throng, the quiet approach of two or three of the Chapter to meet me, the dearness of every stone of beauty, the vestry filled with well-known robed figures and faces, the Dean with suffering stamped on all his features, made a strange and trying dream seem to come over me. It was but the other day I followed him in a thin procession out of St Hugh's Chapel for his enthronement, and now this great procession went to receive him out of the Morning Chapel. He was followed by the family and then by almost all the clergy of the diocese. They and the Corporation and a few country gentlemen filled the whole of the glorious choir, while the coffin with his pastoral staff on it and wreaths of flowers lay just above the grander choir, four chaplains standing beside it. The singing was of the quiet meditative and most sweet character which has been long peculiar to Lincoln alone. I read the Lesson. They gave me my dear old Chancellor's stall, with my old Prayer-book and its monogram, and two chaplains had Aylesbury and Heydour. The throne was hung with black where he used to kneel with that piercing force of devotion and his ejaculations of Amen, Amen, half through the next Collects. The mass of students of the *Scholae*, the clergy in the Lincoln hood, and the others in gowns,

told how one of our dreams had been realised. It was impossible to be afflicted. All has come and gone so naturally, and this is so natural itself, and the hope so perfect as to be not hope, and the thankfulness so intense that he is delivered from the terrible cloud and suffering of the months since Mrs Wordsworth's death[1]. It was so strange that the great scholar and incessant reader ceased to feel the least interest in any book but one, and he whose nerves were equal to anything could not bear to be alone, yet could not bear the very sound of a pen in the room, and yet did not ever in a single instance lose the gentleness and sweet deference and courtesy of gratitude to every single person about him. The end has been very sad. I must write it for my own edification and remembrance and preparation.

On the 30th March he writes:—

Monday. Went with the girls to see the two most unlike pictures that ever were: Holman Hunt's Triumph of Innocents, and Munkacsy's Crucifixion. The spiritual water in the former is a strange and unnatural conception, yet it is one of the things in which I feel an artist's business is to *teach*—"he is judged of no man." It is his to fling down the symbols for interpretation. But yet, what can he mean by those bubbles? the largest of which shows in colour the history from the Dream of Jacob to the Adoration of the Lamb. He cannot have reflected that bubbles burst. This is beyond me. Perhaps spiritual bubbles do not. I am lost. The Crucifixion finer. The merits of the great Dutchmen are on this Hungarian. But the *faces* which should be finest are hidden like Agamemnon's. *The* face is too much in the act of "pousser un cri" and dying. The awful being is Judas—it must be he—running for his life to death—spite of the error of date.

Thursday, April 2nd. Lord Cairns has died, taking away one of the best arguers, most respected chiefs, and purest characters from the Conservative benches. His delicate look and his stoop and the drawing in of his cheeks did not nevertheless detract from his powerful physique in general, they made one only feel as if he were "not quite well *to-day*." But a chill caught in riding brought him down at once. The weather has been that which

[1] Mrs Wordsworth died on her husband's birthday, Oct. 11, 1884. The Bishop died the day after the election of his successor in the Cathedral. He was buried on the Festival of the Annunciation, the great day of the Cathedral.

makes you soon hot with exercise and soon chilled by the piercing wind.

April 6th. Finished Mark Pattison's Memoir. There is a safer Coward's Castle than the pulpit itself. And that is the grave. From them both you can pour forth showers of poisoned arrows. But to do it effectively you must first disbelieve in them. Pattison has done it effectively. By many it is said that the belief in Christianity has nothing to do with forming the gentle noble temper, and grandeur towards adversaries and humility—that philosophy is the real mother of discipline within. The books which are beginning to appear, revealing the innerness of philosophies, do not bear this out. Carlyle, (*even* George Eliot,) Pattison. It would have been a contradiction in the nature of things, had such a writer as Pattison even believed himself to be a Christian. But he assures us in every page towards the end that he was not so much a philosopher as philosophy.

On the 11th of April he notes:—

An admirer of Manning told anecdotes illustrative of his skill and readiness, among others this:—A young fellow had joined the Romanists. The following Sunday the father of the young man made his way into the sacristy where Manning was unrobing after Mass among the priests. The poor father burst out with much indignation against the way in which his son had been secretly tampered with, persuaded to hold his tongue, and go to church regularly, until the moment of his reception. Manning drew himself up to his full height, stretched out his arm and long finger, and looking most impressive and ascetic as he stood still half robed, said "Hold! Man, you have blasphemed the Church of God—you have maligned the Ministers of His altar. You have hated the salvation of your son—and you yourself within three years will be a Catholic." All were profoundly struck—the father was speechless and quietly went away. A little time afterwards my friend's informant said to Manning, "That was very astonishing. How did you know and feel so sure of what you uttered?" Manning said, "Well, my dear fellow, it was a very difficult situation; and I thought it might impress him."

On the 21st of April he writes:—

Heard early yesterday of the Dean of Lincoln's[1] death. He has suffered sadly. He told me when I saw him at Lincoln that

[1] J. W. Blakesley.

he should be gone before July. He was a very delicate and choice scholar. Not of an ecclesiastical turn of mind, but very valuable to ecclesiastics by his application of a critical measure of justifiableness to all they did and proposed. "What do you mean exactly? What are your exact grounds? What is the exact effect which you believe your proposal will have?" He did me much good, because I always determined that I would in the last resort obey him in all Cathedral matters, however little I liked doing so. Rode yesterday for two hours about our paths and rides without going out of the park. Everything bursting into perfect beauty just as we leave it for our ill-timed Season.

On the 22nd of April his award in the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral was given. Lord Grimthorpe (then Sir Edmund Beckett), Professor Freeman and the Cathedral Chapter chose him as arbitrator. It was not only his official position, but his fine taste combined with his knowledge of architecture and ecclesiastical history which fitted him especially to arbitrate in so complicated a matter. The questions were, (1) the precise authority of the wishes of the Chapter over the wishes of the General Committee, (2) whether the ancient Norman Tower should be replaced, or the later Decorated Tower retained. The Archbishop decided (1) that a small Executive Committee should be elected from the Chapter and the General Committee, whose decisions should be paramount, (2) that the Decorated Tower should, as more consistent with the continuity of historical tradition, be restored.

On the 24th he writes:—

"Non est creatura tam parva et vilis quae Dei bonitatem non repraesentet."

Yesterday I saw a girl of 12 or 13 turn out of a door and walk on before me—dirty, torn—her face was as if it had been pressed flat, and recovered itself a little. Her knee was weak so that she seemed to throw out her left foot as far as it would go, and pull it in again by way of walking—lilting out with half her body each step, to gain the requisite ponderance. She has to live a life out under these limitations—and there was not in her look any

apparent effect of an ideal, or of a reliance, yet there is in her remaining organization, and I doubt not in her spirit, quite enough to show, quite enough to take in and give out the "Goodness of God." It wants redemption—deliverance and clearance. And I doubt not that there is abundant *parvitas et vilitas* in me, who am unfettered bodily, and *have*, or think I have, an ideal, to make a still less fettered being wonder how in the world *my* limitations can possibly be got over. It can be only by λύσις and λύτρωσις[1]; O to *see* and to be *free*!

On the 25th of April he writes:—

Saturday, St Mark. Anniversary of Lightfoot's, Wilkinson's, my own consecration—only eight years ago.

Consecrated at St Paul's, with a mighty congregation, Edward King to be Bishop of Lincoln, and E. H. Bickersteth to be Bishop of Exeter. Canon Liddon preached a Manifesto concerning the power and authority of the Episcopate, and condemning vehemently all "Modernismus," not only the Courts and the Public Worship Regulation Act, but declaring the Education Act of 1870 to be the root of all evil, and Board Schools its evil fruit.

Fewer persons than usual, in proportion, communicated. This is owing to the growth of "Fasting Communion" as a necessity and not as a pious discipline only. And this, which is in the Church a piece of the Materialism that is in the world of to-day, has taken great root among the followers of the holy and influential Canon King. It is strange that a great many years ago, when I was at Wellington, I remember Dean Wellesley's showing me some most strong letters to the Queen and Ministers against King's being made Professor at Oxford—on the ground of intellectual inadequacy. The Dean gave me plenty of indication of the untruth of the allegation. I recommended him to persevere with the recommendation of King. The attacking party were not likely to be so strong against what was purely to their advantage, and they must have had their own reasons for expecting his influence for the Church and Christianity to be great. And so it has proved.

On the 29th the Archbishop was presented with a magnificent Primatial Cross for the See of Canterbury, of silver gilt, set with splendid sapphires, designed by Messrs Bodley and Garner. The movement to present

[1] Remission and redemption.

it originated from Truro. He said that he accepted it as a remembrance that this was to be "a standard of the King of kings, the great sign of the Word of God which rode on conquering and to conquer."

On the 30th of April the Revised Version of the Scriptures was presented to the House of Convocation, in the College Hall of Westminster School. "That," said the Archbishop, receiving it, "is a far greater and more important gift than the Archiepiscopal Cross with which the Metropolitan See has just been endowed."

The Queen to the Archbishop.

WINDSOR CASTLE.
May 18, 1885.

The Queen has to thank the Archbishop for his kind letter and at the same time to ask him and the Convocation to accept her best thanks for the beautiful Copy of the New Revised Version of the Bible.

She must congratulate those who have laboured so anxiously and earnestly, on having executed this most important and difficult work so successfully, and can assure the Archbishop and Convocation of the deep interest with which she will read these Sacred Volumes.

On June 10th he writes:—

Wednesday. Dined Middle Temple on their Great-Grand Day. Very striking, 430 in Hall. Prince Edward made a Bencher. According to their customs sat above Prince of Wales, whose guest I was supposed to be, and next to the Treasurer, the Master of the Temple being the chief guest on the Treasurer's right.

Opposite to me Lord Randolph Churchill whom I never met before. The opinion of the students immensely conservative. They cheered enormously when he drank the loving cup, almost as loud when Sir S. Northcote[1] drank—Lord Derby had to drink in absolute and perfect silence. Every one was surprised at the unanimity of the demonstration.

[1] The Ministry of Mr Gladstone had just been defeated. In the new government Sir S. Northcote became First Lord of the Treasury and an Earl, and Lord R. Churchill Secretary of State for India.

Lord R. Churchill had just returned from Paris. There, he said, Bismarck was ruling everything. He was supreme with so large a mass of men, whom he named, among political leaders. They were quite able to keep the Republican party in power against endless feeling. Lord R. Churchill added that the French had their revenge meanwhile, for the Socialist propaganda was leavening all Germany from its immensely strong headquarters in Paris.

June 12th. The idea of calling or vocation is so much out of date (as a Romish notion I suppose) that if one-tenth of the people who ask me for livings were gratified, there would be no living left for those who would never ask. The thought seems dead. I think we ought to get the Ordination Service altered, instead of the old-fashioned "Dost thou think thou art truly called," I ought to ask the question, "And do you think you shall like this calling you have chosen?" or, "Dost thou think thou shalt like this line of life which thou hast selected?"

On the 23rd he says:—

Tuesday.—An excellent example of the kind of day now permitted to an Archbishop, whose work is supposed to depend somewhat on thinking and studying.

Up at 6.15, wrote until 8.30, chapel 9.15. 10, Adeney, Sir Ed. Hay Currie to explain Beaumont Trust. Grey, Hardwicke. Letters until 12.45, when Canon Hoare on Tunbridge Wells Cemetery. 1, luncheon, Hoare, Hutchinson; 1.30, drove to Charterhouse where we discussed the scheme for its alteration (Abp York, J. Talbot, Lords Devon, Clinton, Brownlow and Coleridge), and elected Elwyn Master of the Charterhouse. 3.30, Meeting for Beaumont Trust at Mansion House, Prince of Wales spoke, I seconded. 4.20, House of Lords, very full. Lord Granville sold all, in lieu of a "statement," moving to adjourn to Thursday. 4.40, Assyrian Committee: decided on starting *new* move—not out till 6. 7.45, dined with the Cubitts at Prince's Gate—evening party after. Large Conservative gathering—no one in good spirits, but all bent to do their best. Now 12 midnight.

Describing what had taken place in the House of Lords that afternoon, the Archbishop writes:—

Breathless anxiety as the clock struck 4.30: Lord Granville

with his smile exchanged for a serious expression stood at the table and said, "I am permitted to state to the House that Lord Salisbury has accepted office and undertaken to form a ministry, and that he is now at Windsor, and I beg further to state" (the anxiety here was awful) "that, with his full concurrence, I shall" (and now you might really *hear* the anxiety through the perfect stillness), "at the conclusion of the proceedings of to-day, move that this house do adjourn, as usual, till Thursday,"—first silence, then an indignant rustle, then a general low laugh all over the house, and then Sir William Rose[1] stood up and said "that the *Gas and Water* Bill be now read a second time." Gas and Water, could anything be neater?

On the 24th of June he went to the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. He says:—

At tea Cardinal Manning advanced to me, as I stood with back to light, held out his hand and I shook it, when he said, "I beg your pardon, I thought it was the Abp of York." He talked pleasantly about the Early Closing Movement. But as I had gone down to tea with Aberdeen, and Manning came and stood thus over me—we presently all three were at talk together, viz. the Lord High Commissioner of the Presbyterian Body, this papal invader, and I—a very odd triple conjunction. Drummond was with us too.

On the 30th of June the Archbishop made a memorable speech at his Diocesan Conference. He said, "It will not be by her own act, her spontaneity, that the Church will be formed into a political party.... The Church does not desire to enter into the political arena; but circumstances might arise which would compel her to do so, and then suddenly she would find herself a vast political power. The flake of gold becomes a current coin with image and superscription at one blow, and though the Church might desire to avoid the contingency yet it might be forced upon her." He went on to say that it would not, as in other countries, become a mere "clerical" party, but that

[1] K.C.B., Clerk of the Parliament, d. 1885.

the union of the laity with the clergy of the English Church was deep-seated. This utterance was received with considerable respect, and the courage of the Archbishop—"a courage to which in ecclesiastical circles we had grown unaccustomed"—was loudly praised.

In July appeared certain articles under the title of "The Report of our Secret Commission" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dealing with the immoral traffic in young girls. The truth of the statements made was widely questioned, and eventually the Archbishop consented to sit on a commission of enquiry together with the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, Mr Samuel Morley and Mr (now Sir) R. T. Reid, Q.C., and sift the evidence. The Commission met in the Venetian Parlour of the Mansion House, and on the 29th of July published an award that the statements were substantially true. My father was very much depressed by a task which was peculiarly repugnant to him, and he afterwards came to think that he had much better have refused to act in the matter. He never mentioned the subject without a peculiar horror, and a statement that he had been drawn into it against his better judgment, and regretted his action very much.

In August he went to Switzerland for a much needed holiday. He tried as far as possible to travel incognito, and was much vexed, I remember, at Visp at the evening *table d'hôte* by a voluble clergyman who shouted to him as "Your Grace" down the length of a long table. He writes in his Diary:—

Saturday, Aug. 15th.—At Sion, with its wreck of grandeur, the Archbishop was on the platform, a venerable big old man with a green cord round his hat and a purple cincture round his waist. A priest and a peasant farmer who were with him kissed his hand and knelt to him.

This perhaps is the fruit of the great times when the Abp hired out his Valais farmers' sons for soldiers to whatever cause wished

to have them. And since then the teaching of his church has grown more earthly, even whilst lives have become more pure.

Where do they stand? Is it a penance? Is it a captivity? Is it a slope to still further decline and loss? A nothing? Is there to be a revival? Is there to be a better system of Christianity? And where do we stand in England? Are the efforts and toils and prayers of half a century to avail to leaven us from the century before that? Is Unchristianity and Antichristianity to invade us yet more—or can we with the Cross and with the Truth of the Cross yet overcome? Not *we*. Will God use us and our sons?

His observation of Nature was always acute; he went on to Zermatt and writes in his Diary:—

Saturday, Sept. 12th.—There are very few birds—rooks have a melodious thin note, not at all like a caw. Nutcrackers are delightful round black balls as big as wood-pigeons; a white line shows on their tails spread in flight. They are saucy little fellows and like to sit on the top sprays of the pines below us for a good stare. They make a chip-chip rather like a jay. We hear the marmots whistle in the lonelier places. The squirrels are black, with white chests. The despised field gentian lingers in warm corners—all the other flowers but the harebells are gone—there are glorious scarlet patches everywhere of changed leaves, and the stonecrop lingers in flower near warm rills. The London Pride has died down since we came. In walking the glaciers it is quite affecting to have a bee settle on one's bonnet or one's coat so often—they must feel the times are hard. There are a good many hawks—perhaps there would be small birds but for this.

At Zermatt my younger sister had an illness, which the hotel-keeper, whom we took into our confidence, insisted on our keeping secret, saying that the guests would be alarmed, if they supposed she was seriously ill. I recollect my father's horror at the first Sunday Service which we attended when the prayers of the congregation were asked for "Miss Pontifex," which he supposed at first to be a delicate way of veiling my sister's identity. It

turned out, of course, to refer to an English lady who was ill in another hotel.

Although this holiday was not a very refreshing one, his bodily vigour was great; he ascended, from the Riffel Alp Hotel, the Cima di Jazzi with Canon Hutchinson, formerly a well-known Alpine climber. It is true that there is no record of the expedition having ever taken a longer time to accomplish: but my father was by no means light of frame and had lived an exhausting and sedentary life for some years. He enjoyed the expedition immensely.

At the end of September he wrote to Canon Wickenden, who had previously given him three stained glass windows for Addington Chapel and now contributed a fresco:—

DENBIES, DORKING.
Oct 4th, 1885.

DEAREST FRED,

The windows and the hangings etc. in our chapel at Addington are just of that soft quiet tone and general reverent look about which we have so often talked and which is so difficult to gain. The parquetry helps it wonderfully. Your windows and fresco are the keynotes *as well as* the beauty and distinguishing character of the place. So your seal is set on the Archbishops of Canterbury for ever if it please God to preserve their seat. But I don't like the uneasy air and sound of things—and I wish the present Archbishop was someone who understood the questions at issue. We are with you, you know, dearest friend of friends, in your pain and uneasiness by our prayers and thoughts and affection always. It is such a joy to me that you have made every one of our children so know and love you—it makes our ancient friendship so young to hear them talk of you day by day. God bless and keep and be gracious to you.

Your most loving,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On October 15th he went to Lampeter and laid the foundation stone of the new buildings of St David's College there.

On the 20th October he attended the unveiling of the monument of Archbishop Tait in Canterbury, close to the spot where, almost exactly eleven years afterwards, his own body lay waiting for its last repose. He spoke very feelingly of the "purity, beauty and peace of the Archbishop's domestic life."

In the same month he held his Visitation of the Diocese; his charge was afterwards published under the title of the "Seven Gifts." It was an utterance remarkable not only for its fundamental conception, but for its comprehensiveness, its hopefulness and brightness.

In December he delivered an interesting address on "Municipalities" in his capacity as President for that year of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. How he found the time to evolve so complicated a historical survey of the subject it is difficult to divine.

In November he had written in his Diary a long survey of the political condition of the country with reference to the pending elections, touching on reforms which had already long been in prospect, and indicating the possibility of a defensive movement of the Church, which was to bear fruit later in a large organisation for the diffusion of knowledge about the position and history of the Church.

It may be noted that it was about this time that my father's Parliamentary activity began. For the next ten years which remained to him of life, he never ceased to press forward in Parliament bills for the reform of patronage and for the provision of means by which the Church might rid herself of the scandal of evil-living ministers.

November—Election. When the field is so large it is very difficult to be sure that what one sees is a correct sample of the whole—or that what one conceives to be the whole is really so. But I think that this is true: there was little or no anxiety about the Church's position until Mr Gladstone made mention of disestablishment in his address, merely stating that it was far off, the

question not ripe, and that when the people after abundant consideration should come, if ever they did come, to think the establishment should be ended it would have to be done. There were no expressions of reluctance. Rather an implication that he should execute the people's will himself if it had happened to come (which it would not) in his time. This caused among all who revered him hitherto as a churchman the greatest surprise and shame. If he had boldly negatived the idea, it would have reassured every one. While those who wished for it could not have complained if it was true that under any circumstances it was very distant. Then Chamberlain without any circumlocution spoke of it as his desire and as very near, though not perhaps within the next Session. Then came out "The Radical Programme" preface by Chamberlain with a truculent wolfish imagining the whole thing down to details, and claiming it. In the meantime the counter-feeling swept far and wide and reached something of intensity. Chamberlain went to stay at Hawarden, and thence set forth on his political travels declaring that he had not meant and had scarcely said anything of the kind. Mr Gladstone also felt great sorrow at the way in which he had been misunderstood on purpose about a thing so distant and visionary. Lord Salisbury adroitly pointed out that Mr G. had once described the disestablishment of the Irish Church as "in the dim and distant future" and that within two years and a half he had passed the measure for it. It will be always a stain on the Liberals that, the order of events being what it was, they everywhere proclaimed that the "Tories" had got up the alarm about "the Church in danger."

The result of the election, when the boroughs had been taken, with its conservative majority, appeared to everyone a settling of the question as to what the feeling in the country was about the Church. But the astonishment all round was great when it turned out that the agricultural vote was so preponderatingly liberal. There can be no doubt that the efforts of the Liberationists, the belief instilled into the peasant mind that if the Church were disestablished they should gain "something," and also the unpopularity, not undeserved I fear, of the country clergy in some regions, have acted to this end. The accounts of many parishes give a sad picture of unspiritual, selfish clerical life. But it is most to be observed that the educated intelligence of the towns has gone the other way, and if this is real, then every day's education is educating the "people" into a more civilised view of things. In

my visitation charges I uttered because I felt no alarm. Whatever comes, the Church of Christ will not suffer—and I do not think that, whatever may be in store, there are any sufficient signs to make one think Mr Gladstone wrong in his view. What *is* wrong, irredeemably wrong, in his case is that he did not tell his half-informed followers that disestablishment would be a backward and a dangerous step for the State, unjustifiable and unjust.

But one thing is visible gain already. The attention excited to the subject will make the Conservatives feel that they dare no longer oppose the reforms which the Bishops and the best of the clergy and the largest part of the laity of the Church have long desired and pressed for. The very hesitation to confess all that is amiss in our ways and works, lest it should arouse people still more against us, will surely now come to an end. The Conservatives threw out the last Patronage reform bill—but they will now feel that they injure what they want to preserve. And that subject, and the starvation of some laborious livings, and the exercise of some control by the laity must meet with more attention—we shall be able, I trust, with this wave to do something. It is rather of bad augury that Lord Salisbury has made political Church Defence a watchword (for the present) with his party—and the effect will be that the Liberals will be afraid of meddling with the support of the Church lest it should cause any doubt of their Liberalism.

CHAPTER II.

PARLIAMENTARY WORK.

"*Audire magnos jam videor duces*
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos." HORACE.

I DO not propose to give more than a summary of the Archbishop's Parliamentary work. It was not congenial to him; he was convinced of the importance of securing prompt and practical Church legislation, but the Parliamentary methods of securing it were distasteful to him. He cared deeply and anxiously for the results of measures, but he was not a good Parliamentary speaker, and he had none of the arts of the Lobbyist. Moreover he had had no apprenticeship. He entered Parliament for the first time when he became Archbishop, at the age of fifty-three: for two hundred years there had been no Archbishop who had not previously sat as Bishop. In the House of Lords, I think it may be said, his historical sensitiveness, his love of antiquity and tradition, were a misfortune to him. The atmosphere seemed to overawe him, and make him ill at ease. I have often heard him speak of his first days in the House, how the imperturbable indifference, the genial consciousness of position, the amiable toleration of religion, the well-bred contempt for enthusiasm weighed his spirits down. He seldom spoke there with any pleasure either of anticipation, performance or recollection. Yet

there were few more constant attendants at the sittings of the House, and the increasing familiarity with the course of affairs gradually gave him influence and won him respect among those whom he used to designate as *Terrarum Dominos*.

Chancellor Dibdin, who was more familiar with the Archbishop's legal and parliamentary work in his later years than any other person, and whom the Archbishop consulted on most measures of importance, says in his Article in the *Quarterly*[1] (Oct. 1897):—

> When there was a sitting of the House of Lords, the Archbishop was generally there. He did his utmost to get his suffragans to bestow more time on their Parliamentary duties, sometimes lamenting that the English Bishops, however much they were "Bishops of their dioceses, were not so much Bishops of England" as formerly. The little robing-room set apart for the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London was often used for interviews, especially with public men and officials, and there, too, during the session the Archbishop sometimes stayed after the House had risen, discussing matters with some friend, such as Bishop Temple, his trusted colleague, for whom the Archbishop's affectionate respect of earlier years never varied, although their relative positions changed.

I give the letter which he wrote to Bishop Westcott after his speech on the Sunday opening of Museums:—

LAMBETH PALACE.
22 *March*, 1884.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I had to speak in the House of Lords last night. It is a really terrible place for the unaccustomed. Frigid impatience and absolute good will, combined with a thorough conviction of the infallibility of laymen (if not too religious) on all sacred

[1] I must here express my particular thanks to Mr John Murray and to Chancellor Dibdin for the kind permission given me to make full extracts from this masterly Article.

subjects, are the tone, morale and reason of the House as a living being. My whole self-possession departs, and ejection from the House seems the best thing which could happen to one.

Your ever affectionate,

Edw. Cantuar.

The first piece of Parliamentary drafting that he did was in connection with Ecclesiastical Courts. It will be remembered that Archbishop Tait, after the acknowledged failure of the Public Worship Regulation Act—a measure which, as Chancellor Dibdin says, was neither framed nor used as Archbishop Tait desired it—proposed in March, 1881, the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Of that Commission Bishop Benson, then at Truro, was a member, and attended the meetings with great regularity. On Archbishop Tait's death he became Chairman. Chancellor Dibdin says:—

The Archbishop drafted what he called the "Proem" to the Report, and in the following sentence touched characteristically the governing idea of his Church policy:—

"We desire to point out that throughout our scheme, whenever existing processes are shown to be satisfactory in working, or when the desuetude of old ones is due entirely to accidental causes, we have sought to preserve the continuity and restore the vitality of what was there in principle."

The Report was presented in August, 1883, and excited a great deal of comment and criticism. It was on the whole satisfactory to High Churchmen and certainly did something to soothe the feeling of irritation and grievance amongst the Ritualistic party, if for no other reason, because its historical appendices, written by the present Bishop of Oxford, seemed to justify the rejection of Lord Penzance and the Privy Council, a view which was confirmed by the fact that Lord Penzance himself declined to sign the Report of the Commission. Archbishop Benson, though he neither took the leading part in the work of research which Dr Stubbs and Dr Westcott fulfilled, nor influenced the substance of the recommendations to the same extent as Archbishop Tait, was

in thorough harmony with the historical views on which the Report was founded, and, unlike most of his colleagues, agreed without reservation to the Report. In the winter of 1884–5, a Bill was prepared under the eye of Archbishop Benson, to give effect to some of the Commission's recommendations. The Bishops, however, were not unanimous on the subject, and the Archbishop, following his policy of keeping Churchmen together, would do nothing "disunitedly," so while "regretting deeply that there should be no legislation after all the preparation for it," he gave up the idea of introducing his Bill into the House of Lords. It will probably now be admitted that there was too much difference of opinion both inside and outside the Commission for legislation on the Ecclesiastical Courts to have had much chance of success. But the most important outcome of the Report was the notable support it gave to the principle that the Church of England is in regard to law as well as to succession a society existing with effective continuity from the first age until now. It was, perhaps, the first official negation of the proposition, "We ought not to go behind the Reformation," formerly so often and now so seldom heard. To this extent the Archbishop and the extreme High Church party were in agreement. Both refused to regard the sixteenth century as the point of departure. But the difference between his view and the view of a section of that party lay in the way they regarded the Reformation itself. While to them it was an interruption and a disaster, or at the best "a limb badly set," the Archbishop was as strenuously opposed to this denial of the principle of continuity as the other. To him "the Reformation was a ripe and long-prepared and matured movement in an era of illumination, the greatest event in Church history since the fourth century."

The Archbishop himself wrote to Sir Arthur Gordon a long letter on the same subject:—

LAMBETH PALACE.
June 2nd, 1884.

MY DEAR GORDON,

It has not been possible for me to give you any real account of the Ec. Cts. Comm. Legislation—for all preliminary steps in this old country are taken so slowly that we shall seem to you scarcely to be any forwarder.

The Prime Minister[1] was of course very friendly. I had much correspondence with him and some interviews. One thing was clear—that with his Cabinet it was impossible to make it a Government measure. I was quite clear that the advice I received through and from you was sound. And therefore I quite determined not to make it *my* measure without promise of support of some real kind. None such was forthcoming.

Meantime it was very advisable to give the Church and country fresh opportunity for discussion. It was not likely that they would at once embrace what took us so long a time to arrive at. By degrees the air has cleared, and now the only opposition is that of the *extreme* right, who won't have Lay Judges, and of the *extreme* left, who won't have Bishops' veto—if they can help it.

Most rational people now see that it is not unreasonable that they should each concede their bugbear to the others. Whether *they* will see it is another thing.

Nothing that I have seen alters my views. It was not very likely, after two years' hard work at it. We shall then probably proceed with the heads of a Bill, and then draft it during the autumn, and next session bring it on;—if (1) I can prevail on Mr G. to give it really fair play, (2) and this Government is more disposed to do so. We had better remain as we are, all alike being sick and tired of litigation, than rush to legislation and have the weapon wrested from us and turned on the Church, as the last measure was.

I need not add that I am very grateful for so kind a letter of such friendship and such good counsel; to all I assent with all earnestness up to this present point of progress.

Yours most sincerely,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Mr Dibdin writes:—

Another piece of Church defence which Archbishop Benson carried through with success, though it was overshadowed by the larger events which followed, was his action with regard to the Local Government Bill, which passed through Parliament during the autumn Session of 1893–4. It is at least probable that the Archbishop's leadership in that matter saved the clergy, or a large section of them, from committing a serious mistake, the consequences of which would not have been transient. The Parish

[1] Mr Gladstone.

Councils Bill, as it was then called, dealt severely with existing parochial institutions, which it must be remembered had grown up under a system of much closer union between Church and State than now survives. Under the Bill the Churchwardens and the Vestry were to lose their civil status and no longer discharge their civil duties. The Incumbent was to be similarly deprived of his old power, and parochial charities were to be removed from ecclesiastical control. Amongst parochial charities affected by the Bill were in the first instance included some institutions and funds which in origin and fact belonged to the Church, and were really part of her ordinary parochial machinery. There were two dangers. One was that the clergy, especially in rural parishes in which the Bill operated, would rush into an unwise opposition to the Bill, and put themselves in antagonism to their people, in the vain endeavour to preserve a worn-out *régime* and to prevent the natural development of local institutions. The other danger, in a precisely opposite direction, was lest a desire to support what was supposed to be the cause of the people should lead to the loss of parish rooms and other similar institutions through ignorance of the effect of the Bill. The Archbishop was not the man to confound the interests of the Church with such adventitious incidents as the civil functions of vestries and churchwardens, and he accordingly warmly supported the creation of parish councils and the transfer to them of powers hitherto exercised by vestries. On the other hand he insisted that parish rooms should not be confiscated. Not only did Churchmen generally follow the Archbishop's lead, but the Conservative party in Parliament fought the Bill on his lines, with the result that after a prolonged struggle, and a threatened collision between the two Houses, the Bill passed into law with most of the substantial modifications the Archbishop asked for. The importance of the Archbishop's wise moderation in this matter was shown by the eager attempts made in the Radical press to misrepresent the action of the Bishops. The Bishops and other Churchmen protested against the village school-room being handed over as a meeting-place for the parish council when it was wanted for any of its primary purposes, e.g. a night-school. But this was made the excuse for a cry which was at once raised, that the Bishops were driving the parish council to the public-house; and even to this day it is sometimes alleged on Liberationist platforms, that the Bishops voted for holding parish meetings in public-houses.

The following extract from a letter to the present Bishop of Winchester (Dec. 11th, 1886) gives the Archbishop's view as to the prospects of Church progress, and the necessity of regarding legislation in Church matters as only a very small side of Church development.

(Govt. Bills.) Acts of Parliament on Tithe[1] and Glebe are apparently preparing without any consultation whatever with any Church authorities; not even the Commissioners. One is not quite sure whether those who are passionately, and not politically, enamoured of Christ's Church, may not think it better for her to leap into many waters, than be in the next few years bound and crippled if she clings to land. And the Conservatives must not think that they are so essential to the Church that they may behave to her far worse than any others do. The proposal to sell Glebe Lands when they are at the lowest value for allotments is an attempt at pleasing Socialists a little too far, and as I have said before to you, I know what will be the politics of five-sixths of the clergy if they are delivered from all sympathy with land.

I cannot conceive how next "term" is to get over without a deadlock in my work. The multitude and magnitude of businesses which are beginning to crowd about the Home Church already require a small strong Council for the preparation and proposal of lines to be followed. It is getting beyond *any* power (not only mine, quam suo quam etc.) because it is getting beyond any time which any one can have.

But altogether with the tiny clouds like *many* men's hands which are rising from the sea, it is interesting to observe how while the Church is losing ground with Crown and Cabinets and Parliament, she is conciliating and gaining ground with the people, —slowly and οὐ μετὰ παρατηρήσεως[2] we may almost say, but I think really. And this too just at the moment when the relations of the Colonies to the Church, and of Colonial Churches to home,

[1] This probably refers not to the Extraordinary Tithe Bill of 1886 but to one of the general Tithe Bills of the Government, possibly that of 1888. There is scarcely any connection between Extraordinary Tithe, which was an arbitrary impost placed on the produce of hop and other gardens, and ordinary Tithe. Extraordinary Tithe became payable as a fresh and extra tax whenever land was turned into (say) a hop-garden. The object of the Act was to give a rent-charge of fixed amount instead of the existing Extraordinary Tithe, and to prevent the creation of any new Extraordinary Tithe.

[2] "Not with observation," St Luke xvii. 20.

are moving forward and not backward; one is just able to say that if not more. But all this only makes πρόβουλοι[1] more essential. They cannot be Bishops *only*. There are not the Bishops, and if there were they wouldn't tie themselves.

I don't quite know why I have written you all this. I have written on. It scarcely any of it wants the *least* answer. And at any rate do not write a *soothing* answer.

Chancellor Dibdin gives the following interesting survey of the Archbishop's chief measures:—

No Archbishop in modern times has identified himself so markedly and so persistently with attempts to obtain ecclesiastical reforms through the action of Parliament as Dr Benson. From 1886 till his death in 1896, he never ceased to be at work on Church Bills, either in the way of preparation or in Convocation or in Parliament itself. Efforts for Church Reform were made, we need hardly say, before the late Archbishop's time, but the adoption of what may be called a policy in accordance with which Churchmen, headed by the Bishops, go on year after year laying their needs before successive Governments and claiming legislative help, dates from the Dissolution in the autumn of 1885, when Mr Gladstone having resigned, Lord Salisbury took office, though in a minority in the House of Commons, and went to the country. The prospects of the Conservative party were not at that time very bright. They had nothing better than criticism of their opponents to offer to the new electorate, remodelled and re-enforced by the Reform Act of 1884. On the other hand, the Liberal Party were still united. Mr Gladstone had not announced his conversion to Home Rule, and it was not even suspected by the public. But the issue under the auspices of Mr Chamberlain of the "Radical Programme," in which "Religious Equality" was a prominent feature, and the discovery that a large majority of Liberal Candidates were more or less pledged to support Disestablishment, introduced a fresh element which swiftly altered the situation. Churchmen were up in arms from one end of the country to the other. There was a great agitation, the formidable effects of which, foreseen by Mr Gladstone in his almost passionate protests to the electors that the Church was not in any danger, were obvious in the Returns. Instead of a great Liberal victory, it was practically a drawn battle. Mr Gladstone resumed office,

[1] At Athens and in other Greek States, the πρόβουλοι were a Provisional Committee to examine legislative measures before they were proposed to the people.

but was dependent for a working majority on Mr Parnell's support....

The moment was one of new departure also in ecclesiastical politics. Church matters had acquired a greatly quickened interest in the country, and while on the one hand Disestablishment by becoming a current question seemed not unnaturally to her enemies to have been brought much nearer, on the other the Church's friends saw in the attitude of the public mind an opportunity to press forward the internal reforms which the Church had long needed. On December 12th, 1885, a memorial, promoted by the Archbishop's intimate friend the present Bishop of Durham and signed by most of the leading resident members of the Senate of Cambridge University, was presented to the Archbishops and Bishops, expressing belief that "the Church of England has long suffered serious injury from the postponement of necessary reforms," and urging immediate action as to Patronage, Redistribution of Clerical Revenues, and Clergy Discipline, while the "most urgently needed" reform of any was stated to be "the admission of laymen of all classes who are *bonâ fide* Churchmen to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs." There were numberless other resolutions, memorials, petitions, letters, and speeches to the same effect, but the Cambridge address was probably the earliest and certainly the most influential of them all. Archbishop Benson readily accepted the burden of leadership. In February, 1886, he formally opened the House of Laymen, which after much consideration and at the request of Convocation he called into existence, as an attempt to supplement the clerical Convocations and to form a consultative body of lay Churchmen drawn by a system of election from each diocese of the province. In a carefully weighed address he stated both the need and the difficulty of the Reform of Convocation, and of dealing with "the most important, historically, of all questions of Church order, namely those which relate to the voice of the laity in the controlling of Church affairs, whether for the larger or the smaller areas of administration." He pointed out that in calling together the House of Laymen he was, perhaps, as far as then practically possible, making "some initiation" of a central organization of lay power.

He announced that he proposed forthwith to submit to Convocation and to the House of Laymen a Bill for the reform

of Church Patronage with a view to its early introduction into Parliament. This was the Archbishop's Patronage Bill of 1886, on which he spent a very large amount of time and labour, seeking and obtaining assistance in many different quarters, especially from the great lawyers in both Houses. There is one name which it seems right to mention in reference to this and almost all other similar work of the Archbishop, that of the late Lord Selborne, on whose judgment he placed great reliance and to whose help he was profoundly indebted. This Bill, which in the Archbishop's opinion was the best of the many Patronage Bills, before and since, abolished the traffic in Livings by making all sales of Church patronage invalid unless made to, or with the approval of a Patronage Board constituted on representative lines by the Bill. The Bill, introduced into the Lords by the Archbishop himself, was well received. It passed successfully through a Select Committee of which the Archbishop was Chairman, but was never considered in the Commons, owing partly to the Dissolution which followed Mr Gladstone's defeat on the second reading of his first Home Rule Bill. In 1887 the Archbishop introduced another Patronage Bill, which differed materially (especially as altered in the House of Lords on the suggestion of Lord Salisbury) from the earlier Bill. It was no longer sought virtually to abolish sales by restricting the class of possible purchasers within narrow and jealously guarded limits, but to allow sales as freely as before, only subject to the supervision, by authorized persons, of every transaction. Patronage Boards disappeared on account of the difficulty of devising a satisfactory constitution for them, and the prohibition of sales was given up on account of the compensation question which it obviously raised, and as to which no practical solution was offered.

On April 12th, 1887, the Archbishop writes:—

My Patronage Bill has passed the House of Lords. And Salisbury has promised me to make it a Government measure in the House of Commons. If it passes it will certainly have done much to extirpate the worst evils connected with our advowson system and to leave the great undeniable benefits intact which flow from so much patronage being in the hands of the laity. The Bill as I introduced it this year had a council of assistants to the Bishops whose functions were threefold, to examine and approve every transfer of an advowson, to examine genuine-

ness of each presentation, and to receive patronage of advowsons given them. This council was to be elected in a way tedious to describe, as rules of cricket or lawn tennis are, but perfectly easy and simple in the working—simpler than the ordinary election to a diocesan conference. This election Lord Salisbury cut away by amendments, and also left the council only the function of examining and certifying honesty of transfer of advowsons. For election he substitutes nomination of two lay members by the Chancellor of the Diocese. All else remains.

Now the amusing thing is that all the newspapers (I think without exception) are chaffing "the Bishops" and me for our council and our elections. The *Spectator*, that accurate and good-tempered organ of itself, asks why the Bishops invented, and why they so unresistingly suffered the excision of, those provisions. "It must be," says it, "because they had an ideal layman before their eyes whom they thought to propitiate—then comes the real layman and clears away all this episcopal nonsense, even Lord Salisbury."

The *Spectator* adds, "the Bill will be called the Archbishop's and will be Lord Salisbury's." The House having really amused itself first by adding to it and then cutting out the additions.

The House of Lords expressed the utmost confidence in Bishops, and has certainly largely increased their powers—leaving it for them to exercise their discretion as to accepting presentees, which they were quite willing to share with the Council. The gains of the Bill are great, though how long the confidence in Prelates will last or why it suddenly arose, I am not sure. Lord Salisbury thinks that the "Clerical agent" will be extinct. But resources of cheating are *intarissable*[1].

Mr Dibdin continues :—

Again the Patronage Bill fell to the ground between Lords

[1] On this Bill Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Magee wrote :—

"*March 5th*, 1887. The great question is about the passing of the Church Patronage Bill. The Abp has overloaded it with a number of complicated and rather fantastic provisions for a great Diocesan Council of Presentations, none of which I ever saw or heard of until now, and has poorly stated his reasons for so doing.

"These damaged the Bill and him and us in the eyes of the Lords. I did not like to throw him over publicly and totally, but I did disparage the Council and intimated that I cared little about it. This was all omitted in the *Times* report. So *I* am held responsible for his *niaiseries*. So history is made." (*Life of Abp Magee.*)

and Commons, and for a few years, until 1893, was not again introduced. Its place was taken by the Clergy Discipline Bill, to which the Archbishop applied himself with equal zeal, and was rewarded with better success in 1891 and 1892[1]. The Archbishop himself piloted the Bill through the Lords, and it was made a Government measure in the Commons, and, with the powerful personal assistance of Mr Gladstone, was passed in the teeth of much factious opposition from a few Welsh Liberationist members. The Act, which has now been in operation five years, has fully answered the expectations of its promoters.

The following letters, relating to the Clergy Discipline Bill, will give a good instance of the Archbishop's unwearied attempts to obtain satisfactory Church legislation: they are selected from a large number of similar letters, and may be held to be fairly typical.

The Bill had, in spite of some opposition, been carried through the House of Lords in 1888.

To the Rt Hon. W. H. Smith.

Undated, but about 1888.

My dear Mr Smith,

There are two matters on which I hope I may be allowed to write to you as being of great importance. I would not trouble you with them if they were not, and you will not misunderstand me if I say that the constant communications I receive show that they are important in many directions.

The first is the Clergy Discipline Bill. I trust we may rely still on your intention to take it through the House of Commons this year. It is, as you are aware, no individual scheme. It is the result of discussion after discussion of the most qualified bodies of persons on the *Moral* part of the Report of 1883 of the Commission which had sat for two years, and was itself the outcome of an immense amount of feeling and discussion—feeling which is rising still.

Both Church parties acquiesce in the Bill. It was strongly

[1] It is interesting to note that Archbishop Magee, writing on Feb. 25th, 1891, says:—"I had a pleasant little dinner at Lambeth yesterday and most pleasant talk with Cantuar on matters archiepiscopal. He still evidently leans on me to do his fighting in the House of Lords. I will *help* him, but he must fight for his own hand too." (*Life of Abp Magee*, p. 305.)

advocated on both sides of the House. The Press supports it. Mr Gladstone will give all the support he can. Mr Illingworth has told Lord Herschell that he will not hinder it, confined as it is to *morals*.

For the good of the Church it is simply vital. The cases it would affect may not be many, but they are *monstrous* and they supply endless material to our worst adversaries, and are a grievous offence to the best dissenters.

The want of such discipline is ruinous within.

The Church has really relied on this Government to "support the Church" as we were assured, and above all asks to be supported in getting rid of evils within. You recognise, I am sure, what constant postponements have attended the really vital Church measures.

I ask for the Clergy Discipline Bill now rather than the Church Patronage Bill, if we cannot have both (though the latter has waited longest, and though both are in relief of abuses, and both pressing), because the Church Discipline Bill has been through the House of Lords *this session*.

It has long been said that the Church is safe if she has ten years to reform abuses. The years are passing. United with the State she cannot get rid of *some* abuses without assistance. Those which she can deal with alone are (you will admit) disappearing. And as to the others I trust I am not mistaken in building on the assistance which alone is effective in the House of Commons.

The other question concerns Tithe Bills—which I thankfully hear are not to be postponed. They are quite as necessary as ever. The *distress* of the clergy *increases*. The *legal* difficulties are greater than those due to violence. And may I add that unless it is made compulsory on Rate-collectors to give information as to *who owns* land, the transference of the obligation to owners will be of little service. The Clergy cannot ascertain them, and the Collectors are the only officials who know them.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

This attempt was not successful. The Archbishop withdrew the Bill according to advice as there was no chance of passing it. In 1890 the Bill came on again in

the House of Lords, but was withdrawn as the pressure of business gave it no chance of passing.

On June 30th, 1890, he writes :—

To-day all being agreed that to pass it this year is hopeless I withdrew my Clergy Discipline Bill. Since February Mr Smith has kept on assuring me that the Government will do their best to pass it. Last time, three weeks ago, "Don't be anxious. The Government has said it will stand by the Bill, and we mean to take it through." Now, "not a chance." Thus year after year is our time wasted. Selborne, Temple, Herschell, Thring, Jeune, and now Grimthorpe and Abp of York have given me abundance of time and consideration. Just four months since we began our sittings. Grimthorpe agrees to all, York differs in only one minor point—all this has been completely successful and we are thrown over a third time. What has this Government done in pursuance of its promise to "stand by the Church they love"? They have passed the Extraordinary Tithe[1] robbing many Clergy of one-third of their incomes. That is all: have blocked the Patronage Bill, the Discipline Bill in three forms, and dare not pass the Tithe Bill.

In a letter to the Bishop of Rochester at the same time he wrote :—

June 30.

I did not feel it would be generous to W. H. Smith to say it (that the Government had encouraged the Archbishop to think the Bill would pass), for he has done his best and wished his best. So if any one is to be abused they may abuse me—it does not make much difference, though I wish it made less.

Before the next attempt in 1891 he wrote to ask advice from his friend Mr Cubitt.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
2 *April*, 1891.

MY DEAR CUBITT,

Will you kindly counsel me as to the Clergy Discipline Bill—the *tactics* that should be pursued in regard of it with a view

[1] Lord Ashcombe notes that the Extraordinary Tithe Bill was passed in a great hurry and affected many Clergymen in the hop district and so in the archdiocese. It had this peculiarity, that it punished the existing incumbents for the benefit of their successors, i.e. by converting a precarious large annual payment into a smaller perpetual annuity.

to getting it through. If it does not now pass it will be becoming a kind of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

But indeed it is necessary for its own purposes. The scandals which cannot now be remedied are doing infinite harm, and tend much more than anything to disestablishment.

I want to write to W. H. Smith. He promised twice to do all he possibly could to get it through. Mr Gladstone promised to give it such a lift as he could.

I suppose the Government will not make it a Government measure. And I wish *you* would introduce it.

If these things are impossible—(but *why* should they be?)—then I am told that as a matter of tactics it would be good to get a Liberal—if there is one—to propose it from that side of the House—and to get the Government to give it facilities. But is that a course which I could propose to W. H. Smith?

I know so little of how any of these things are done, that any advice you can give me, as to what to urge, or what to put to W. H. Smith, would be most gratefully received.

There is springing up a very wide and deep feeling of discontent with the Conservatives on the part of Churchmen as not having redeemed their pledge to the Church by one single measure to her benefit or morals. There are many doubts about the Tithe Bill[1] and a general sense that vigour *at first* would have saved much misery, and perhaps all misery.

However, if you can give me any light on the tactics for the Clergy Discipline Bill it is high time that I should use it.

Yours ever sincerely,

EDW. CANTUAR.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
10 *April*, 1891.

MY DEAR MR SMITH,

I trust that I am right in believing that a Bill which the House of Lords has passed so unanimously on the motion of the two Archbishops may according to precedent be made a Government measure in the House of Commons.

You kindly allowed me to hope this when it was crowded out before.

[1] The Tithe Act, 1891, became law on Aug. 5, 1891. The Archbishop did not however consider this exclusively a Church Bill. "Tithe," he wrote in 1888, "is a Landlords' Bill."

This Bill is, as you are aware, concerned wholly and entirely with *Immorality*. Its process is carefully made inapplicable to any other subject.

The necessity for Legislation, unhappily, *is* great. Not through the scandals being numerous, but intolerable, notorious, and irremoveable as things are.

The *sense* of the necessity is becoming very strong, and is distinctly affecting the views entertained as to great interests about the Church.

Lord Cross has, along with a very strong Committee, gone thoroughly into the Bill. Both sides of the House of Lords supported it. The Archbishop of York in his conference on Wednesday explained mistaken objections most fully.

Mr Gladstone promised that he would favour it in the House, and I will (if you wish it) apply again to him.

I venture most earnestly to hope that you will *yourself* introduce it, if you are satisfied with it. That would ensure its passing, and lasting gratitude to you and the Government.

With great respect,
Yours very faithfully,
EDW. CANTUAR.

From the Rt Hon. W. H. Smith.

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL.
14 *April*, 1891.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

I hope it will be possible to pass your Bill this Session. I shall certainly make every effort to do so, and I am aware the measure is greatly needed.

There is however a positive certainty of opposition from those members who will not if they can help it permit any legislation giving power to the Church to punish offenders within her own ranks.

Mr Gladstone has some influence with these members, and although I shall ask him to support the Bill, it would be very important that your Grace should urge upon him the plain duty of doing so.

Believe me, my dear Archbishop, with the highest respect,
Yours very sincerely,
W. H. SMITH.

The Archbishop accordingly wrote:—

To Mr Gladstone.

LAMBETH PALACE.
21 *April*, 1891.

MY DEAR MR GLADSTONE,

I am venturing to plead with you most earnestly for help in a critical matter. That for the Church's health and work, which are so dear to you, you will say a word to those with whom you are all powerful.

It is not much to ask of them that they will stand aloof when she seeks leave only to part with *wicked* Ministers—to move them from Moses' seat.

There are those who do not hesitate to say that they will hinder any measure in Parliament which is for the Church's good. And I can quite understand them, if they mean that they will hinder anything which makes for her aggrandisement or potency. And I can understand them if they say they will not let our Doctrine or our Ritual be so guarded or cleared as to prevent internal dissension.

But surely to compel us to *keep immoral* men in spiritual places—to keep poisons running and filtering into our people's life-springs—is a crime—a sin which ought not to be connived at.

The Bill—"Clergy Discipline Bill (Immorality)"—which, having passed the Lords, the Government will present to the House of Commons, is concerned with *nothing* but *Immorality*. No one living knows or feels as you do how intense and destructive the power of evil is, in its actions and in its reactions, when vicious pastors live and celebrate religious offices among their people—practically unassailable by authority, and—if by immense pains and at great cost they are convicted—receiving for punishment a mere "holiday":—so it was lately called by a bad man returning from a three months' tour, during suspension, to his afflicted parishioners. Nothing but the Benefice has been considered. The "souls of the parishioners" least of all.

I do with all my heart look to you, whose very name is bound up with all the great Churchmen of the age, to say a word for the Bill in the House, and to say a word beforehand to those who, in a simple hostility to the Church, little think—perhaps little know, for the cases are not numerous though hopeless—how they are hurting moral life and tone. The cases are echoed on and

multiplied by the Press until—(and while they last, I do not complain) *many* a good dissenter believes the Church to be full of such men, when there never was more of suffering devotion. We all feel how much we do look to you, and how much the Church may have to thank you for.

It is sad, and a new thing in history, that the position should be taken and avowed.

Believe me, with greatest respect,

Dear Mr Gladstone,

Yours most sincerely,

EDW. CANTUAR.

From Mr Gladstone.

18, PARK LANE.
April 23rd, 1891.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

Your Grace's letter was a surprise to me, but upon receiving it I set about making the necessary enquiries to ascertain as far as possible whether there was any likelihood of an opposition *in limine* to the Criminous Clerks bill as a measure found guilty by the fact of its being of advantage to the Church. I have not found any trace of an intention so to oppose the measure, which I should think will be fairly considered on its merits in detail with a just appreciation of the goodness of its purpose.

Mr Smith informs me that he cannot take the Bill until after Whitsuntide.

I remain, with deep respect,

Your Grace's very sincere and faithful,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

To Mr Gladstone.

4th July, 1891.

MY DEAR MR GLADSTONE,

I cannot express half as strongly as I feel either my anxiety for your full recovery of strength or my great sympathy with your other present anxiety. May God grant the prayers of our Communion.

But I feel sure that you will not think me wanting in those

most true sympathies, if I even now venture to say how many people speak to me and how earnestly about the Clergy Discipline Bill. All of those who care for the Church feel (and I feel) that so favourable an opportunity for it passing can—humanly speaking—not be expected to recur, and that the need for it is quite overpowering.

I am not going to press you to attend the House when you ought not. I see by the papers that you do not expect to be there next week—and I am far too sorry that the great effort for the Colonial Bishopric fund should have so affected you (as I fear) to wish to renew it.

But if the sad fact were that you are not likely to be back in time to secure the passing of the Bill which would certainly pass if you were, could you through your lieutenants help us?

Mr Illingworth[1] promised two years ago that he would not oppose a bill limited to *morality*. I *hope* he has not forgotten that. But Mr Picton's[2] question on Thursday to Mr Smith seemed to imply that there were those who would oppose it—and only your own Front Bench could restrain this. What I most desire to see is your loving churchmanship joining to *deliver* the Church from those worst enemies from whom any moral man desires to deliver any religious institution, and against whom we are now practically powerless. If your voice cannot be heard in time, can you do anything else for us?

Believe me, with greatest respect,

Most sincerely yours,

Ed. Cantuar.

From Mr Gladstone.

18, Park Lane.
July 6, 1891.

My dear Lord Archbishop,

I must not delay my reply to your Grace on the important subject of the Clergy Discipline Bill.

My means of action with regard to it are and have been but limited.

Your Grace was apprehensive of an opposition to the Bill otherwise than on the merits.

[1] M.P. for Bradford. [2] M.P. for Leicester.

I cheerfully undertook to do my best in order to prevent any such opposition. For this purpose I communicated with those most likely to raise it and I felt myself able to tell Mr Smith that it was not to be feared. The remaining questions are whether there will be so much of resistance or discussion as to require an appreciable amount of time, and whether Mr Smith can afford that time. These questions of course he has far better means of answering than I have.

Nothing will I hope ever happen to impede my humble efforts to second any design of your Grace's for the benefit of the Church.

I remain, with profound respect,

Your Grace's very sincere and faithful,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Mr Gladstone added in a later letter that he had consulted with Sir William Harcourt, and had arranged matters as far as possible in accordance with the Archbishop's wishes.

To the Rt Hon. A. J. Balfour.

[*Oct.* 1891.]

MY DEAR MR BALFOUR,

First let me express what I did not like merely to interrupt you by saying—the fulness of satisfaction and hope in your leadership[1].

I want to say how anxiously and confidently we look to the Government for the fulfilment of the promise to take the Clergy Discipline Bill early next Session in the Commons and to carry it. It has twice been carried in the Lords and both times lost through pressure in the Commons[2].

Discipline and Patronage are the two subjects in which the

[1] Mr W. H. Smith died Oct. 6, 1891, and was succeeded in the Leadership of the House of Commons by Mr Balfour.

[2] As the Archbishop said in his speech March, 1892, Mr Smith "had undertaken to pass it through the Commons" in 1891, but that "it had perished on one of the very last days of the Session."

strength of the Disestablishers lies. These are *blots* about which we have nothing to say. And our ill success with this Bill is made a new argument.

It is the whole Bill that is wanted, not four clauses, which our enemies would concede. The rest of the Bill is concerned with the real evil, the exceeding expense, delay and uncertainty which render it next to impossible to carry on a suit. While these remain the criminal clergyman is tolerably safe. They are few, but the effect they produce is ruinous. The Bill will have from you the support it had in Mr Smith. I shall ask Lord Salisbury to approve the introduction in the Lords of the twice passed Patronage Bill.

Once more—may God give you fullest strength and health for your great work.

Ever yours sincerely,

Ed. Cantuar.

In writing to Lord Salisbury (9th Nov. 1891) he said:—

I venture to express the hopes we build on the promise made by the Ministers in accordance with your judgment that the Clergy Discipline Bill may be taken early in the session in the House of Commons.

It has twice passed the House of Lords and been slain because it came late in the other House.

I wish also to ask your Lordship's consent to my bringing in again in the Lords early, the Bill which was well threshed out and passed in 1887 on Patronage. The Attorney-General has kindly read it, and I think I may say much approves it.

The Archbishop wrote also to Mr Goschen in the same strain, but finding from the answer that some important questions were not understood he addressed the following letter to Mr Balfour:—

9th Nov. 1891.

My dear Mr Balfour,

I have already troubled you on the Clergy Discipline Bill, but I find from a letter of Mr Goschen's that there are one or two misconceptions on the subject. I believe you will not

think it too much trouble to listen to my appeal for the Bill as having wider bearings than the mere immediate administration.

It seems that it is thought that the first four clauses of the Bill contain its essence, but this is not so—the facts are these that the Bill is intended to meet.

If an immoral clergyman is brought into court by his Bishop or his people—the ecclesiastical law now admits so many appeals, and is so costly in all its procedure, has so many technical quibbles, and its sentences are so ridiculous that all have nearly given up in despair the attempts at correction. The only person punished is generally the complainant who is fined from £1000 or £2000 up to £14,000 in costs in well known cases. * *

It is matter of despair to see such men perfectly safe—matter of derision, a most powerful weapon for the enemies.

Well, the point of the Bill is to simplify this process. Most excellent lawyers civil and ecclesiastical have worked at it in Committees at my house, in a long series of meetings which have always been attended by *all* and there is perfect unanimity among us.

If the Bill *is* too complex the Attorney-General who knows it thoroughly and has followed every step, will help me to simplify it. There is *one* point only on which some churchmen have raised a difficulty—we can easily alter it. But the mind of the Church is shown by the fact that both Convocations, the House of Laymen and every Diocesan Conference have urged that it should be passed.

Now the first four clauses only vacate the livings of men convicted in a civil court. There are of course very few of these.

The "essence of the Bill" is simplification of processes. The first 4 clauses touch only one of the cases.

The other misconception is that the promise last session was regarding only these clauses. The debates will show that it was not so but that the promise was to introduce the whole Bill. The mistake has arisen from the fact that *last* session it was *considered* whether it was worth while to bring in the four *then*, and leave the rest for a future occasion. This was not done but I daresay it gave rise to the idea that the Bill itself was reduced.

As early as the 23rd of January, a fortnight before the beginning of the Session, he wrote again :—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
23rd Jan. 1892.

MY DEAR BALFOUR,

May I write, as I hear that other thoughts are possible, to plead most earnestly that the Clergy Discipline Bill may be introduced first in the House of Commons as Mr Smith and others intended and promised. He thought it necessary, if the Government really meant to pass it—as we know it does—because it had twice passed the House of Lords and the position was really beginning to damage the Church. It was said it might pass again and again in the Upper House but would be always dropped in the Lower, and that meantime we are not in earnest in wishing to abolish our scandals. I know this to be the feeling of many, while on the other hand the feeling grows stronger and wider that if the Church cannot be helped to get rid of such evils she must not pretend to be in any sense national. It is in some sense a test measure.

Mr Smith held and the Attorney-General (to quote no other opinions) agreed that if it is not taken at the beginning of a session in the House of Commons the same fate must attend it. It must be crowded out at the end of the Session. Both times before I have been told "We *mean* to pass it." "As soon as it comes from the Lords we will go through with it." You know how impossible it seemed as soon as the thick of the business came on, and this year, with the election impeding it, it must be at least as certain to be put off again and the Church will be contemned as the only body in the world which cannot get rid of unworthy servants.

The Bill is the same as ever in substance and principle. Nothing but compression has been applied to it. The single objection made by the High Church party is met.

I hear that you think "Deposition" will create difficulties in the House of Commons. If you do think so I trust your judgment and give it up. I agree that the Bill should declare the benefice vacant. As regards another point, I desire that the man should be *moved* and may do good service elsewhere. But if moved as deposed he could not.

Ever yours sincerely,

ED. CANTUAR.

A correspondence ensued with Mr Balfour upon this point of the introduction of the Bill first in the House of Commons—a point which had been urged upon my father and which he had strongly taken up.

Mr Balfour took the opposite view—that time would be gained by introducing the Bill first in the House of Lords, because on a bill coming to the Commons from the Upper House, the motion for its first reading must then be put without debate. He added:—

.....I myself am personally most anxious to get the Bill through and have good hopes of doing so; but the order of precedence among Government measures is settled not by me but by the Cabinet, and I think it unlikely that they would consent to give the Clergy Bill precedence over all other proposals of the Government. Perhaps you would speak or write to the Prime Minister on this point when you get an opportunity.

This course was therefore taken and in a speech proposing the Second Reading of the Bill in the House of Lords on March 3rd the Archbishop said:—

At present it is the authorities who attempt to do their duty who are punished and not the offender...what with time, with expensiveness, with technicality, men are, as well as have been, secure in their place. There they stay, safe, to old age; and in that old age the hoary head is not only a crown of shame to that man, but it is a crown of shame to that Church which cannot help keeping him in his place. * * *

The Bill seems then, in the light in which I am able to view it,—its necessity and its provisions—so just, so reasonable, to answer so necessary an end by such simple means, that one asks oneself who are the opponents of the Bill. My Lords, there are enemies and enemies. I shall speak with the utmost moderation, I hope, of any opposition to the Bill; but there are honourable adversaries of the Church, very decided adversaries but fair and honourable men, who, in the other House, and in other places, have declared emphatically that the Bill ought to pass. If there are any others who have different motives; if there are any who would keep abuses in the Church to forward their own views of what ought to be done with the Church; what a

serious position they stand in! They cry out one moment, "Souls are perishing because of neglect"; and the next moment they cry out "Let them perish until we can carry destructive measures of our own."

The Bill passed through its stages in the House of Lords, and he wrote again on March 14th to Mr Balfour and Mr Gladstone to solicit support for it in the Commons. Mr Balfour again expressed much personal interest but took a less hopeful view than Mr Gladstone of the probabilities of opposition and therefore of the time required for getting it through.

On Thursday, April 28th, the Bill came before the House of Commons. The second reading was carried by a majority of 213. The Archbishop (writing on May 16th) says:—

The opposition in the Standing Committee of the Commons to the Discipline Bill is being conducted by three Welsh Obstructionists in the most outrageous way. The Committee consists of 84 members, but these three have filled nearly nine foolscap pages of print with "amendments" fighting and speaking on every word, and have inserted several of the clauses of the first bill which we dropped as impossible. Mr Balfour, the Speaker, and Mr Gladstone have had conferences on the subject, and are determined not to let "the character of the House" as Mr Gladstone says, "be utterly ruined." Mr Gladstone has never sate on a Committee before, it is said, but he told me "he held it a duty, a duty, to go down and stop the shameful interruption of business." And he told A——, who says he never saw him so excited, that the "scandal should come to an end." The House of Commons will probably take some strong action on the subject.

I have not noted it at the date, but Balfour's and Gladstone's speeches on the second reading were very fine. Trevelyan says "he has no greater intellectual treat than listening to Gladstone and he doubts if he ever heard him speak better"—so convincingly and with so light and ready a touch. It is remarkable indeed to have had both leaders on my side, and the whole House so clear about the necessity and sense of my Bill that they passed second reading by, I think, 230 to 17.

On June 2nd, 1892, he says in his Diary:—

The House of Commons began Discipline Bill at 3 p.m. and sate till after 1 a.m. when they finished the Report and passed the Third Reading. The Welsh members, three actively and a tail of 13 or 14, produced and talked as far as they were allowed on 10 pages of amendments, most of them childish and many of them blindly replacing things which I had dropped from the 1891 Bill as too good to please the House. Some of those have therefore been replaced by the deft acceptance of them by Attorney-General and they have outwitted themselves. The Bill was finally passed with loud cheers, from both sides of the House, by I *think* 231 to 17. Both sides have been enabled by our delay thoroughly to grasp it, and thoroughly to realise the unmeasured unfairness of the opposition. This has been emphasised again by a telegram from 400 Welsh delegates somewhere assembled, congratulating the three on their noble stand—in defiance of their leader Mr Gladstone, and of the appeals of the A. G., and of the Speaker's reproofs, and the active support given to the Bill by honest Non-conformists, like Mr Henry Fowler and Mr Picton. The whole history of the Bill has opened people's eyes to the real spirit in which the Welsh Disestablishers approach the problems, and has produced a most salutary effect.

On June 10th he wrote to Mr (now Sir) Henry Fowler and Mr Picton:—

To the Rt Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P.

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND.
June 10, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,

Those who were present at the Standing Committee tell me how much the discussion of the Discipline Bill owed to your just and firm opposition to obstruction, and to the clear view which you expressed that the best ought to be done with it. Of course I know that you acted only from sense of duty, but I hope you will not consider that I am taking an improper liberty if I venture to make my acknowledgments, and to say how much touched I am by these acts of fairness especially because we do

not see all important things at present in the same light. May the spirit, which you have thus shown, be a ruling spirit in all our concerns and on all sides.

I beg to remain,

Most faithfully yours,

ED. CANTUAR.

To J. A. Picton, Esq., M.P.

June 10, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope that you will not consider that the fact of our non-agreement on all points makes it an improper liberty for me to take if I venture to offer my best acknowledgments to you for the part which I am assured you were so good as to take in the discussion in Standing Committee of Discipline Bill. Of course I know that you acted only from sense of duty, but that does not make me feel the less happiness in the thought of the justly balanced mind with which you viewed the rightness of doing the best for any such bill and the fairness with which you opposed unfairness.

Believe me that I am deeply sensible of this and that I long to see more of such a spirit on all sides. I feel that you, and other members with you, have done much to promote the right handling of such matters.

On the 10th June he was still working at the Clergy Discipline Bill; he writes:—

June 10.—Examining the Amendments in the Bill carefully with Sir R. Webster and Sir H. Jenkyns[1]. The former has managed the Bill splendidly. We have the appointment of assessors exactly as we wished; we have punishment of disobedience to sentence, and we have power of deposition from Holy Orders by the Bishop—a rather startling fact considering (I suppose) that we have scarcely, if ever, exercised it since the Reformation. We have various minor improvements, but amid all misgivings and fears, God's providence seems to have watched over the storm of this Bill and given the Church immensely increased powers for her purification from unworthy priests. Fiat.

[1] Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury.

On the 16th of June he wrote:—

Moved in the Lords that amendments of Commons in Clergy Discipline Bill be adopted. As I ended the simple moving they cheered. The Bill was carried in the House of Commons with *loud cheers*, and we have been everlastingly saying and hearing that no Church Bill could ever pass Parliament again. Now we'll have a try at Patronage.

How quickly he set to work will be seen when we find him writing on the 23rd of July in the same year:—

I find myself awkwardly placed in the matter of patronage—had a meeting at Lambeth to discuss my new Bill for the last time before February. Bp London, Selborne, Thring, Herschell, Jeune, Abp York, and A. Grey. No one feels more strongly that the Trust of an Advowson ought never to have acquired a money value and that the right way of dealing with sales is to abolish them. This line is taken by London and Herschell, who would do away utterly with them after two more avoidances. But this "after" is a mere trick, I think, to make them now *seem* valueless when the time comes, and on the other hand the Law has by abundant and long continued action given a value and allowed it to pass from hand to hand like other values. I feel how the future will be unable to realise that decent people could have lived under such a scheme. But I can't feel that as Archbishop it is my place to confiscate and set an example of confiscation. B—— takes very strongly the line that to call it not confiscation is a trick of words. As a policy, our difficulty seems to be this—the Commons would pass probably a Bill prohibiting sales, and would refuse a Bill, which, by improving the system and stopping gross abuses, would tend to perpetuate the system. The Lords would be very cross with a bill abolishing it. One real evil would be that owners losing their landed properties and unable to sell the advowsons, would retain them, so to speak, *as paupers*. Nothing could be worse than that: they would of course sell them fraudulently. As an immediate measure we may perhaps suffer sale to (1) People having residential interest in a parish; (2) To a board of patronage; (3) To public patrons.

Mr Dibdin adds:—

The Archbishop, after the usual consultations with a little committee of influential helpers, early in 1893, introduced his

Patronage Bill of that year. It was on the lines of the scheme of 1887, not that of 1886, and it did not advance beyond the House of Lords. Before the next year (1894) the Church Parliamentary Committee had been formed in the House of Commons under the chairmanship of Sir Richard Webster.

This Committee needs a word. On the 8th of March, 1894, the Archbishop wrote to Mr A. G. Boscawen, one of the leading members of the party, with whom he had much correspondence and to whom he wrote frankly and freely on these subjects:—

I am afraid it has become very difficult to unite in a Church Party sections, or even members, of *different* political parties on the ground of devotion to a common interest in the Church, but I suppose this is a thing which you would try in some measure to do, because the difficulties of the Church identifying itself with one party in the State are obvious.

The Archbishop was not in favour of the formation of a Church party in Parliament, because he thought that the Church should be as far as possible conterminous with the State, but he recognised the necessity, in the crowded condition of legislation, to have a party who should as far as possible endeavour to keep the needs of the Church before the legislative body, and prevent the shelving of Church questions in favour of more widely popular measures. Nevertheless, as Mr Dibdin says:—

The Archbishop, though it must be owned that he regarded this step with some doubt as to its ultimate effect, co-operated with the Committee most cordially.

He wrote to Sir Richard Webster, March 9th, 1894:—

If you think the "Church Party" should "follow up" with something positive, would it not be well to take up the Patronage Bill of which "pars magna fuisti"?

There could be no more serious step in Church Reform, nor any that would more commend itself to people at large; its aim

is simply the good of religion by the abolition of perversions, and its opponents would placard themselves as haters of Good in the Church, instead of what they profess to be, haters only of Evils. Every Church body in the kingdom almost (including Convocations and House of Laymen) criticised, hammered at, and improved it. It has *twice* passed the House of Lords.

He wrote again to Sir Richard Webster a few days later :—

I cannot help thinking that though the Bill of 1887 "as altered by Lord Salisbury,"—i.e. when it left the House of Lords, is a better measure, yet that of last year is more likely to be passed, and gives much of what we want. The "opposition of clergy" was, so far as I know, limited quite to those who had been concerned deeply in shaky transactions. I do not know how they can be provided for.

I am quite in your hands. The former was much more to my liking, but I think less likely to pass. You will best judge.

The Commons are more likely to take the stronger line and deal ἀποτόμως[1] with bad transactions.

I see we have second reading on 2nd May. Whatever finally happens, that will do great good and strengthen the Church and its supporters by the effort.

Mr Dibdin continues :—

He readily consented to his Bill being introduced in the House of Commons, where in the Session of 1894 it reached a forward stage, but being blocked by Liberationist and other opponents, never had a chance of a third reading. In 1895 the Archbishop once more carried his Bill through the House of Lords, but the Dissolution made further progress hopeless. In 1896 the Patronage Bill was combined with another Bill, which had been devised in the House of Commons for dealing with worn-out and negligent incumbents, and the two together were launched by the Church party in the Commons as the Benefices Bill. The Archbishop assented to this course, but with some reluctance, partly because the result was a very long and complicated Bill, and partly because he thought the added clauses required considerable modification and would raise serious opposition. The Bill passed second

[1] Summarily.

reading by an immense majority. Its consideration by the Committee on Law led to a variety of alterations, and there were points which caused the Archbishop a good deal of anxiety, but they were on the whole successfully surmounted, and the Bill came back to the House improved rather than otherwise. Its enemies were, however, vigorous, and after two days spent on the first few clauses dealing with Patronage, it was plain that the obstructive tactics of the so-called defenders of property could only be defeated by the Government taking up the Bill, and either devoting a great deal of time to it or sacrificing a large portion of it. The Archbishop strained every nerve, and brought every influence he could think of to bear, but it was in vain. The Government found themselves unable to add to their responsibilities, and so what turned out to be the Archbishop's last session ended, and the most hopeful opportunity that had occurred during the Archbishop's long struggle to obtain this reform passed away without anything having been accomplished. He was greatly disappointed, but not the least daunted, and had already begun to consider how the fight should be renewed, when he was taken away.

I subjoin an important letter written to Chancellor Dibdin with reference to the Benefices Bill of 1896. About this letter Mr Dibdin wrote to me:—

He was admitted on all hands to have done his work skilfully and successfully, but by concessions which seemed necessary to get the Bill through Committee, the Bill got some rather doubtful amendments and at one time there was considerable risk of others more serious. The two main points were (*a*) it was insisted, and even members of the Church party agreed, that a Bishop ought to be compelled to hold a sort of trial before he refused to institute a clergyman presented to a living. This would have been a taking away of the Bishop's pastoral duty of overseeing his diocese and his personal responsibility for the appointment of his under-shepherds. (*b*) It was insisted that the appeal from this quasi-trial should be to a Queen's Court (e.g. the Privy Council).

The Archbishop wrote this letter strongly to combat both views, and it gives in deliberate terms his view of two very important points.

The Benefices Bill of 1896 did not pass but it is noteworthy

that in the Act just passed[1] your father's views on both points were given effect to.

To Chancellor Dibdin.

(*Benefices Bill.*)

31*st March*, 1896.

My dear Chancellor,

I am very grateful for your kindness in letting me know the progress of the Benefices Bill in Committee. I was very anxious to hear, and am thankful for the amount of hopefulness which you report.

But as we are not out of the wood, while some of our own people do not even know that we are in a wood, I had better write to you frankly upon the position, and you can *do* anything you like with my letter. Please do.

The principle of the reform contemplated in all the Bills till this moment is clear. It is now attempted to eject the principle, and I am afraid that some of our friends do not see that it is vital. I will try to show why it is so.

If the Bishop is compelled to hold a Court when first a man is presented to him who is believed to be unworthy, (i.e. if the Bishop may not come himself into personal contact with the man, although there is a Court in the background supposing the Bishop to decide amiss;) if this Court in the background is not the Archbishop with due (not dominant) legal assistance, but is the Queen's Bench, Privy Council, or Arches; then the Bill had better not have been introduced at all. It will not work (as I will show) and on such subjects an Act to which no one will resort is a weakness and a danger. Better be visibly shackled, than have an instrument put openly into your hand and be privily paralyzed so that you cannot use it.

This Bill and its predecessors originated in the universal feeling of the Church that the law, or rather the Law Courts and Privy Council, were injurious to the Church and her people, from the pure legality and technicality of their decisions; that all kinds of abuse were rampant, in patronage, etc., not because the facts were not forbidden by law, but because it was not in the nature of such Courts to take cognisance of the most important considerations,—the spiritual interests of the parish. There was a general

[1] The Benefices Act, 1898.

sense that the Law and the Courts insisted on men being put into, and kept in, benefices who were worse than useless to religion.

There was a general feeling that the Bishops ought to be able to use their pastoral office to preclude miserable appointments, which were alienating many and discontenting all. Of course the Liberationist cry was "You cannot get such considerations entertained, though they are essential to a Church, so long as you are established."

The Bills hitherto have been honest, determined efforts to meet the grievance of our people, and to disprove the Liberationist view.

1. If now you substitute a judicial proceeding for the Bishop's administrative function, you again fling away the use of the Episcopal Office.

2. If you make the appeal from him to Queen's Bench, he knows that no such thing as "spiritual interests" can be considered there. It is not a tribunal for that purpose. He has seen the Arches Court bring discipline to the dust. The Privy Council is not the tribunal that the Church at large seeks.

Then the Bishop (or his Court) is not likely to incur immense anxiety, labour and expense merely to see the Church defeated. He, or they, must say, "We cannot give a decision which we know to be contrary to the mind (and soon to the precedents) of Courts above, because they do not come within the range of their common practice." The Act will be a dead letter. The Bishop will be disabled from the first in dealing with a bad presentee. There will be no decisions to appeal against, therefore no appeals.

The Bishops will be denied even the private intercourse they *can now* have with a suspected presentee, because they must not go behind the new-fangled "Assessorial Courts"; and the "Assessorial Courts" will not venture decisions likely to be upset, not because they are wrong, but because the spiritual life and welfare of a village is beyond the range of the Courts which will revise the decision.

But the Act will be far worse than a dead letter. There will be a strong disgust through the whole Church that they had asked to have these solemn questions of spiritual and pastoral fitness decided on pastoral grounds by spiritual authority, and that they have got a stone for bread. The Liberationist will on the largest scale have his point exemplified, "*This! This!* is all you can get out of a favourable Parliament. These are the disabilities that

attend an Established Church irremediably." Large numbers of influential people finding that they have hoped in vain that a different lot was before us *will be ready* (I write advisedly) to disestablish a Church in which a cry for freedom has brought fresh bonds.

The pivots of the Bill were these two things—Freedom for the pastoral office of the Bishop in refusing unworthy clergy, and an Appeal from him to a separate and superior authority which would still have the same interests of the people before its eyes. I know nothing more likely to disestablish the Church from within than the inversion of these two just demands—and the thing is taken lightly!

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

E. W. CANTUAR.

P.S.—I have another word to say. Suppose these two essentials saved, and suppose that any other part of the Bill should have to be given up, you *must* preserve

A. The two clauses about Sequestration—and

B. The power to exclude the suspended person from residence. I have the most ghastly incidents fresh and fresh before me, which I am ready to produce, arising out of the present condition of the law on those two things.

In a letter written to Sir Richard Webster on Sept. 15, 1896, he says :—

The real question is that of *Patronage*. Getting rid of incompetent clergy is a totally different matter which ought not to be tied up with the other. That is a matter of Discipline, which might very well have a Bill to itself if the difficulty of dismissing men without specific charges could be got rid of.

And it must be remembered that while the latter is a diminishing evil, Patronage is an increasing one. As livings go down in value they are more purchasable by Clergy and yield an enormous life interest to *them*, and a very corrupt constituency will be created. This is why Patronage is the subject calling for immediate remedy especially by the party now in power.

Mr Dibdin continues :—

It is very hard to say how far, if at all, Archbishop Benson's failure to carry through the Reform of Church Patronage was due to any defect in himself or his management of affairs. The inherent difficulties of the task were very great, and had foiled many other champions of reform before he took it in hand. Certainly it is impossible to conceive anybody taking more pains than the Archbishop did to succeed. Moreover, he had fine tact, the tact of a courageous and transparently honest man, with quick insight and a powerful brain. In matters where he felt at home, his energy and tact again and again produced success where failure seemed inevitable. But it must be admitted that Archbishop Benson was not one of the class of men out of which successful Parliamentarians are made. He was less effective in the House of Lords than on the platform or in the pulpit. His natural dignity and grace of manner helped him, and he was always heard with respect, though not always with full appreciation of what he wished to convey. His notes contained only the heads of his speech, with here and there a carefully packed sentence, much too full of ideas—as his writings were apt to be—which he would read from his paper without the emphasis of manner essential to make a listless audience attend, and without allowance for their mental pace.

It is possible indeed that the Archbishop did not sufficiently study the effect which it was necessary to produce on his audience. It would have been difficult for such a nature to imagine that in so serious a matter as legislation there was need to commend a legislative measure, to do more than to show that it was necessary and would be effective. When he spoke with supreme authority, he did so with the dignity and show of power that were naturally fitting, but his instinct perhaps was that among "a congregation of princes" such commendation should not be needful ; it will be seen that his appeal is based on the bare merits of the case. Above all he expected that when dealing with the Conservative party the Church should have no need to sue for benefits. And

again when his Bill was more than once dropped merely from lack of time, though his determination to press on with Church reform in no wise abated, a certain dissatisfaction, even irritation, with the heads of the Conservative party, which had long been growing in his mind, took a more serious form. It is clear that from a want of early familiarity with Parliamentary methods he underestimated the difficulties in the way of the Government; such, for instance, as the presence in the Cabinet, owing to the Unionist Coalition, of a certain number of politicians indifferent to the Reform of the Church, if not actually hostile to her very existence. It may be that a certain want of consideration on the part of some prominent members of the party, in matters where above all he had a claim to be consulted, contrasted too sharply with the cordial relations he had had with Mr Gladstone in these matters, as he himself mentions on one occasion in his Diary:—

> Heard that X. is to be Bishop of Y.; as we have a Conservative Government and he is a High Churchman, neither he nor the Premier vouchsafe to communicate with me either before or after. (Never did.) A Liberal Government or an Evangelical or Broad Church Bishop always does. Mr Gladstone never failed to consult about either Episcopal or lower dignities beforehand with me. The fact is that Erastianism is far more of a Conservative than of a Radical error, and it comes out even thus.

And on another occasion he wrote:—

> Mr Gladstone invariably consulted me as to who the eligible people were, and on one occasion sent his Secretary, Hamilton, down to Addington to say that, unless I would give a distinct opinion as *between two* men whom I had mentioned, no nomination would be made. But now a Conservative Government believes the Church so sure to side with it, that it takes no pains and exhibits no principles.

It may be said, too, that there is a universal tendency, naturally exaggerated in one of my father's eager habit of mind, to overvalue any support which exceeds expectation,

and to undervalue that, which though absolutely greater, is less than was anticipated. Further, my father was no diplomatist: he could rule with diligence and tact; but he had been trained to rule, and he found it difficult to meet men of influence on equal terms, especially when he in the least degree suspected any lack of sympathy, any indifference to the questions about which he himself felt so ardently.

During the ten years that the Archbishop had been working in Parliament to obtain legal power for the Church to reform herself, the Liberals had, it is true, been doing work which in the eyes of most Churchmen, and assuredly in those of my father, would greatly injure the Church—would be even anti-religious. The Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, to which he had opposed himself heart and soul, had been attempted and the attempt had failed. And on the other hand few would deny that such movement in the direction of Ecclesiastical Legislation as was made at all by the Conservative party was in favour of the Church.

But the fact remains that when reform was most vital, where it was a question, not of organisation or of doctrine, but of letting men of evil life continue to hold office as ministers of religion or of letting spiritual offices be bought and sold, where he hoped to find the Conservative party zealous he found it, as he thought, lukewarm; while, where he feared the opposition of extreme Radicals, he found not only the continued earnest support of Mr Gladstone, but a cordiality of leaders which held the objectors in check. Though Mr Smith, with every personal desire that the Bills should become law, first worked with ability and patience for them in the House of Commons, and Mr Balfour's skilful leadership ultimately brought them to a successful issue; though the Bills received general

support in the House of Lords, and passed there many times before they became law, yet my father, perhaps justly, but at least justifiably, felt that there was a want of earnestness about the general policy of the party on the subject.

It will be remembered how again and again he had to appeal to the promise of the Government to pass the Clergy Discipline Bill through the Lower House, or to make the Patronage Bill a Government measure, and how often this appeal was doomed to disappointment. The Clergy Discipline Bill had three times passed the Upper House before, in the year 1892, with the warm help of Mr Gladstone,—though bitterly opposed by a small section of the Welsh Radicals,—it was taken through the Commons by a Conservative Government. In 1893 and 1894—years of the struggle with threatened Disestablishment in Wales, —in 1895 and 1896 under a Conservative Government, he introduced the Patronage Bill, and it was not until after his death that it was passed as the Benefices Bill in 1897.

It is not surprising that in a moment, not of despair, but perhaps of indiscriminate indignation, he wrote "in eight or ten years there has been constant effort...it is entirely owing to the Government that all effort fails"; that he should say with humorous bitterness to a friend that the Radical party chastised the Church with whips, but the Conservatives with scorpions; nor that he often said, both in his private letters and in conversation with intimate friends, that, by a show of indifference in Church matters, the Conservative party was in danger of alienating the sympathy of a large and influential body of Clergy and Churchmen—an alienation which he thought would be disastrous to the best interests of religion, and go far to neutralise the efforts of serious-minded men, even in matters about which they were substantially agreed. In fact he

dimly anticipated that if such a state of things continued, a large and influential body of clergy and ardent Churchmen would cease to support the Conservative party, and that the Church would be thrown over to the Liberal side, —a result which he would greatly have regretted. He thought that it would be argued that Radical politicians at least endeavoured to give the Church her due; that they recognised Churchmen as a large and influential section of the nation, worth conciliating, while the conviction was gaining ground that the Conservative Government regarded Churchmen as inalienable dependents, whose support was so certain that it would not be affected by coldness or even indifference.

But the long struggle has not been without fruit. The Patronage Bill was substantially that which, as the Benefices Bill[1], became law in 1898.

At the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords the Bishop of Winchester said :—

* * * * * * * *

I think that amid the tributes that have been borne to-night, and rightly borne, to the work of Archbishop Magee in bringing public attention to bear on this subject, we ought not to forget the yet greater work of Archbishop Benson. Year after year he brought this matter forward, and spent long months beforehand

[1] The Benefices Act, 1898, to summarise briefly its provisions, requires sale of advowsons to be registered, forbids sale of next presentations, or sale by auction of any right of patronage (except as part of an estate), and invalidates agreement to exercise a right of patronage in favour of a particular person. The new declaration against simony is of a very stringent character. Among the new grounds for the Bishop's refusal to institute are that three years have not elapsed since the presentee was ordained deacon, physical and mental infirmity, evil life, grave pecuniary embarrassment, and misconduct or neglect of duty in an ecclesiastical office. A Bishop is not to collate, institute or admit to a benefice until one month after his intention to do so has been notified to the churchwardens, who are to give the notice publicity. Benefices, formerly donative, are, after 1898, to be presentative. Mr Lely, in his notes on the Act, says that about 20 bills of this kind have been introduced since the report of the Patronage Committee in 1879.

in working with others, in preparation for the various Bills which were successively introduced, and if to Archbishop Magee is due the credit of having focussed public opinion on this subject, to Archbishop Benson may be attributed the credit of having maintained that interest at a high level and for having looked after the subject perseveringly from year to year.

Thus the labour of so many years, through disappointments which never daunted or discouraged him, has not been in vain.

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS AND DIARIES.

"*A sad wise valour is the brave complexion*
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities."
GEO. HERBERT.

THE year 1886 began with a bad feverish attack: the Archbishop writes on January 9th:—

To-day for the first time was allowed to drag out of bed into another room. The year has begun strangely with almost a fortnight passed in an uneasy rest—no sense that one needed it, yet an inability absolute and an almost equal unwillingness to break through it—faces and groups interminable on the walls, which I wished to draw, and felt sure I should always be able to see and recognise and draw. And now I am well I cannot see one of them.

What curious things these sick picturesque fancies are—no account given of them really satisfies one after one has been once through a week of them—so novel yet so permanent. The punishment of a disembodied spirit must be a very easy thing to inflict, when it is so helpless under a slight malady.

Monday, Jan. 11th. My New Year's Day. I have begun this year *triste per augurium*, allowed to walk out for half an hour for the first time since they sent me to bed with an unaccountable fever on Dec. 29th. All has gone dreamily since then. The long nights, and the wonderful snow landscapes of the short days through the windows, or by the help of the mirrors[1], and a terrible

[1] He had a long mirror placed each day near his bed at such an angle that he could see, by reflection, a beautiful beech-tree on the lawn, which was covered with snow.

half sense of how impossible it would be to give God a heart, or care about heart or God, if it had to be done in illness. Life seems to end at the beginning not the end of a sickness like this.

Wife and children perfect in sweetness, and the prayers very dear and soothing. But it is a thought little short of panic to think where one would be without the Prayer-book, where one would be if one had only an extempore prayer-man, and had to walk in *his* shallows instead of *its* depths.

He was well enough to attend the opening of Convocation on the 13th of January; on the 18th he went down to Winchester to hold a quiet day for Public School Masters: he writes:—

Tuesday, *Jan.* 19*th.* I can but put down impressions from without as they were borne in on me.

It was striking to have the gathering of 80 men, headmasters and assistants, from ten great public schools, a contingent from Eton of 18, at such a day of Service as this. When I was at Wellington it would have been utterly impossible. How the tone has changed since then. Infinitely more religious, infinitely less proud, infinitely more concerned about holiness as possible for our boys, not a mere loud manliness, but a noble, gentle, believing manliness. It was most affecting to hear those leading men sing "Shepherd Divine," and most strengthening to see them receive the Holy Communion in utter devotion.

There has been great nervousness. We dared not fix a rule of silence, but we set apart the Moberly Library for those who wished to spend a silent day, and whenever the talk at meals reached a buzz I stood up and read a chapter of the Imitation, and it toned down. All however now feel (I am told some time after) that the silence was felt to be a help, and will become the rule, and that this gathering will be henceforth a regular one—at least once in two years. It has been to us all a time of strong united feeling, and deep determination to deepen the school life of the Masters and let that take its own effect on the boys. Not to be stricter or more exacting with them, which would be quite wrong, but to be ourselves more really and less ashamedly Christian Churchmen.

The addresses that he gave were in part those he had given at a Quiet Day at Keble some years before, but a

good deal revised and amplified. They were published in 1886 under the title *Communings of a Day*. I never saw him more (apparently) tranquil than in giving these addresses, which were delivered in the College Chapel: he sat in a chair at the top of the choir steps, with a tall candle beside him when the Chapel was dark.

On the 21st of January he attended the opening of Parliament. He writes:—

Jan. 21st. The Queen opened Parliament. It was a really grand sight in the House. As people say, "the splendours are real" in such a case. But then the reality would be as real without them. And mere symbols of symbols gain ground on symbols, just as symbols gain ground on reality. For example, the Queen now wears only a diminutive little model of a crown, "Queen Anne's," on the top of her head, and the crimson and ermine mantle, being too heavy for Her Majesty to wear, has become the dress of the Throne on to which it was looped up before the ceremony for the Queen merely to sit down on. Meantime her own dress grows a monstrous black silk train of many yards.

After so many tall vast men had trooped in her procession before her into the House, one was almost startled by the smallness of the figure which followed them. But it is a remarkable smallness indeed, for there was no figure of them all more stately in demeanour, or more impressive in every way.

Salisbury, bearing sword of state, in his robes, looked most gloomy. The Chancellor read the Speech, which he affirmed to be "in her own words." The Princes were very affable to all. Minnie and the girls had seats in the gallery,—Maggie has a vast taste in pageants—a pleasant taste. The pictures in the illustrated papers were as inaccurate as possible—representing people in wrong places and the Queen as differently robed. So much for the value of "contemporary records."

As I entered the House in my cope it flashed across me amusingly what a pet I was in with Jeremie who was Regius Professor when I took my D.D. in 1867 at Cambridge. He sent the Bulldog to ask me whether I would be admitted to my degree in the cope or the Doctor's gown? This was in the Senate House. I laughed and said, "In the cope, for I shall never have one on again." He instantly sent back word, "Regius

Professor's compliments, Sir, and he'll admit you in your Doctor's gown, as Dr Cranmer wants to be admitted too, and there's only one cope here." The Bishop's cope in House of Lords is same as the copes at Cambridge.

On the 31st he prepared to leave Addington, which had become by this time very dear to him: he says:—

Sunday, Jan. 31st. Last walk alone round Addington; tomorrow busy. Tuesday to town. I never saw sky, earth and trees so wet, soaking and sodden and weeping, and occasional causeless cold showers, as if the clouds ran over in simple helplessness. We have lost many branches of trees and trees too. The swans are very happy in this melting of the ice so as to give them a channel nearly all round it. Voraciously hungry, but Madame won't quite feed out of my hand, though now very near it. The old fellow pokes me if I don't attend to him fast enough.

The fish are all right out of their ice again. But I don't know why for the first time they won't eat my pellets. Now it's calm evening with bronzy cumuli, bronzy beech tops, the old yew black and stiff and the cedars all in motion.

On the 11th of February his beloved friend, Henry Bradshaw, Cambridge University Librarian, died. He had dined out with some old friends the night before, and was found dead in his chair next morning just as he had sat down on returning home. The Archbishop writes:—

Feb. 11th. My dearest friend Bradshaw was found dead in his chair at King's this morning. He has been my closest friend for about 36 years. The gentlest, most sympathizing, most painstaking friend. He has been, which is so strange, almost the same kind of friend to my son. He had that singular gift, that young fellows who scarcely had begun to know him would go to his rooms and tell him all about themselves—get his fatherly advice as if by instinct. He has been a great Christian power in King's. A layman devoted to the faith, and deeply read in all modern literature, as well as ancient. His lore, and the quiet way in which it was acquired, were equally astonishing. He declared that the most interesting discoveries he made were all due to the habit of endeavouring to answer in the fullest, most accurate way every literary question that was put to him. This led him

into the minutest investigation, and he remembered everything. He wrote down little, so that the learning which has often astonished Westcott and Lightfoot and was always ready on the instant, has I fear almost wholly died with him. Whatever he may have written is nothing to what he knew. "Curious you should ask me that," was his frequent answer to me, "I happen to have been just looking it up and thinking about it." I once observed to him that the cathedral statutes of Rouen must have been the models on which those of Lincoln, Salisbury and York, were framed; he in a few days after told me that Bayeux was the real fountain; that Bayeux[1] was a great capital from which Rouen itself had borrowed all—and he supported this with a number of delicate conclusive proofs,—and also showed me how, by written notes exhibiting the constitution of every cathedral in France, with the great varieties of the stream of tradition which varied the *principales personae* and their relative rank so exceedingly. But there are many other notes even too high for any but himself to understand and explain: and he was so perpetually acquiring scholarly and most accurate knowledge, that he scarcely ever brought himself to write it out. He is an irreparable loss to learning. It is inconceivable that he is really no more to haunt the College which he loved so and was so loved in—and no more to supply the sense of there being one on whom one could rest in feeling and in mind equally.

On the 15th the Archbishop attended the funeral. He writes:—

Found I could just reach Cambridge for Henry Bradshaw's funeral in King's and return. It was a most touching and most impressive sight. Numbers of our contemporaries still by face known to me, and then generation after generation to the youngest undergraduates. The windows, of which he knew every pane and displaced fragment, never glowed so brightly, so that the roof was not gloomy but grey like the outside sky. He lies close to Charles Simeon in a vault. The flowers and the music all so dear to him seemed to receive him to themselves for another world, in which if his "knowledge and his tongues" vanish away,—it can only be as his faith is swallowed up into sight. So Christianly acquired, so Christianly used, they have some Christian

[1] *v. Lincoln Cathedral Statutes*, Bradshaw and Wordsworth, Pt. I. Liber Niger, 35.

fulfilment. The old Provost with his bright eyes was able to sit in his stall though not to move from it.

On the 16th he opened Convocation and the intended Church Patronage Bill was discussed. Other Church Reforms had been suggested and the Bishop of Peterborough made a pungent speech on them; speaking with high scorn of the "crazes," as he called them, of Mr Albert Grey[1] and others. "It is absurd," he said, "to think that over 200 sects existing in England can be united under a flapping and flabby umbrella to be called the National Church."

On the same day met for the first time the new House of Laymen, the Archbishop's own creation. It was elected by the Diocesan Conferences, but neither possessed nor possesses any legislative or originative power: it was in fact "for counsel." Lord Selborne was the first chairman.

The position of the laity in the Church of England—in works, in consultation, in individual influence, were points on which my father was constantly laying stress. "The Production of Good is the work of the whole Church; St Peter calls this work the Sacrificial offering of the 'Spiritual House' or 'Pure Priesthood' which is his name for the entire Church of Laity and Clergy[2]." "It is the Laity to whom he (St Peter) says that knowledge and power of reasoning are a duty, but that the effectiveness of their meaning must finally rest on their personal character. This has ever been the thought of the Church of England[3]."

Of that "grand person" the "old-fashioned Church Layman," he says, undoubtedly with a thought of the old Yorkshire days, "How he excelled in every greatness of spirit that belongs to common life. Let them (the Laity)

[1] Now Earl Grey.
[2] *Christ and His Times*, p. 152.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 36.

set that shining, yet sober, pattern in the household and in the world[1]."

In his opening address to the House of Laymen he said: "The consultative bodies of Laymen which are now to be found in all branches of the Anglican Communion carry us back long ages to the times when, before the Italian Church over-rode all such promises, St Cyprian promised the faithful laity that he would without their assent do nothing....A Church which refers all to primitive standards is well able in the conduct of affairs to pursue primitive principles in forms which our own century can understand and use."

At the end of February he writes:—

Went for a few minutes to hear an address to Working Men this afternoon at a Mission just begun. It is to be a very laborious mission. The Missioner very agreeable in his manner of speaking, and very facile. He represented to the Working Men our Lord as looking down through ages and seeing each soul, and saying to the Father, "This poor sinner's hands, feet, heart, etc. are very full of sin and self and evil; take my hands, Father, and pierce them through with nails, instead of his hands—my feet for his feet—take my heart and pierce it through and through with a spear, that his heart may be delivered." There is no warrant of Scripture for this tenor of doctrine, and it seemed to me that at every word the working man would bristle with rough and ready replies. This evening we had a mission service with a full Church. I fear the plans of conducting them are wearing very thin. There was too much of mechanical up and down movement for silent prayer, closing eyes, singing fragments of hymns, etc., and too much teaching for an address. And the language which it is thought proper to adopt in the mission hymns, the want of dignity, the familiarity with "our great God," and the incessant entreaties of the preachers "just" to do this, "just to believe," "just to accept," "just to kneel down a moment," and the way in which, when arguments are a little difficult, a modern missioner shirks them, and keeps exclaiming "I *want*

[1] *Fishers of Men*, p. 122.

you to cultivate habits of prayer," "I *want you*" to this and that, "I *want you* to give your heart now to God," are quite ruining the decent language of piety.

Meantime in Hyde Park a great democratic demonstration again—they were allowed their say. But in the final dispersal of the crowd the police are charged with much ferocity.

On the 2nd of March he notes in his Diary with regard to the new House of Laymen:—

Tuesday, March 2nd.—On one of these days Mr Picton[1] asked in the House of Commons whether the Archbishop of Canterbury had formed a Third House of Convocation—whether he had taken legal opinion on subject of legality—whether he had not in fact violated a statute of Henry VIII. and was not, in common with all Convocation apparently, liable to imprisonment and fine at Her Majesty's pleasure. I put together a few things of course and ordered my barge in proper form to be ready when I should be committed to the Tower, and gave Mr Childers[2] a Memorandum of what to say in answer to Picton. This was unluckily so satisfactory that I had to countermand the barge.

On the 11th he writes:—

Thursday.—All day have been in a cloud and out of heart because I thought quite early in the day that a mean slight was put on me by someone. If it is physical, it is very unpleasant and very closely tied up to the moral. If it is moral, it undoubtedly has a physical effect. My mere thoughts derange several organs at least slightly. My feeling moves particles of matter rapidly and not through any secondary exertion of muscle.

On April 2nd Archbishop Trench of Dublin[3] was buried in Westminster Abbey. My father writes in his Diary:—

Friday, April 2nd.—Archbishop of Dublin buried in Westminster Abbey. A well-ordered and soberly touching service—many children and grandchildren—large devout crowd. When it was over, the black spread on the nave floor, with a few white scattered petals, a little earth that had fallen from the sexton's

[1] M.P. for Leicester.
[2] Then Home Secretary.
[3] Formerly Dean of Westminster.

hand, and a few footmarks, made a parable. I do not think his poems are well enough appreciated. They are beautiful in feeling, strong and classical in expression, and mount often to no small pathos. It is strange to think how dispirited and crushed he was in every one's view at the beginning of disestablishment, and yet with how firm and manly a heart he has carried it through. Arthur Stanley told me once how when he was himself preaching in the Abbey on Ascension Day on the Christian Ministry, a sermon in which (he firmly believed that) he said nothing but what Lightfoot had written, "nothing, I assure you, not a word or syllable," he was told afterwards by Bishop Selwyn how Trench and he had walked away from the Abbey, and, on Selwyn's saying how dark it had been in the Abbey (there had been thunder), Trench replied in his deep sepulchral tones, "No wonder that while such doctrines were being enunciated from the pulpit of the Abbey, the heavens were overhung with a supernatural blackness."

On Sunday Rowsell preached with great enthusiasm on the Trinity group to which he (Trench) belonged, but spoke of Arnold having had a great influence on him. This I doubt wholly—I don't think their spirits were at all attractive to each other.

On April 5th he writes:—

Monday.—Dined at Grillions—Ashbourne[1], Harrowby, A. Mills, Cranbrook, Sir T. Acland, Boehm, Derby, S. Walpole.

I was asked point blank the question whether every Friday in Lambeth Chapel "an eminent statesman" was prayed for "that he might do the work of Nehemiah in England." Besides the complete inaccuracy of the petition's wording, which is "that a husband in a position of influence may be like Nehemiah in faith and purpose," I thought it so out of decent taste that I only replied, "that I had heard something like it there."

The petition[2] is sent anonymously, and I have no reason to believe it to be asked for by X——. But as Lord Y—— said, X—— is perhaps "the only statesman who would so describe himself"—or wish to have his work prayed for in church.

[1] Now Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

[2] Subjects for intercession were sent anonymously by those who attended the addresses for Ladies in Lambeth Chapel.

To Professor Westcott.

On the case of a layman who desired to be ordained, but could not subscribe to the belief in the Historical character of Miracles.

LAMBETH PALACE.
April 20, 1886.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I was going to write to you to-day about another matter. Mr A——, whom you know, and who is (I think) a very interesting man in some ways, has always had a great yearning, which much increases upon him, to be a clergyman.

In one side of Belief he seems to be very strong. He says that he can follow every word of the Nicene Creed with full faith. If it were not so he could not wish to be in Orders. Every grace and gift comes from the Father through Christ. The Σοφία[1] and Λόγος[1] are to him essential parts of belief in God;—and Christ *is* that Λόγος; He *is*, not was, man.

But (from the nature of his work possibly) he seems to me to be exactly where he was after he took his degree. He has the difficulties which then prevented so many men from taking Orders in a perhaps modified form. The "miraculous," the "supernatural" seem to him contradictory expressions to what he holds. The Historical Resurrection seems to him unnecessary. He does not know what the Disciples saw or thought they saw and heard—I asked why are they not as good witnesses for what was after the Crucifixion as before, and whether they were not better witnesses than any scientific people with a theory could be, and whether He was not historical necessarily in just the same sense as we are. Without attempting to say what we are as expressions of something within, or beyond or above, was it not essential that there should be a similar expression in the Christ of whatever was beyond that which was sensible?

I did not argue to convince but only to ascertain—and I think I am not clear as to what he means by "Historical" or "Not Historical." I ought to say that he once said "he thought that the Body of Our Lord must be in this planet," but I am not sure he meant it. For he did not meet the question of the evidence

[1] The Wisdom—the Word.

that It was not in the Tomb, while there was also good reason to believe that It, "glorified," was elsewhere.

I do not know whether he can be helped. But if so he is well worth helping. He is a most earnest, humble, loving, laborious man. And his yearning to work for men's souls, and for the Church to which he says his whole heart is devoted, is very touching. If anyone could help him you could.

And he would, he said in answer to my ventured question, be very glad and grateful if you would talk to him. I think his *point* is simply this. Could a Bishop ordain him if he signed all declarations or articles required, leaving to *him* the responsibility of the sense attached to them in his own belief? I said a Bishop was bound not to be content with the outside; but that it still remained to judge whether his position was such as any Bishop could accept after looking at it to a certain extent, of which extent the Bishop must be the judge.

This is what you could help me to settle. And in so doing you might I think help a very beautiful soul in perplexity.

I ought to say that he seems to be partly misled by *words*—and in himself to suffer from the more conventionalised "unconventionalism" of the period to which he belonged—or belongs.

Ever your affectionate,

Edw. Cantuar.

On May 13th he introduced the Church Patronage Bill in the House of Lords, in a practical speech, full of details and with little attempt at rhetoric. He was complimented by Lord Selborne and Lord Salisbury upon the infinity of care spent on the details of the Bill, which was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee.

On the 24th May the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was brought forward in the House of Lords by the Duke of St Albans and opposed by the Duke of Argyll. The Archbishop spoke against it, resting his case on social grounds, on which, and not on scriptural grounds, he based his objection to the measure, although he held in his speech that a large number of good people in the country

would be aggrieved on scriptural grounds. It was thrown out by a majority of twenty-two.

To a friend who had lost a child.

June 22, 1886.

We do feel deeply about this your first separation. Yet when one's aequales or children begin to join the Plures the world grows larger and more beautiful. It is the first glimpse of Θάλασσα [1].

On July 1st he writes:—

Thursday. Robert Hodgson Sidgwick died at his house, the Raikes, Skipton—my father's first cousin and my wife's uncle. It would be hard for me to say how much I think my early life owed him. He first laid hold of me at that most difficult age of 15. Then his tall commanding figure and his most kindly gentle face and manner,—he grew more and more like Colonel Newcome as he grew older, until the picture of Colonel Newcome with the little child, "Have you killed many men with this sword?" might have been simply an accurate sketch of him. In the old days at Skipton Castle, walks and talks with him, and long sayings of quantities of poems, and the absolutely perfect sweetness of his eyes and tone of voice, while he was such a great manly fellow, were the most helpful things to a fatherless and big-brotherless slip of a boy. He was in early middle life moved by many doubts and uncertainties then rife, and with the perfect candour of his nature exprest and looked the sadness which haziness brought with it, as to so many men of his standing. He settled back with much thought and pains into a contemplative devout Churchman to whom the daily prayers of the Church and the weekly early Communion were necessary parts of life. Not long since, some faction having sprung up which desired to exhibit him on one or other side, he wrote, "Dear Sir, I have long thought it good in itself and beneficial to people in general to magnify the matters of agreement and to make little of the points of difference between myself and others. As I grow older I see less and less reason to depart from this habit." He had done all he could to persuade his poorer neighbours to give up the ostentatious expensive funerals which they were fond

[1] The Sea.

of. He directed that he should be buried in one coffin to be made of plain white deal and drawn in the hearse provided for the parish, and the funeral to be attended by his children only, and the difference between the cost of this and of a costly funeral to be given to the poor. But the rest of his will he could not enforce, and the procession of people on foot and of carriages was a spectacle unknown in Skipton before.

On July 5th he says:—

We had the Russian Choir to sing in the gallery of the Chapel to a large gathering of appreciative friends. We had collect before, prayer for unity after. Certainly no sound of human voices ever so surprised me before. They sang sometimes like the deepest organ roll—and sometimes softened their voices gently down till it was like a summer sea on smooth sand. I could not conceive it possible for them to sing of the entombment of Christ as they did sing, without being better men for such cultivation of sympathetic utterance.

The peasantry part of the Choir (who were about fifty) sang to us afterwards in the Library national songs. There is a plaintiveness in all.

On the 7th he dined at the annual dinner given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House to the Bishops. He writes:—

Wednesday, July 7th.—Dined at Mansion House and spoke feebly. So did everyone. There was less warmth than I remember before—everyone in fact is out of heart. It is surprising how meekly and dispiritedly people take the present prospects, and I think it is an uncomfortable symptom. Mrs Gladstone told me the other day that heavy as Mr Gladstone's work has been over this Home Rule Bill, and sad as the separation of friends has been, she has *never* heard him say what pure weariness might so easily bring out, "I wish I had never taken it up," or "I wish I could be rid of it," or "I might have left it to those who come after me." She added, "What a thing to have a good conscience like his!"

In the course of July he went down to Addington, tired and dispirited. On the 2nd of August he went to

stay with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. He writes a long account of the visit:—

Tuesday, August 3rd.—Went with Minnie yesterday to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild[1] at Waddesdon. A delightful party—the Speaker, Mrs and Miss Peel, the German Ambassador (Hatzfeldt), Count Metternich, Mr Burke, Sir Philip Currie, Lady Sophia Macnamara, Sir H. and Lady Thompson.

It is a real pleasure to see such roads, such planting, such building—but oh the miserable existences beyond the charmed circle of money. No wonder they "*gazis inhiant*[2]," as alas they do. Only the owners of it seem to feel, that what it can do is less by infinity than what it can't.

I had a very long interesting talk with Baron Ferdinand last night and this morning. He told me he had read "thousands of times" and should incessantly read "Genesis, Exodus, and the Sermon on the Mount." They contained all truth. He was much shocked with a conversation lately held there with a man, who had maintained to him for hours that the Greek mythology was in its essence identical with the Hebrew Revelation. On the contrary Ferdinand maintained no two religions were in essence more diverse—the one distilled out of materialism, an upgrowth from below, and never cleared of materialism—the other absolutely from above, and all that was material merely moulded in His Hand. I perceive that his charities must be immense; he made light of them and treated them simply as matter of duty. He takes human nature as no standard at all, and no guide, "If you wait for gratitude you will never do any good."

August 4th. I came here reluctantly. Everybody has been most interesting, and to-day we return from our astonishingly delightful visit to Baron Ferdinand.

To the Rev. Canon Hole.

(*On Lincoln work.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

Aug. 30th, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How rejoiced I was when you came to dear old Lincoln to lecture to the working men with whom I had such

[1] Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild died Dec. 17, 1898.

[2] Gaze enviously at the treasures.

happy relations—still more, then, I ought to be so when you meet their Church organisation—in the same spirit as ever, only moving on to yet higher and higher things.

Tell them my hours with them were and always must be among the very happiest of my life. They did *me* good and have been fruitful to me in thoughts and affections.

Tell them from me there are no such Churchmen as working men when once they "see it"—and tell them that I perhaps may be pardoned for thinking there *ought* to be no such working man—so strong of principle and taking so high a view of working man's life and of his own progress and of his power for others—as the Churchman.

Tell them that none can be so charitable in spirit to all who differ from the Churchmen—no others can afford to be so charitable—theirs is not a negative destructive creed, but possessing as it does truths and histories and reasons, only welcomes the narrower truths and supplements them.

Tell them the best work of the working man, which all his other work fits into, is when he and his wife live the life, and bring up their children in that daily life and Sunday life which the Church of England sets before us.

That is the way to be fit for "whatever state of life it SHALL please God to call them to" as the Church Catechism says (not as enemies pervert it "has pleased").

Tell them the names of Duncan McInnes, George Richardson, and the rest down to Andrew Hall, Chairman, are constantly before me on a certain document, and that I look on those good few as the representatives to me of a well-beloved body. To all I trust the C.E.W.M.S. will render truest service.

Yours ever affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

We went for August to Bamborough Castle in Northumberland, a romantic place belonging to Lord Crew's[1]

[1] Nathaniel, third and last Baron Crew of Stene, 1633—1722, Bishop of Durham, a vain and subservient prelate. He readily accepted the Deanery of the Chapel Royal on the deprivation of the upright Compton, and, unlike Sancroft, served on the revived Ecclesiastical Commission. He petitioned William for forgiveness, though excepted from the general pardon. His posthumous munificence was great. He gave largely to his Diocese and to

Trustees, which was let for the summer months, and which the Archbishop took for August and September. He was much delighted by the ancient cool thick-walled keep, which was the dwelling house, its convenient library, the armoury, in which we dined, and the wild rocky coast; his expeditions were a source of intense pleasure to him. He writes:—

Monday, Sept. 6th.—Drove to Alnwick to luncheon with three children. The castle less imposing than I expected. But I never was so startled as to step through the low Gothic door, turn upstairs, and find myself in an Italian lobby with Justice and Minerva in colossal marble. The whole thing is magnificent. I am afraid that I can only feel that it is "magnificent." The gem of the splendid gallery is Bellini's splendid picture of gods and goddesses eating and sleeping vulgarly.

The Duke[1] and Duchess were kindness itself.

On September 17th he paid a visit with my mother to the Farne Islands; he says:—

Friday.—In the Chapel, fitted up with spoils of Durham, stalls, screens, gates—we had a short service and I preached to our few people—coastguards—and our own party. I told them how the wold of Northumbria was once so wide and wild that the men who tried to convert and civilize them could not get on at all without sometimes going away altogether for a year or two and shutting themselves up—to commune with their own hearts and in their chambers and to be still. And bid them use their own loneliness to some such good end while it lasted. The solitary woman of the Farne Islands told us she ought not to grumble, rather tearfully, but that it *was* very monotonous and Satan gave her constant trial by making her discontented. I told her Cuthbert had felt the same in the same place; "Satan," he said, "often threw stones at him there," and she was comforted a little when she reflected how much more good he was able to do for knowing how Satan treated God's servants.

Lincoln College, Oxford, and the Crewian Oration perpetuates his benefactions. Within the walls of Bamborough Castle, restored and repaired by his Trustees, was a school for the orphan daughters of fishermen. See his life, *Dict. Nat. Biogr.* vol. XIII. 79, by the present Bishop of London.

[1] The Duke of Northumberland died Jan. 1899.

On September 20th he writes:—

Monday.—With wife and Nellie to Alnwick Castle. Lord Percy, Major and Mrs Dundas, Duchess Eleanor, Stuart Poole and wife, Mr Bates and Mrs, antiquarian of precision—Miss Bagot, Alan Heber Percy and especially Dr Bruce.

They are very earnestly religious people—the Duke rather a victim of dejection than depression—but waking up thoroughly to the kindest courtesies—a man who seems as if he weighed everything with the thought of what was right.

One evening the Duke said, "Yes—there's a good deal to see at Alnwick—a good deal of history—but it's all murders you know."

Early in October Dr W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, died. The Archbishop writes:—

Wednesday, Oct. 6th.—To the Master's funeral at Trinity: very simple with the anthems most sweetly sung. The Chapel full but not more, because London is empty and the University scarcely met. Mrs Thompson sent for me afterwards to the Lodge. He was delirious the last two days but not in pain. Seventy-six, "the last of the heroes," as Westcott says. When I went up on his "side" just 38 years ago, he awed me indeed as my tutor while he attracted me. His splendid translation of the *Bacchae*, and his caustic remarks and his grand kindness, full of reserve and of interest, were worthy of his large tranquil eye, large handsome olive face, thick eyebrows and obliquely curling lips—he wore a black velvet double-breasted waistcoat and a stock without collar. He was the ideal of a Don and a Scholar, with knowledge far beyond what he ever displayed. Not such a subtle nor such an enthusiastic scholar as Prince Lee, and without his wealth of quotation and illustration, but he bridged Euripides and Keats and Shelley, and made Euripides live like them in English. His Plato was a dim mystic power which never came truly to the birth. But in those days we little knew what a Christian he was. He never revealed it to us. His quips and flouts were so keen against forms of practice which he disliked both in Evangelicals and in the new high church school that we none of us knew what faith was behind it. We never knew for years. This was the pity of those glorious old Trinity days. While we loved him there was a gap. The first thing that startled us was seeing

a little volume of family prayers which he had written. Then one day while I was breakfasting with him at the Lodge just after he was made Master, he asked me about someone of whom I said "He is eaten up and slain with criticism." He rose from the table and moved towards the door, saying, "Ah!—Criticism is a great thing—but it is *not everything*, is it, Benson?" and his eyes were full of tears I saw. Some of his jests will live for ever. And I must write down some of them for those children. But now I must only add that Mrs Thompson told me how he had said to her so often, "You must be my clergyman—my collects—my psalms—let me have my collects"—and how dear to him was "O Saviour of the world, etc.," how again and again he said it. I sate at Chapel at the funeral in the place where dearest old Francis Martin sate when first I knew him—next to the Vice-Master. What noble heads then rose above the front of the Stalls as we gazed on them, knowing that there was intellectual greatness, real greatness living over and with us. Whewell—Sedgwick—Thompson—Martin—Mathison—Cope—Clark—Munro—even Mr Carus had a genius for goodness. Then there was Preston with his Arabic, and Walmisley with his music—all gone. Westcott was just a Bachelor, Lightfoot the year above me. Sir W. Harcourt was one year senior and he was at the funeral and at the Lodge to-day. I believe he sincerely and deeply cared for the Master.

The next Master will have hard times. Many questions and agitations have been held back out of regard for him and from the sense that the end would needs come soon. I had written strongly to Lord Salisbury that he is almost bound to appoint Montagu Butler[1].

The Archbishop was still tired and overworked, and went for a short tour in Holland and Belgium with his daughter Nellie. His notes are very full. I select a passage written at Ghent:—

Ghent.—The genuine portions of the Van Eyck are finer far than I had realised, though the Arundel copy is certainly most beautiful. Ah! the "Juventus sine Senectute in fronte"—with what a splendid audacity the blanket-wrapt ugly Apostles are instantly followed by the gloriously robed pontiffs—not as if this were to be apologised for, but just as rendering the course of

[1] Then Dean of Gloucester.

History quite simply and as if History and Faith knew best—and they wear their splendours as unconsciously as the Apostles their blankets. I cannot agree with Reynolds' criticism on Rubens' St Francis at the Academy. The aim seems something most high and most difficult on the face, yet I do think I read it. The exceeding agony of the wounds struggles on the face with an ecstatic smile, as wave-lines roll back from the shore and cross the advancing lines and yet continue. I seem to see the contraction of the actual muscles with pain and the expanding of the smiling muscles, actually, physically; but the strange light which shines through the shadow over the left eye, and the deep distance to which the right eye looks, and still is baffled in its gaze, and the wild lines of fasting and watching round the ὑπώπιον[1], and the very almost loss of balance, as if the emanation from the seraph above drove him sideways from his knees, make this upraised picture to my mind a most powerful, appealing, and inspiring figure.

Here too the monumental inscriptions well worth the reading, which tell of righteous vexed souls amid the iniquity. The most interesting and magnificently executed face and statue of Bishop Trieste who bought those four mighty candelabra of Edward the Sixth and Charles the First, and whose inscription asks the Priest after celebrating Mass daily to sprinkle the tomb with holy water and pray—which he still does: a most unprotestant and loving and natural proceeding which I should think ought certainly to be put down. So unbusiness-like, so useless! And the other kneeling Bishop "qui cause tranquillement avec la Mort," and desires in marble that other folks will do so daily. I should think he was glad, when he met him by poison in Spain, that he had known him so long.

Here alas no vespers—"can't be sans frais—and the lands are all gone and no one wishes to pay now for anything—autrefois il y avait des richesses sans luxe—aujourd'hui c'est luxe sans richesses," said the tiny withered gentle old sacristan verger. I don't understand quite the extraordinary plainness of these vast churches as they were built—*all* this decoration is of late date. They must have had their views of church extension, and when the streets at meal-times were so crowded that all conflicting business stopped to let the workmen pass, then they must have said, "We will bate no jot of height, and dignity, and strength and

[1] The part of the face under the eye.

adaptiveness to service and song and preachment, but simplicity shall reign over all and for adornment we will have mighty space—save nothing on grandeur, but save all on luxury."

And now, midnight. Goodnight all the world. The Great Bear hangs in deep blue between the Beffroi and the Tower of S. Bavon, and the carillons chime sweet farewell to the day. Goodnight to all but God.

At Tournai a striking incident happened; he writes, Oct. 8th :—

At the early mass there were 18 canons in their stalls who sang the Tierce together—only 12 are titular, or recognised by the Government, the rest are honorary (to number of 28 altogether) and maintain the service without fee or house. The behaviour of all was most religious and devout, and their going away silent and singly, and the celebration very pious. The faces rather impressive, more like lawyers or business men for thoughtfulness and sense of work to be done—and some much more than this. But their dignified service was followed by that cringing starving Rosary. Several interesting inscriptions testify to the noble old canons and archdeacons and bishops who gave lands and all they had for the good of the church and its work—now devoured by the hungry State. In the Sacristy we saw several striking fragments of Art and of History. Among them Thomas à Becket's chasuble—red silk, gloss gone but in good condition, several times lined. The orphreys of a beautiful gold and white lace, most delicately figured with plant shapes, dragons, birds, the long central stripe also delicately inwoven with soft black patterns. It is not like their ugly stiff modern ones, but falls at the sides nearly as low as in front and at back, and had to be lifted in great folds by the arms as a great round surplice would. An odd thing happened. The sacristan was pleased evidently by all our interest, and while expounding it (vestment) and the "martyrdom while saying the office" together, he gathered it up saying, "Vous mettrez la tête par là," and suddenly put it over my head, and there I stood dressed from head to foot (it is very long and fell quite to my feet) in the first chasuble I ever had on, and being the first Archbishop of Canterbury, I suppose, who ever had it on since Thomas himself. As he did it he said, "Il était archevêque, vous savez, de Cantorbéry." We were and are

absolutely *incogniti*, and it sounded (if ever omen was) like a bidding to do something or leave something undone.

On Oct. 14th he visited the scene of Waterloo. He writes :—

Thursday.—One of the grandest days of my life. We had studied our Battle of Waterloo well. We drove over early, went up the Belgian Mound and made out every point. Then after lunching at the Inn and a short inspection of the Museum, (where, as I lightly touched a blade, the great old Brown Bess suddenly dropped from the wall and remained in my hand, while a large horsebit clattered down to my foot,)—we set out and walked to La Haye Sainte and the sandpit, sunk roads, etc., then to La Belle Alliance, and both ways a little along the French lines, then to Hougomont. The vividness of the whole was almost painful as hour by hour went on, and the realisation of every tide of the battle grew more perfect. One's veneration for the genius and self-control of the Duke rose to boiling point, as well as our at length home-felt gratitude to warriors. Dreadful as it all is, the devotion of Christians to their religion has scarcely equalled the devotion of those soldiers—death and suffering embraced with ardour for the cause as if its invitations had been to ease and delight—and that by the lowest of the people as well as by the heroes.

The smallness of the heights and the nearness of the forces to each other were the only matter of surprise—all else, except the chronology of some of the movements, clear as the day.

On the 18th, after his return to England, a meeting was held to decide about founding the "Church House."

The rest of the year was spent quietly at Addington. He writes :—

Dec. 23rd, Thursday.—Went with Nellie to see the four senior grand-dames of the village. Mrs Coppin, Palmerine, and Adams, all so nice, affectionate, and soft-mannered; certainly assured homes and wages and kindness through generations (some of them remember four archbishops, have been here forty years, etc.), have a fine gentle effect. Mrs Coppin spoke several times of "up at the house," and corrected herself—at last she said, "I beg pardon—but I can't help it. We all of us always say, Up at the house, as if it all belonged to us."

To Professor Westcott.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Dec. 2nd, 1886.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I don't think I am mistaken as to the magnitude and increase of duty and labour for the episcopate, but more and more none will enter (except Bishop of London, who is overwhelmed) into the *great* field of the Church's work. Every one is absorbed in his own vineyard and does not look on it as a part. There must be some standing inner council. But this they (and perhaps you) would think worse than all evils.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

At the beginning of the New Year he thus writes on the same subject to Dean Davidson :—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
5 *Jan.* 1887.

MY DEAREST DEAN,

I am very sensible of and grateful for the affectionate and cheering letter which you have written me on the New Year. And above all the assurances of your prayers, and of the prayers of many others, ought to gladden me. It does at any rate make me feel sure that one is not left to one's own weakness either in Heaven or earth. The singleness of the burden and solitariness of responsibility are strangely characteristic of this work—and with all thinkings I do not see on what friendly shoulders the burden is to be partly laid, or how the responsibility can really be shared. One after all would be held responsible, and the persons who could give the time do not now, since the suppression of canonries, exist in this country. To be good counsellors people must be thoroughly familiar with all the subjects and have time to regularly meet.

As to the great kindness of your assurances that things are going well, I can only accept them in one sense. God's will will be wrought out one way or another—but the absence of reading, of meditation on first principles, of seeing daily something below the surface, of comparing past with present and inferring the chart for the future, the "aridità," the hand-to-mouth, are full of a dark

cavernous sort of dread of what may at any moment be at hand. I am certain in my own heart that I do not desire influence at all except for its *uses*; in itself it has ceased to be impressive or attractive. But I am rather surprised at what you say of its existence. The "Friends of the Church," especially the natural friends, the conservative style of politicians, seem studiously or carelessly to ignore the fact that the Church has any representatives, and to be as it were constructing a *quasi*-Church legislation and new sort of personnel for Church affairs. It is singular when the Church is apparently growing—singular, and to one side or other perilous. But you dwell on higher considerations than all these, and, in spite of very low-burning lights, they are one's comfort, at least before each day begins its noise.

Ever affectionately and ever gratefully yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

The Archbishop was anxious and depressed and his health was not good. On the 16th he notes:—

Sunday. A drear beginning. I am afraid it is a general sense of dreariness which has fought off my making entries in this year's diary. We have had a favourite maid, a quiet, undemonstrative religious girl, lying between life and death since October—puzzled that she lives, puzzled that she gets no better. Our Nellie has been ill and almost foodless, so to speak, for five weeks and is no better. The ground has been covered with deep snow, the sky with gloom, the air has been a biting wind and choking fog by turns, for four weeks at least. It began with a snow that fell 14 inches in six hours, succeeding and freezing on a heavy rain of three hours. Ice and snow were glued on every branch and twig, a heavy wind arose and next morning Addington looked as if shot and shell had been raining on the woods for hours. No one remembers such desolation. Oaks and elms have lost their finest branches, the two great ilexes by the dairy and the swan-pool are one of them cleft in three to the roots, the other has all its lances splintered and most of them snapt, birches divided, chestnuts denuded, all the twigs of the beeches simply strewn as a carpet,—a summer's work to move the wreck.

At the end of February the Archbishop went to Canterbury: he inaugurated the Lenten Mission held there by an address to Church workers. He spoke somewhat sadly of the outlook, social and political, and went on, "The

doctrine of Christ without *warmth* is ineffective. We may teach the doctrine of Christ as we will—but if we give it no warmth it will not mould character. Then, on the other hand, warmth without doctrine is ineffective. It is a flame which is easily blown out by the world. Do resolve that your work, whether for others or yourselves, shall be deep work—not excited or dissipated work. Pray, expect, turn faith into life, and you will find this a new world."

On the question of International Arbitration in War questions he wrote to Professor Westcott:—

LAMBETH.
20*th March*, 1887.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I need not say that I have thought (or brooded) much over your last suggestion. The Quaker recommendations are certainly touching. But they are differently placed from us in that we have such intense responsibility for the impressions we produce. If our authorities ask the nation to pray for peace, the apprehension is great that we know there is real risk of war. The very day I had your letter, some one told me he had just been at one of the great Embassies in London, the one most concerned, and had seen one of the principal secretaries, a friend of his, who had said, "My chief does not believe in war—not in the very least." That day the papers were full of threatenings.

It is very difficult. It would have been mischievous if anything had come out on authority which seemed to imply fear. But perhaps you mean something quite different from this—and then it seems to me that it is indeed everyone's duty in all places and at all times to be urging people to ensue peace in prayers. And I think there might be many more devotional gatherings than there are in which such blessings might be sought and won.

The rush, crush and push of work gives *no* time literally. And it is a worse calamity οὐδὲν φρονέειν by far than πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδενὸς κρατέειν[1].

Why are most people who are sent to look to other people's souls forced into living as if they had none of their own?

Your very affectionate,
EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] To have no thoughts—by much thought to attain nothing.

Easter Tuesday, April 12, 1887. Mainly because work, engagements and correspondence have been pitiless it has been impossible to keep any record. My work has never had the least regard to my spiritual interests—if I had dealt more wisely for myself I should have neglected others. But this must not go on. It really has been a *nodus*.

I must now write a few memorial notes.

My Fridays have been real oases[1]. Two or three hours have been kept for preparing for those. And the Chapel has been usually full, and once or twice over full, of the εὐγενέσταται καὶ εὐσχημονέσταται[2].

I have finished St Matthew, going deeper and deeper as they could bear it. There is certainly a very high-minded and true purposed core within the frivolous and vexatious and vicious society of London. It is a leaven—but are the measures of meal too many for its influence—that is to be seen. Meantime the holiness of many hearts is growing, and the will to be of use. A few conversations and a few letters are enough to show me this.

The Rev. B. Hunter of Aukborough wrote to ask him for a subscription to the restoration of his Church, supposed to have been originally built as a penance by the murderers of Thomas à Becket. The Archbishop's chaplain replied:—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
April 21, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

The Archbishop of Canterbury desires me to thank you for your letter. His Grace regrets that the innumerable claims upon him prevent him from offering a contribution to the Restoration Fund of Aukboro' Church.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

M. FOWLER,
Chaplain.

(Added by the Archbishop)

Private. The inclination to help to expiate my predecessor's murderers great—but must be resisted.

ED. C.

[1] This refers to the devotional lectures given on Fridays in Lent to ladies in Lambeth Chapel, cf. vol. II. p. 38.

[2] The most noble and gracious ladies.

On the 5th of May he made a speech at the Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society: it was a long and interesting speech and was well received. He spoke at some length of the growth of language in India, quoting the words "Jaj" (Judge), "Rel" (Rail), "Kanshans" (Conscience) and "Simpatsizy" (sympathise) which he said were not only new *words*, but represented new *ideas* introduced into India by intercourse with British minds.

On May 14th the Queen opened the People's Palace. The Archbishop wrote:—

May 14. The Queen opened the People's Palace. We drove by Shaftesbury Avenue into the route, and back through Hyde Park. The whole way for so many miles, the sides of the road (and so far into the street as to leave room for carriages to pass) were lined and crowded with tens of hundreds of thousands of people—all well behaved, cheering and delighted. The air was full of bunting and the house-fronts covered with loyal mottoes. The warmth and loyalty grew more and more conspicuous as we drove eastward along the grand Mile End Road.

The sight of those vibrating mighty ribbons of human faces and forms haunts the eye still, and I shall never forget it. It gave one the strangest thoughts about cities, and races, and the numberlessness of man, and the riddle of his future. It grew oppressive to have humanity so crushing into one's eyeballs. But the thought of communism, or socialism, or unbelief having hold on these people *seems* ridiculous in sight of this enthusiasm. It made one shudder at the thought of what would be, if ever those were against us. That the Church too was not valued and even loved could never have entered the mind. The contrary was apparent. But the responsibility for these masses, where does it rest? They are not a church-going race—but less a chapel-going one. But there is a solemn quiet sense of religion for all that in their sayings and doings.

On June 19th he writes:—

Sunday. I think to-day may be a memorable day. The Bishop of Durham and Canon Westcott lunched here, spent the whole afternoon in the garden, had Evensong with me, we three only, and talked on till late. 1. The Bishops, and particularly

the Archbishop, are slack in speaking out on the great moral questions. They leave it to the Pope, Mr John Bright, or any lay meeting to utter truth. The Liquor Traffic (on which I preached in Westminster) among native races is being their rapid destruction, and the Bps ought to say so. I am to talk to Abp of York and see if we can jointly appeal. 2. There are other great subjects—Peace—on which they ought to speak. 3. We discussed the unfortunate result in one most important matter of the happy change in Episcopal activity. The diocesan energies now interfere with every Bishops' meeting, or meeting of Convocation, and leave the Church almost destitute of the opportunity of counsel. The meetings are so short, so full of matters to discuss (ludicrously full), the speechification so lengthy, the unwillingness to commit ourselves so great, and the finalities so hurried, that though some things are carried through not amiss, yet really grave great questions have no hearing, or if they are supposed to come "within the sphere of practical politics," an inadequate one. Durham is one of the worst absentees. Westcott endeavoured to impress him. We came to the conclusion that a "Cardinalate" in some form was becoming absolutely necessary. What we thought might be done was the appointment of four or five Bishops, to give at least an annual fortnight of conference, with nothing else to do, on matters proposed by the Archbishop —or otherwise found necessary. These to be named by the Archbishop.

This is essential. At the present moment if there were an election, there would be elected *uno animo* the Bps of London and Durham—doubtless—but after them?

On June 21st the Jubilee Service on the completion of the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign took place.

The Archbishop had drawn up the Form of Prayer and had, earlier in the year, had some correspondence about it, and the Queen wrote:—

WINDSOR CASTLE.
March 19th, 1887.

The Queen fears the Archbishop will think her remiss in not sooner answering his kind letter with the enclosure of the proposed Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of her Jubilee. She much admires the Prayers. She has charged

the Dean of Windsor to return the proposed Service to the Archbishop with a few slight suggestions.

The Queen thinks a short portion of Scripture should be read or a Psalm chanted.

I came up from Eton the day before the Service to act as my father's *apparitor*. A special Police pass had been issued to him to allow his carriage to pass through the streets when all other traffic was stopped. About an hour before the Service began he left Lambeth. The carriage was stopped at the south end of Westminster Bridge, and not even the production of the Pass convinced the Inspector that we had any right to proceed, as he said he had received no orders. My father got very angry, and at last said in a loud voice, "Well, all I can say is that unless you allow me to proceed, there will be no Service to-day." This made the Inspector reflect, and he rode off to make enquiries, returning almost immediately with the profoundest apologies. The passage of the carriage was the signal for about a hundred of the crowd to break through the cordon of police, seize the carriage behind, and run with it, but one by one they were torn away, so that we arrived at the Abbey alone. My father was greeted by the crowd with great cordiality and respect, all hats being raised, and a good deal of cheering being heard along the route.

The Archbishop writes in his Diary:—

Tuesday, June 21. Jubilee. The ecclesiastical part of this noble celebration seems to be regarded, thank God, by all as deeply devout and Church-like. The manner of the Queen was most reverent. Those who saw her close, both as she entered and left, spoke of her face as anxious, and her movement as slight in bowing, but of her whole look and gestures as radiant after the Service.

Most noble was the aspect of everything. The Abbey was not spoiled or rendered unecclesiastical, as it seemed likely to be, by the arrangements. There were 9,000 people. The

unsightly hoardings are all gone. They had only been for the protection of the monuments. The people piling up to the West window looked rather well. In the Eastern apse less so, and I did not like to think of Edward the Confessor's shrine buried in darkness when it ought rather to have been garlanded. The memorable sights I think were these:—1. The enormous unending myriads of myriads of people and their perfect good behaviour throughout the streets. The number of little children, and of babes in their mothers' arms in the multitudes, impressed greatly the Bishop of Iowa[1] and Americans in general, as well as the foreigners. The public houses were open until 2 a.m. that night of the illuminations, and the cases of disorder before the magistrates were fewer than the average the next day. 2. The next point (which I did not see) was the Riding of the Princes before the Queen's carriage—32 sons, sons-in-law, grandsons and a great-grandson. This was the Queen's own idea. 3. The third point, which was truly touching, was the Salutation after the Service in the Abbey, first all the Princes kissing her hand, and she stooping a little to kiss them on the cheek or forehead, then the Princesses. They had all sate close round the throne within a brass railing (which was too high) and she stood up to salute them. I noticed the reverence with which the Crown Prince of Germany kissed her.

Days afterwards everyone feels that the socialist movement has had a check. It is impossible they can persuade themselves that the multitudes are on their side. The quiet respectful attitude of the people all the days, and their enthusiasm whenever the Queen appeared, are absolutely universal, and not a dog has moved his tongue.

June 23. We drove down to Addington, wife, Maggie, I, Bishop of Iowa and his wife and niece. He was surprised all the way at the miles of "pleasant lanes," as he said—the villas, and at the "amazing love of the English for flowers." Addington was the first country house they had seen, and he said it was what they wished more than anything to see. They were immensely interested in its arrangements and in the having tea on the lawn under the cedar.

I had over all the old brothers and sisters, 38 in number, from Abp Whitgift's hospital in Croydon, and when they had had their

[1] Dr W. S. Perry.

dinner and tea under the beeches we walked up, halting and merry, to the slope on the south, and I planted an English oak, Minnie and Maggie also helping, in commemoration. The old brothers and sisters were all delight, one of them had been carried on his father's shoulders to George III.'s jubilee. Warden Lipscomb in a white waistcoat made a speech, advocating more than one restriction which will perhaps be realized. It was our wedding day too.

On the 25th he writes:—

Last evening a Hussar, clattering into the Court, brought a letter from the Queen, commanding us to dine to-night at Windsor and to leave Paddington by special train at 7. We had a garden party for two thousand people, and the Queen of Hawaii to be received at it. Though warned we had to leave at 6, she was so charmed with Ormonde at the Duke of Westminster's that she arrived just after my wife and I had left the people at 6. Nellie and Maggie had to receive her, which we are assured they did with grace, and to give her tea and show her the place. She speaks no English or European tongue, was much pleased at her reception, understood the case, and could not help a little run forward when she saw a train pass near over the arches. I was drest in time to go to her for one minute. She holds herself quite superior to all royalties except *our* Queen! The Princess[1] and her husband talked English.

The banquet at Windsor was magnificent—no such sight, it is said, for 20 years past at least. St George's Hall looked uncommonly tunnel-like, but with such a mass of Royal and other guests, 80 Royalties, and 130 guests in all, I think I was told, with waggon-loads of gold plate of endless massiveness, and flowers and trees, and the Indian escort in their flashing costumes and waving swords, with minstrels in the gallery, and bagpipes strutting and screaming, and Indian servants for the first time in crimson robes with V.R.I. on the breast—St George's Hall looked splendid enough. The Concert was afterwards in the Waterloo Gallery, and the Queen looked anything but tired, was pleased, and talked to me very pleasantly. I wore her medal which she sent me just before dinner with a command that I should do so. I rather suspect that it is the first time that an Abp has worn

[1] Princess Liliuokalani, sister-in-law and successor of the Queen.

a decoration, and I am not sure that I ought—but obedience is the want of our time.

On July 13th he notes down :—

To keep a record of my work—business—people I see, on business the most urgent—is simply an ἀδύνατον[1]. From 6.30 when I rise to 12.45 when I go to bed, it seems utterly hopeless to extract any culture from what surrounds me, hopeless to seize any moments except the essential 75 minutes' ride, and the 10 minutes' sleep—the 10 often has to be doubled into 20 to enable my brain to plod on.

Is all this God's will? and then, my work so crushes also my industrious secretaries. I shall be making them out of all image of Priests if they have nothing but my business to express and consult on all day long, and much of the night.

And, as Davidson says, the popular idea of an Archbishop is that his chief employment is to draw his salary.

Drove with wife to Dollis Hill to have tea with the Gladstones, and strawberries under the trees. He was most delightful. His old strong face and brilliant eyes, though the *arcus senilis* is round the pupils, positively flashed as he discussed "Dignity" first, and then the Americans. He thought it strange that no Chronicle and no novelist explained or described the cause or the mode of the marvellous transition in so short a space from New England Puritanism to the modern American character and society. He pointed out too the remarkable features of the fact that while they had suddenly developed the hugest fortunes of the world, they had no inclination whatever apparently to leave it to inheritance to determine how they should be used. What then would be the common use made of these fortunes?

He promised to support as far as he possibly could the Tithe Rent Charge and the Church Patronage Bills. I gave him a sketch of each.

Nellie tells me that the Scripture woman, who knows every house in Lambeth, tells her that the mass of the people are intensely radical—and never so much so as in *the last eighteen months*. The Queen and Monarchy are constantly discussed and disparaged—"would undertake to do all the Queen does for £500 a year"—but so ignorantly as yet to be floored by the rejoinder "Then how would you keep up the establishment?" Again, a

[1] Impossibility.

man expresses great satisfaction at Doulton being made "Sir Henry"—"it is a great compliment to Lambeth," but has no answer to "Well, but you want to do away with the Monarchy, and Sir, and My Lord, and all that stuff."

Another is sick of our arrangement of society but wouldn't like America. All these inconsistencies will soon disappear however. Conservatism in power seems to alienate, and Gladstone's incessant addresses leaven the people with the thought of great change impending.

On July 14th, he says:—

My birthday. Angelus qui eruit me a cunctis malis, Deus qui pavit me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam.

I think the thing I marvel at most is the thinness of the partition by which He and He only keeps me from falling under so many ghostly temptations, and propensities so terrible. The falls are sad enough and bad enough, and the character they reveal to me painful indeed. But the grace which keeps me from falling one inch further, irrecoverably, and is not worn out by my παροξυσμοί[1] in this wilderness, is simply more visibly alive and active in my most certain experiences, more prompt, more steady, than I have any experience of among material things and persons. Everything material is simply feeble; and everything personal is shadowy as compared with this personality under whose shadow I am allowed to dwell.

And all this is the more extraordinary because of the hurry, hotness, dryness, aridity of the life I am obliged to live in London, if correspondence, interviews, letters are to be kept down and dealt with at all. The want of time to read and think, the shortness and distractions of prayer, seem to threaten one's very existence as a conscious child of a living God. And yet He is on my right hand, and I know it.

May I have more light of His countenance as years go on. Yet this is not what the threatening signs and every surging business promise me.

In July he went on a visit to Marlborough where my brother Fred was at school; he writes:—

July 17th. Preached in Marlboro' Chapel. We had at 7.30 a bit of the Communion Service, at 11 a bit of the Morning

[1] Provocations, Ps. xcv. 8.

Prayer and a bit of the Litany. German *Bitte!* The reverent behaviour of the boys is something different from what I recollect there, though it was never bad at all in my sight.

Afternoon wife and Maggie and I walked with Fred in Savernake—marvellous heat. He read us some of Geo. Herbert with much appreciation, so that this is the 3rd generation of us that have delighted in him. Fred is a very manful and sweet boy. He is head of all athletics here and has just got the English poem. Pollock[1] says he should take a first at Cambridge.

On the 30th of July an admirable caricature of the Archbishop appeared in *Vanity Fair*, which amused him very much. "Jehu Junior" wrote:—"The Archbishop is a strong man, yet safe: an excellent administrator, discreet, bold, and original, and so little afraid of responsibility that, if necessary, he would undertake to manage all the other great affairs of state as well as those of his Archbishopric. Yet he is humble and reserved as becomes his office, a great worker, though not rapid, a man of simple life, and the most amiable of great dignitaries of state."

Commenting on this my father wrote on the following day:—

Sunday, July 31. V. F. takes on itself to publish that I am "a great worker though not rapid." I wonder if that is becoming true. It seems to me that the very number of things done in the hours and the immense quantity of letters and papers to be dealt with, could scarcely be with less than the old rapidity.

To-day Dante, Greek Testament, Holy Communion in the Chapel here at 8.30, Westminster Abbey Morning Service, talk with Hugh, explained outline of Lake country to him with map. Whitehall Chapel Afternoon Service, corrected proofs of Cyprian, read with Maggie, Westcott on "the Race" (social questions[2]) and discussed it and kindred things with her at some length. Between Westminster Abbey and luncheon translated and wrote out for publication the Epistle of the Patriarch of Alexandria, delighting in Jerusalem Bishop and expressing the warmest desire for unity. What practical reality is there, I wonder, covered under these

[1] Then Assistant-master at Marlborough, now Headmaster of Wellington College. [2] *Social Aspects of Christianity*.

Christian compliments and the romantic idea? "The two Churches," "The sister Church," "The Exarch," "The newly Consecrated Brother," all this is most admirable, but they decline our Baptism because it is not always by immersion, and what are we to make of that? Read African stories to children between supper and Compline—strangely wild, uncouth, and in their nature relying on art magic, as the key to power—or else some weird alliance with lions or locusts or monkeys, as much the same as ourselves only with disadvantageous forms. At 10.15 I thought I would try whether speed of work had really deserted me, and I gave its complete form to a sonnet to Saint Paul, the thought of which had been with me for a day or two. It is truly ridiculous to think this any test of power, or poetry, or devotion—these are as God wills, and as I can apprehend Him or be apprehended of Him. But He also "apprehends us" in the article of rapidity too as much as in other things—and this cunning is not gone yet, for at 11.45 I had finished it. In such cases it is really a *snare*—nevertheless, snare or not, it is not gone.

I do not find myself less rapid than in the old days when it stood me in stead so often. But I do find a very increasing unwillingness to come to the point—a decided preference for doing any other duty than the one which it would be prudent to take in hand at any given moment. But this has been my failing from a child, and it has this advantage sometimes, that the thing gets done, which would otherwise not have been done at all, first of all —and after that comes in the other absolutely necessary thing at high pressure and with all the enjoyment of rapid and accurate work with all one's senses and volitions tremendously alert.

I doubt whether a sonnet was ever composed under such singular circumstances: late at night, by an Archbishop fearing the decay of his literary faculty. I subjoin the result:

"*All things are yours—whether Paul,*" &c.

Canst thou be mine? Thou, whose one conscience
Shamed the wise world till in its place it shined
The wisdom and the conscience of mankind;
No human day it recked, void of offence
'Fore man or God, yet in a measureless sense
Of righteousness hid self the Cross behind:

Raised realms to churches, heard the ceaseless wind
Of Nature's sobbing die for joy intense,
And yearned alive with the dear dead to rise.
Thy vast sweet soul which wooed not poverty
More than the world's wealth if God willed it thee,
Nor long'd for unvoic'd words of Paradise
More than Christ's prison—it were agony
In my strait house for thee to dwell with me.

Ed. C.

11.45 p.m. 31 *July*, 1887.

This summer my father and mother took a house in the Lakes, a country of which we were very fond. It was Easedale House, in Easedale above Grasmere, belonging to Mr Fletcher, the Vicar of Grasmere, who accompanied my father on several expeditions and told him many interesting stories. The house is almost the last in the valley, and was very quiet and beautiful.

Thursday, Aug. 11. A quiet drive from Addington to Euston Square. A quiet journey without change thence to Windermere, a bad headache all day, but an hour of anxiety as usual over the newspapers, which should make one believe that every institution is on the eve of change—and a canto of Dante—and a spell at "Through one Administration," with thankfulness that at least in England we are not yet on that level in politics which in America seems to be regarded as a right of the people's, "Being a democracy they may properly take a low tone."

The drive to Grasmere was unaltered of course in its larger features. But the tone of sacredness, the stillness, the retired look of sanctuary about Rydal, the purity and unprofanedness about Grasmere, the sense of reverence about Wordsworth lately dead, and still dwelling among the perfections of the place—which brooded over it 36 years ago, is gone. Villas endless, all nicely kept, coaches countless and all thronged, throngs afoot, dust over every wall and tree and leaf, thick dust of infinite wheels in the road—the look of "stare and flash by" over everything—spirits sank, the whole way along. Suddenly we were in Easedale and the peace and stillness and happy neglectedness, so to speak, over all. To Mr Fletcher's house for 4 weeks taken—very sweet and cool—Easedale House.

The following extract (Aug. 23) will show how great his activity was:—

Tuesday. All of us drove to Keswick—lunched on the lake. Arthur and Fred walked off for Wastdale—Little, Hugh and I up to Watendlath and over Armbeth Downs to Thirlmere, where the carriage with wife and girls met us and brought us back under a red sickle moon appearing at intervals above the fells on its way to setting, before the red glow had wholly died off the heights.

I got before the others among the Lodore woods, and went up a very steep place among rocks and roots. When the others reached it they felt certain that I could not have gone that way and turned back. I thridded the woods very high up and at last came out by a wall which had a sloping bank on the other side, and then a sudden fall which was clothed by bracken. Lighted on the slope all right, but slid onwards owing to its being so dry, and in a moment fell over the slope and rolled and was brought up by a sharp rock in my left hip. Rather hurt, and picked myself up thankful to find that I had not broken anything, limped along the top of the fall shouting to them, could get no answer, I suppose from the sound of the water, and then set off to walk to Watendlath, leaving a scrap of paper in a gate to say I had gone on. They came to the conclusion that I was still in the wood and that they must go back for me just when they saw this. I had three-quarters of an hour or more at Watendlath before they arrived—curious conversation with an old man, "Ay! ay! well! well!" on a rock, waiting. He thought Manchester had given double price for all the land it had bought for the water works, "one family, Jackson, staatesman, £70,000. Na, ye can't see top o' t' hill. It's aboot half way to Thirlmere going oop, and about half way of it doon back. Go straight, lay a line over top o' fell straight—and go by that—straight." We then walked happily over the tussocky and heathery moors, not easy walking, down to the King's Head, and so home, children all delightful, so fresh and interesting, and their sketches so very good.

On the 25th he says:—

Bishop of London and Mrs Temple to luncheon—we all walked up to Easedale Tarn and spent the afternoon in sunshine on the mounds and knolls and lake under the crags, in sight of Helvellyn—and tea'd in the hut.

We talked necessarily of many things. We fear the diminution of the incomes of the Bishops. Our own are scarcely likely to suffer. But it means in the long run, "To what class in society shall the Bishops belong?"—and the question is, can self-denying hard-working men affect most classes by being in the upper or in the lower classes themselves? and there is no doubt as to the answer. Men moving in the higher class affect that class, and the classes below with an immense leverage. My experience of society teaches me that from a lower standing, men (except men of real genius) have scarcely any effect upwards.

He was giving much thought to the subject which had lately been mooted in the *Guardian* and writes to the Dean of Windsor on the 27th in the same strain, adding:—

The higher set will have nothing to say to the upper middle if they can help it, and the clergy might as well be at once withdrawn from any possibility of affecting upper middle and upper, as has been so thoroughly done in Germany, where a small country squire never asks the Pfarrer to dine. This is what will be set in motion by reducing Bishops, and it will never stop till that is done. Tithes &c. all helping.

The question of the selling of ecclesiastical residences was also strongly in his mind; he says:—

Sep. 9. There is a new campaign opened now upon the Bishops. The *Guardian* and certain Churchmen will be content with nothing but dividing once more the dioceses of Rochester and Winchester. I am to have the Archdeaconry of Canterbury alone for my diocese, because I have too much to do, and Addington is to be sold, because I have two good houses to live, and receive, and work in. I am to be provided out of the proceeds, says Lord Midleton, with "a less expensive and more convenient residence in the Isle of Thanet," and of course (though that is not yet said) am to be largely mulcted. The Bishop of Winchester has written rather a weak letter neither holding to Farnham nor letting it go. Lord Midleton, as a Surrey man, says the other Palaces may be sold, but not Farnham, as "historic," just as Bishop of Durham says all others may but not Auckland. If my diocese *was* halved I should still want a suffragan,

and with a suffragan I can work it very well as it is. And if Addington is sold for any such reason, we shall soon see if Lord Midleton will not have before many years to provide himself with a less expensive and more convenient residence than Peper Harrow, for these headstrong men do not know that they are only guiding on the democracy to the houses and lands and revenues of their own order. And when they have (to assure the democracy that their own Conservatism is not narrow) sacrificed glebe, tithe and rank and all that it befits a rich and civilised land to provide for the clergy—who lay all out with a very different conception from their own of what the ends and duties of such property are—then they will be surprised to find that there is no class-right left defensible in England. The mass, if it takes away that property to the use of which responsibility is attached, will not leave in existence property to which no responsibility belongs. The clergy, in defending their station, will probably make no appeals to the selfishness of the landowner or to his fears—they will not think that right, very possibly, and the aristocracy will go on digging their own graves singing like Hamlet's sexton.

Sep. 11*th.* Henry Sidgwick, who from his boyhood has been a reader of all novels, and who possesses the most remarkable faculty of remembering the plots of all, told me a little while ago only, that the harder he worked the more fiction he required. He now says, "he is distinctly sorry that he has given novels so much attention and time—it is a new feeling with him, but he entirely regrets that he has been such a reader of novels in hours which he might have given to botany or geology or other occupation." He also says that in investigating spiritualism, he has never found one medium of the great number whom he has professionally paid whom he has the least reason to believe genuine.

On his way home he and my mother went to stay with the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr Harvey Goodwin, and then with the late Earl of Harewood[1]. The Archbishop writes:—

Sep. 15. We came by the "new" line over the noble valley of Dent and past Skipton. Dear Skipton with its sweet and holy memories of five years old, and fifteen, and eighteen! Could now just see the castle where I spent such magic hours with my old

[1] Died 1892.

aunt, over the abominable mills and railway sheds, and Christ Church, the very image of devotion, to which Christopher Sidgwick dedicated his all, grimy. But red Rumblesmoor was unchanged. Tiffy[1] and I *cried* at the turning of the first sod for a railway in the fields by the hill, and the fields are now extinct under railway buildings. Rylstone Fell and Embsay Crag and Eastby Fell, that sweet and graceful outlined trio still embrace the valley side towards Bolton. We again just glimpsed Riddlesden which used to stand out so old-world-like against the hillside, and where one used to drive, even when I was a big stripling, 40 miles to Leeds through the sweet villages of Keighley and Bingley. The whole valley from end to end is spoiled, enslaved, dejected. It was the very home and spring of fresh air and water, and now it is a sewer of smoke, with a mantling ditch. What is this strange law by which nature's gifts in the process of their conversion to man's uses defile and degrade the places of their transition? Is it a kind of death through which things have to pass to their resurrection, or is it finally a death—and are the products for luxury only ghosts? I declare I do not know.

Came on driving from Leeds seven miles upward to Harewood House. The front being familiar to me in my big storehouse of pictures, but I never was in the house. Much that is fine.

On the 16th he visited Mr Lane-Fox at Bramham, which had a special interest for him as having been laid out by Robert Benson, Lord Bingley. He writes:—

Sep. 16. Lord H. sent Minnie, Priscilla[2], and me to Bramham. It was most strange to me at this age to walk about the place of which I used to dream such strange dreams as a boy of 14. The gardens are much beyond what I have ever seen. The high, perfectly smooth beech hedges 14 or 15 feet high—like walls, and the beautiful beeches overhanging them in arches at the ends are really exquisite. They almost make you *see* the Queen Anne and Georgian figures walking mincingly up and down. There is a strange chapel in which service was still held not so long ago, with the statue of Robert Benson and his daughter Harriet's monument who married the first Lane Fox. The house is too ghastly and

[1] Matilda Sidgwick, now Mrs Drury, his cousin.

[2] Priscilla Wordsworth, daughter of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, and wife of Dr Percy Steedman, formerly of Harewood, now of Oxford.

dreadful a ruin, it was badly built and the fire utterly destroyed all but the outside walls, two fantastic pillars in front of the court-yard are surmounted by the familiar bears with the trefoils and bendlets on the shields they lean on. These are spirited beasts and all shows that Robert B. was a man of taste as well as wealth—and the world seems rather inclining back to that particular school of taste.

I told Mr Fox the story my grandmother told me of Robert Benson's investments in the South Sea Scheme, and his selling out *before* Sir John Blount, having bribed his valet to let him know when Sir John was on the point of doing so, and he was interested and amused, having never heard it. He is a very fine, very tall and handsome man, with reddish skin, white hair, and whiskers, at over 75 years old—very ready and very cordial and frank. Has fitted up a small house in the village and makes himself and his friends very comfortable there[1].

At the end of September my father and mother went to stay with Lord and Lady Rayleigh at Terling Place in Essex. He writes:—

Sep. 24. Terling. On Friday we had an interesting hour or so in the Laboratory—not to compare though with my father's laboratory 45 years ago. Lord Rayleigh is experimenting on the weighing of hydrogen. And his long series of tubes, series after series, with his quicksilver "valves," modes of exhausting air from receivers, and of charging the same receivers with hydrogen, to be weighed before and after, were ingenious and I hope on the eve of being successful. He has a very fine full brow, fine nose, quiet penetrating watchful eyes, thin hair, stooped head, and that beautiful, still, patient yet expectant manner which belong to the really self-renouncing and scientific chemist. My father kept recurring to me all the time.

He showed us also the most pretty experiments of a sensitive flame—not only violently agitated by a sibilant, and dancing to the jingle of my keys, but perfectly sensitive to a machine-made note, the highest which can be produced, finer and more delicate than the shriek of a bat.

Gerry Liddell here too singing marvellously with the most

[1] This typical country gentleman of the old school died at the age of 80 in Nov. 1896.

wonderful imitations of persons and things, and producing with her lips and teeth undistinguishable imitations of a violin—quite undistinguishable.

The second boy has the most beautiful yet anxious look—full of intelligence and full of desire.

On the 3rd of October he went to Wolverhampton for the Church Congress.

He had a magnificent reception; he writes in Diary:—

October 3. Wolverhampton. To the Church Congress at Wolverhampton (Mayor met at station). The streets were filled with an enormous crowd, mostly working people. They were sympathetic and more than respectfully still. There were the characteristic little children and babes in arms which marked the crowds at the Jubilee. The Chief Constable pointed out to me how the police had nothing to do—so great a growth he said in self-respect—even to keep the lines for the procession. In *these* ways England is gaining, and in 50 years more *either* the crowd will be all with us, or we shall have ceased to be able to move thus in public at all. The procession with the banners, the municipal dignities, staff, crozier, etc., and the great body of Clergy with singers and instruments were really symbolic. Most impressive Church—Bishop of Durham's sermon not short of grand, but there was something of prescribing to us, in our foreign relation as a Church, things which have been already begun and waked. But both in language and tone, in courage and hope, it was truly fine and inspiring.

The Dissenters presented an address at the Town Hall. It was framed in a tone of equality, and, as regards spiritual things, of patronage of the Church's work. I thought this showed more uneasiness at their present position than I have known them to exhibit before. But the tale of every sect shows that they have reason for uneasiness now. The Bishop of Lichfield replied admirably—shrewdly and with tact.

This morning (Tuesday) his address was beyond praise. It dealt boldly with all the really burning questions, avoiding those which are virtually "burnt out," as he says, or else they are "crackling rather than burning." He amused them by saying that a sceptic was not now regarded by us as a criminal but as an invalid. He read one of Julian's letters—on the Confiscation of

Christian Church's goods, as a most happy parallel to the usual language of the Liberation Society. It was perhaps rather a pity that he observed that we "might want deliverance from parliamentary, as we had obtained it from papal, governance." It might be really misunderstood; but he quite carried people away when he said that—at the bottom of the troubles of our day lay the fact that Ephraim "*envied*" Judah, and he feared that Judah sometimes "*vexed*" Ephraim.

There was an extraordinary body of people in the Drill Hall—near 3000. Wife writes that the *Times* contracts what I expanded and expands what I contracted—had to say a few words again to-day. The Congress rose to its feet when I came forward—may future Archbishops be worthy of an office still so regarded, and may the present one not lose them the regard meantime.

Came on to Westcott's, meeting Fred at Cambridge, to see a second son into his rooms and his College—39 years, I think, as near as possible to the day since I came in such awe and such doubt to begin the same life. The secularised Colleges are not to me even in aspect the same sacred homes that they were. Their increased showiness seems to remove some out of their claim to veneration. The clipping of the gowns into jackets (for they are no more than that for the undergraduates) fills the streets with figures almost comic in place of the old grave look, and emblematizes the loss of dignity and self-respect which comes to sacred Church homes when they become steps in worldly life only—one can scarcely look at Pembroke and think of Ridley and Andrewes.

Early Communion at St Luke's Church.

On October 7th he writes:—

I have just been reading Champion[1] on Socialism. He contrasts the Lord's "Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," with the "Primate's £15,000 a year and two palaces," and his recommending to the East End poor "the alleviation of spiritual consolations." Of course I never did in that bald sort of way, though Headlam's *Church Reformer* chose to say so years ago, but if I had—Are not the words a poor paraphrase simply of Christ's saying? And if they

[1] H. H. Champion, at a later period Labour Candidate for South Aberdeen.

only knew what a small fraction of either money or space goes for anything except to provide work and possibilities of work!

So Henson at the Congress held it a mark of saintliness in Aidan that he would not ride, because he was the Apostle of Christ, apparently in some sort of contrast with us—and perhaps it may have been. But what would St Aidan have done if he had had to attend four Committees in a morning in London? It would not have been very saintly, but very agreeable, to cut them because he would not ride to them.

I have been reading Oldcastle on the saintliness of Leo XIII., much exemplified in the fact that he rises at six and after a busy day "retires to his apartment at 9.30." About eight hours' rest, and may his sleep be sweet, sweet old man! But it is no particular saintliness to be called at 6.30, get up between that and 7, according to the hour the night before, and after a day of exceedingly hard work, with *ten* minutes' sleep sometime on most days, go to bed at a quarter to 1 a.m. This I have been obliged to do now for 11 months of the year for many years, not only here but at Truro —and am not so far the worse for it. God keep us both from selfishness, and our enemies from slander—our enemies from believing falsities, and us from contradicting them. Make me to know, O my own Master, that to Thee I stand or fall, but grant me to commit myself in trust to Thee—make me stand to Thee, and answer Thou for me.

Oct. 11*th.* I have taken to translating Secretae and other Collects for my dressing hour in a morning. One can walk about and think and turn them every way. Years and years ago I remember Tennyson's saying there was no exercise in English tongue to compare with translating Collects. The Leonian Sacramentary is a far more spiritual body of prayer than the Gelasian—and infinitely more so than the Gregorian. By the time of the latter I am afraid that the "Sacrifice" has come very often to be limited to those of the Elements. The Gelasian is not free from this—but a touch in the English is often sufficient to restore the "sancta," the "Manus," the "Sacrificium" to its full sense of the believer's whole self with his Lord's perfect Self-Dedication. The early Services had certainly one thread. The 18th day after Pentecost (18 Sunday after Trinity) has for instance the "Deliverance from sin" (diabolica contagia) kept quite plainly in its second collect and Secreta and Post-Communion. And I am much mistaken if, in the disjointing and repatching which has gone on, these have

not been parted from their proper Epistle and Gospel on the same subject, those now attached to the 19th Sunday. They give a happy savour to the days.

On Oct. 16th he writes:—

Much struck with Mr Pelly's observation that there is nothing more needed than a Lay Office Book for Emigrants—a book not to be a substitute for or hindrance to the Prayer Book, but a book which shall enable good laymen of the Church to hold services which shall hold our people together in the wildernesses of the Colonies, and to attract others to them, and to raise up a spirit which shall as soon as possible make them effect an establishment of means of grace and a resident ministry among themselves. This I take to be the meaning of his short remark and I have sketched a plan of it to-day. I must endeavour to work this out. I feel the immense possible import of it.

On the 3rd of November the Cathedral Church of St Mary's, Truro, was consecrated. It was the material fulfilment of the Archbishop's most poetical dream. His own translation of "Urbs beata" was sung—singularly appropriate when his own "peaceful vision, dim-descried" had been thus fulfilled. My father preached on "In due season we shall reap if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9). He writes in his Diary:—

Nov. 3rd. Truro Cathedral consecrated; hopeless to describe after the manner of describers. The building far finer and purer than we ever dared to hope, and finished to two first bays of nave up to triforium. The Southern Rose, built by Wellington boys, gave me intense pleasure. When I was a boy, and through my undergraduateship and onward, whenever I was at Service in any Cathedral, I used to pray vehemently that God "would bring back the holy and great spirit to England which had in its time raised this Cathedral." I felt that the Cathedral represented a power which had been suffered to fade away. "Restore that spirit" was a prayer for many things. Few things have I to be more thankful for than to see it "restored to us."

It has been very interesting to arrange the Service with the blessed Bishop on better principles than of late, and old conversations now 39 years and 34 years ago with Christopher

THE CHOIR, TRURO CATHEDRAL.

From a photograph by Argall, Truro.

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Sidgwick have been useful to me. He used to doubt whether the old Service consecrated anything. It only prayed for people in the future. I have ventured to believe that the Author and Blesser and Giver of our material things knows how to, and can, and does bless *them*. "*Bless this Corner Stone*," we prayed when we laid the foundation—and now "We Consecrate *this* place—Hallow *these things*." God's Blessing has rested on this faith.

The Cathedral has sprung to its perfect power and beauty, its magnificence of fittings and splendour of vessels out of a soil dry, cold, and unwilling to bear it.

Every day that week the Cathedral was crammed with the ordinary parishioners of every deanery—each (or each two) had its Services appointed—on the Friday I saw it *crowded* with the people from the two extreme deaneries, Penarth and Stratton. Powder[1] alone had 2000 tickets. Labourers, fishermen and wives, farmers who work with their own hands, *many* of them dissenters —*all* now talk of "our Cathedral," and are emulous in giving to it—and *such* a Catholic and religious and English Church!

There was a nice incident in the Consecration. Just as the Bishop was signing the sentence of consecration, Bishop of Salisbury whispered to me, "Shouldn't the Prince of Wales be asked to witness it?" I sent him to Bishop of Truro to suggest it, who sent him on to the Prince's dais. The Prince assented, but instead of waiting for the parchment to be brought up, instantly came down from his place and went up the Altar steps and signed it there on the little table set in front of the Altar—a real little bit of reverence.

The Bishop is perfect. His very spare frame and face, his deep olive complexion and tight drawn skin, close jet black hair, compressed lips, and deep, restrained, tender, devout eyes, are a very portrait of a believer and a Bishop.

Towards the end of the month he writes:—

The Bishop of Truro sent me two letters to read. One says, "At the Service in the Cathedral during the Benediction the great happiness came—our light seemed to come all at once, and I realised His Love and Forgiveness as I had never done before—such great joy, and a great part of the joy was that I

[1] The name of a Rural Deanery in the Truro Diocese.

realised at the same time that though troubles and doubts and temptations would come the peace would be there too."

Another from a poor working man says, "I cannot express to you what I felt in the Cathedral, Thursday, 3rd Nov. I was struck with my thoughts of the Heaven of Heavens to come. When the Attendants, Bishops and Canons with the host (N.B. the procession, not a wafer) entered the Cathedral, I thought to myself it was Heaven upon earth. I felt it good to be there. I was also there, wife and four daughters, the following morning. They may well sing, 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' Also the Archbishop of Canterbury chose as his text, 'In due season we shall reap if we faint not.' That is my object."

That is as it should be—as I always knew it would be. The Cornishman beginning to find peace in a Cathedral. He could not have done that five years since. And what a sweet place for him to find it in.

On Nov. 26th, he went to Cambridge to see the *Oedipus Rex* acted. He writes :—

Nov. 26. The representation was beautiful and accurate. The music expressive in the highest degree but too loud. There should be but two or three thin instruments. The words of the chorus were drowned deep. Iocasta was finely acted throughout, and the minor characters excellent, as in the University is matter of course. Oedipus swift and noisy till the last scene, in which his awful appearance actually seemed to impress himself and he rose immensely. It was with a real thrill, not soon recovered from, that I saw and heard him—and so say others. The Greek Play always was to me the finest form of human composition—and it has gained by this sight of it, not lost.

We had a discussion at the Lodge on the declaration of Miss Anderson and of Hallam Tennyson that as an aesthetic question—apart from the gloom of horror which hangs over a stage, of whose woes the audience is so momently conscious—the subject was too shocking to represent. "Bad taste!"—why it was in "good taste" in the land of "taste"—high, high above ours.

In Greece I think it could never have risen in this form. Oedipus was a terrible chapter of their Old Testament. Sophocles is ever for the ἄγραφοι νόμοι[1]. And there must have been need

[1] Unwritten laws.

enough for insisting then on ἔννομοι γάμοι[1] as the foundation of Society. This is, I think, why Sophocles makes Oedipus so proud and so careless of blood (not only the old man's, but κτείνω δὲ τοὺς ξύμπαντας[2] without a qualm of conscience), and Iocasta so utterly sceptical of revelation. Even *these*, even then, find an unconscious sin against natural laws of family intolerable, and maddening, and desperate.

The finest touch of Oedipus' fearful hardness is that—which Iocasta after all says—οὐδὲν γὰρ ἂν πράξαιμ' ἂν ὧν οὔ σοι φίλον[3]. He has not a word to say of her more insupportable share.

On Dec. 4th, he preached at the reopening of St Peter-at-Gowts, Lincoln. He wrote:—

Dec. 4. Went on the 3rd to Lincoln at the request of the working-men of the parish of St Peter-at-Gowts whose efforts have raised half of the £2000 which the enlargement of their Church has cost. Their good Vicar, Townsend, one of the first of my Scholae Cancellarii pupils, has found the rest. I tried to preach to *them* only and their faces preached to me. Dined and slept at the Bishop's, who asked the Chapter, breakfasted at the Deanery. At night came "the college" and next morning the Vicars. Every one I meet I know. And the meetings give me again the strong Lincolnshire breeze of steady *Life*. At 2.30, baptized the Chancellor's 5th babe in Remigius' basalt font; a large devout congregation did indeed Amen him into the Church—a large gathering too at the Communion which I celebrated at 8. The Bishop went to the Consecration of St Peter-at-Gowts at 8—in white cope—if he had a mitre he hid it. I saw him off.

From 3 to 4 went with him over the fine new palace—an odd phenomenon *if* the next step is disestablishment. His delight is to think how the wives of the simple Fen clergy will enjoy his drawing-room. He plans all for his clergy.

To Choir Service at 4—very happy. At 6.30, Evening Service, again 2000 people—they clearly enjoyed it. But the music was much too soft and the Dean's sermon much too hard.

The new Chapel at the Palace is rather striking. It ought to be considering that it is the destruction of the old pantry and

[1] Lawful marriages. [2] But I slay them all. *Oed. Tyr.* 813.
[3] Nothing will I do save at thy good pleasure. l. 862.

buttery and that the antient Bishop's solar, an almost unique one for glory, now forms the clerestory of the Chapel. But anything can be forgiven to this Bishop, so sweet and so manly. Thank God for the Lincoln time.

Dec. 18. Addington. Ordained 15 men—one of the most happy weeks we have ever had. Crowfoot gave the addresses in Chapel—two daily till Saturday evening, when I gave one. His were most spiritual in tone, clear in teaching, and exquisite in language—without a note. The men grew plainly in earnestness and freedom. Every evening we had a good talk round the table after dinner—one night Foreign Missions, another the Assyrian work, the third certain parochial matters.

I really believe that, as "prospects" in the Church look less prosperous, the men will multiply to whom it is a sacrifice to give up the world. One of these has deliberately sacrificed a great position in Manchester, and C—— a very large London practice.

The examination was held in October, so that the men are without any "conscious" anxiety at this time, and their growth, visible growth, in the calm and quiet of Ember week thus spent in the Chapel, in a sort of community life, and, I think, in the most potent retired beauty and space of the woods here, makes us feel what would be gained by us all if we could have anything like a real life of devotion for even fractions of our spinning days.

How thankful I am for Addington in its strong spiritual influences of rest in activity, its quiet and sweetness are everything to me and to these.

He spent the winter at Addington. He writes :—

Dec. 22. A fine cold ride with three children—and an excellent discussion with them on the technical skill of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. And much fast riding beside. The weather and soil exactly to the horses' tastes, and the stubble fields all open. If it were not for this free riding in this perfectly restful country, away from all villas and roads, I do not believe I could healthily carry on this work which lasts from 7 a.m. to 12.30 every night. And yet the amount of it is not so consuming of the brain as is the extraordinary variety of it. In one way or other every class and every country have to be touched and kept distinct in this office of the Church. It so happens that God gives me almost the liking for turning over the Church's

pages in this way. It will be very easy for my Lord to give me the signal when my work is done, for not a day could I get through but for Him, and I feel that a slight touch of His Hand would render it impossible. Only when it *is* done I pray that He may not have found me too absorbed in *it* and too little in Him—even though it is His. The only part that I really do not like is the legislative. It is well enough to draw out rules and laws, which could be well worked, and which are not "lunar" but have a due regard to human nature, but it is another thing in these delicate barks to shoot the roaring, mocking, querulous, fantastic, wilful rapids of the two Houses of Parliament. Nothing can live through them that is much more complete than a branchless log. Yet—yet—yet Deus providit—providet—providebit.

Dec. 24. I never can be possibly grateful enough for this quiet country home. The work being so hard, long, various and anxious as it is, the power is worth anything in the world of being able to ride out into mere lonely country, woods, copses, fields, sterile valleys, by-paths, lanes, ancient trees,—all the things and sights which God has made to refresh men and renew them, are mine for an hour and a half daily, and sometimes a little more. No railway station, no villas, no whistle even—no one to meet or see but the simplest people at the most rustic tasks. The conformation of ground which keeps the London smoke clear away, and which has led the railways down valleys lying so far apart and so far off this, leaving this untouched country in such an oblique angle of railroads, is a marvellous gift of God, and work early and late, or rather early to early, does not seem to hurt one at all so long as one has such air, such exercise, such sights. At Lambeth, in spite of all one can do to get exercise and refreshment, every day leaves one a little more and a little more depressed. Here, in spite of all one can do to give all time to work and to cram work into time, one gets stronger and more vigorous every day.

Dec. 25. The day when the Great King entered such a life of service—reproves one tenderly yet bitterly for making so much of one's work. How do I know but that the resenting of its galling by fretting, chafing, murmuring, is not the real secret why my Hugh dislikes and shrinks from work, and seems absolutely set on life's yielding him as much innocent (thank God!) "fun" as can be extracted from its hours. How do I know but that the grumbling at the pressure of sermons, of speeches,

on God's Holy work of different kinds, of correspondence on Church matters and clerical details (and I do express myself too freely on such matters, and on the faults of the clerical character as they *deploy* before me), may not be the cause of my not having the greatest of all joys? Have I myself to thank that *we* do less for God's service than many, many placed in positions where such service would be almost impossible to procure? I must do my work without all this speech of its cold and windy side. Do I ever speak of the side which is true delight to me? I promised, as a Deacon, I would do "*all* this, gladly and willingly." Have I done *very far* from "all this," and as *flatly*, as *sighingly*, as it could be done? "O help me against the enemy"—mine own self.

He rose to a somewhat more hopeful strain before the end of the year; in a letter to Professor Westcott the next day he wrote:—

If there were not an Old Year with its troubles and regrets and disappointments, there would be no new birth of new time from the Birth of Christ. The dying down of one's own spirit as well as of one's life seems essential. But you whose books are helping us so can hardly have patience with these smaller troubles. It is a help even to know that great troubles follow great thoughts as well as give promise of greater.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHURCHES OF THE EAST.

"*Qui sunt isti qui ut nubes volant, et quasi columbae ad fenestras suas?*" ISAIAH LX. 8.

THE year 1886 saw the actual beginning of a new development which the Archbishop had long pondered and desired. Mr Athelstan Riley, who sends me notes on the relations with the Eastern Churches, writes:—

I was introduced to your father in 1883 by Dr Magee, then Bishop of Peterborough, just before my journey to the Monasteries of Mount Athos. The Archbishop asked me to collect information for him and on my return took much interest in all the details of my visit to the great monastic settlement of the Greek Church. The following year he asked me to go to Persia and Kurdistan on a mission of enquiry into the condition and needs of the East-Syrian or Nestorian Church, an enquiry which resulted in the foundation of the present Assyrian Mission in 1886. From 1884 to within a few months of his death I was in constant communication with the Archbishop, either personally or by letter, on different matters relating to Eastern Christendom, or on work he had entrusted to me in connection therewith; I had, therefore, special opportunities of studying his attitude towards the Orientals. He was very much attracted by the Eastern Churches and took extraordinary pains and trouble over his communications with their Patriarchs and Bishops. The secret of this attraction lay, I think, in the position of these Churches, which appealed powerfully to his mind. What may be called in a special sense *ecclesiastical* subjects,—Church history and architecture, liturgies, ritual,—were his particular delight and study, and of these the East provides a lavish store. Again, the

splendour and vigour of the Eastern Churches in days gone by stirred his imagination whilst their present condition of oppression and weakness appealed to that chivalrous temper which always appeared to me a very marked characteristic of the Archbishop. Lastly, the antagonistic position of the Eastern Churches towards the Papacy undoubtedly weighed much with him.

This last point among others is brought out in the letter of congratulation written to the Metropolitan of Kieff in 1888 on the nine-hundredth anniversary of the conversion of Russia.

Edward, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, to our Brother greatly beloved in the Faith and Worship of the All Holy and Undivided Trinity, Platon, by Divine Providence the Most Reverend Metropolitan of Kieff and Galicia, Greeting in the Lord.

Intelligence having reached us of the approaching Festival at the City of Kieff the Great, we remembering the Commandment of the Blessed Apostle χαίρειν μετὰ χαιρόντων[1] embrace this opportunity of communicating to your Grace, and through your Grace to the Bishops and Clergy and Laity of the Church of Russia, our most sincere sympathy and good will.

Great festivities are commonly either religious or national. This celebration which you are holding is indeed in the first place religious. But it is also national in the highest way. It is a thankful recognition before God of the sacred fact that Russia owes all that she has as yet attained of power and dignity amongst the nations of Christendom, not merely to the sagacity of her rulers and the inborn strength of her peoples. You offer your thanksgivings to God because your branch of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, which you reverently link with the name of the Holy Apostle St Andrew, has been co-extensive with your nation, and because the Christian Faith through the agency of the illustrious St Vladimir[2], whose conversion you now commemorate, has illuminated your people through nine long centuries of History.

[1] To rejoice with those who rejoice.

[2] Vladimir, for some time a monster of cruelty and debauchery, a murderer and usurper, was converted, and baptised at Constantinople, and at the same time married Anne, the Byzantine princess. By an edict he ordered all his subjects to be baptised on a given day.

He goes on to explain that his desire to send a Bishop to represent the Church of England at the Festival could not be carried out on account of the Meeting of the Lambeth Conference.

We find therefore that it would not be fitting for one of their number who are assembled from all the parts of the world to quit this solemn gathering during its session. Thus, we are, much to our regret and disappointment, compelled to abandon our intention, and to convey by this present letter our humble and fraternal congratulations to your Grace and to the Church in which you worthily bear rule.

Our beloved brothers will rejoice in the announcement that we have communicated to you the felicitations and congratulations and the assurance of prayer on behalf of your rejoicing multitude in which we know that all will be of one heart and of one soul.

The Russian and the Anglican Church have common foes. Alike we have to guard our independence against the Papal aggressiveness which claims to subordinate all the Churches of Christ to the See of Rome. Alike we have to protect our flocks from teachers of new and strange doctrines adverse to that Holy Faith which was handed down to us by the Holy Apostles and Ancient Fathers of the Catholic Church. But the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, and by mutual sympathy and prayer that we may be one ἐν τοῖς δεσμοῖς τοῦ Εὐαγγελίου[1] we shall encourage each other, and promote the salvation of all men.

Praying therefore earnestly in the Spirit for the Unity of all men in the Faith of the Gospel laid down and expounded by the Oecumenical Councils of the Undivided Church of Christ, and in the living knowledge of the Son of God,

We ever remain,

Your Grace's most faithful and devoted

Servant and Brother in the Lord,

(signed) Edw. Cantuar.

Given at our Palace of Lambeth in London and sealed with our Archiepiscopal Seal on the fourteenth day of July in the year of our Salvation 1888.

[1] "In the bonds of the Gospel," Philem. 13.

Mr Riley says:—

The Archbishop's letter was a wholly unexpected courtesy from a Church of which the Russian Bishops knew next to nothing. It made a very great impression in Russia (as the following letter will show) and not only roused immediate interest in the Anglican Communion, but led to friendly ecclesiastical intercourse in spite of the unfortunate political relations between England and Russia.

Reply of the Metropolitan of Kieff.

To our Beloved Brother in Jesus Christ, Edward, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of Great Britain.

I, Platon, by the Grace of the Almighty, Metropolitan of Kieff and Galitz, wish you joy and happiness in the Lord.

I, in the first place, wish to present to you, my Beloved Brother in Christ, my most sincere thanks and likewise the same gratitude in the name of all the Russians present in Kieff on the occasion of the commemoration of the 900 years' Jubilee of the Baptism of the Russian Nation, for your amiable congratulations on the occasion of this festivity. Your words are particularly agreeable to us, as the expression of Christian love and faith, and the more to be appreciated, as no representative of the other Western Churches sent similar congratulations.

In the course of the letter the Metropolitan says:—

I quite agree that the Russian and English Churches have the same common enemies whom you mention in your epistle, and that we ought to strive together and mutually help each other. But to do this, it is absolutely necessary that our two Churches should have a more complete spiritual union. Our Holy Church sincerely desires this union and therefore at each of our Divine Services She implores our Divine Lord "to give peace to the whole world, to protect the Christian Confessions and to unite them all."

As you likèwise express in your epistle your desire to be united to us ἐν τοῖς δεσμοῖς τοῦ εὐαγγελίου[1], I beg you to explain and inform me under what conditions you find it possible to unite our Churches.

In communion with you, I faithfully implore the mercy of our

[1] "In the bonds of the Gospel," Philem. 13.

Divine Lord that He may incline all mankind to a religious union and the acknowledgement of the Son of God Almighty. And I, on my part, wish from all my soul that our Divine Lord may protect you in His mercy, as well as all England, and preserve you all in perfect prosperity.

With sentiments of profound respect,

I remain,

Your Grace's most devoted servant and brother in Christ.

KIEV, RUSSIA.
Sept. 14, 1888.

It will be readily seen how important was the question asked. The Archbishop prepared an outline of the reply he proposed to make which met with the approval of the Bishops' meeting before whom it was laid. The reply was finally despatched on March 5th, 1889. In the course of this letter he said:—

His Reverence (the Reverend Eugène Smirnoff, Chaplain to the Russian Embassy) also delivered to me at the same time a copy of the speech which His Excellency the Imperial Chief Procurator delivered before a vast assembly of Russian Churchmen expressing in warm terms that sense of Christian fellowship towards our English Church and Churchmen which animated the heart of the Leaders of Clergy and people in your Holy Church.

Your own expressions as well as those of M. Pobyedonostseff[1] call for the most lively recognition and for devout thankfulness. They assure us that we receive alike the common hope which inspires, and the unrighteous pretensions which would blight, the desire for true Catholic union among the world-dispersed members of Christ. That is a glorious vision whose fulfilment depends on the sincerity of believers and on their living unity with their one Head.

I confess that I was scarcely prepared to expect an enquiry so direct as you propose to me, and my whole heart goes out in answer to it, as if the consummation we long for must be nearer than we believed.

Your Holiness invites me to express to you "what are the conditions under which I find it possible to unite our Churches."

[1] Procurator-General of the Holy Synod.

In considering what answer I ought to return to this most important question—no question more important has been asked for centuries—I arrive at the conclusion that two things are essential to a real union:

1. First and above all, the drawing together of the hearts of the individuals composing the two Churches which would fain "be at one together."
2. Secondly, a more or less formal acceptance of each other's position with toleration for any points of difference: non-interference with each other upon any such points.

1. As to the first of these two conditions, among Christian worshippers it resolves itself into this question—Would the two Churches of Russia and of England be willing each to admit the Clergy and the Faithful Laity of the other, as individuals, to be partakers of the Holy Communion even as they allow their own children to partake of that Feast of Love upon their Lord's Sacrifice?

2. The second point would require much longer consideration: but if the first was acknowledged and acted upon, there would exist a basis of practical unity on which might be built the more formal structure.

Two questions seem to present themselves here:

(*a*) Would the two Churches mutually acknowledge the Historic verity and reality of each other's Holy Orders?

As a contribution to the settlement of this question from the English side, I shall do myself the honour shortly of consigning to your Holiness four Works[1] which will present in due form, with the necessary historical evidence, the proof of the authenticity and continuity of the Holy Orders of the Church of England. These works I commend to those Scholars and Divines of your Holiness' Communion who may not yet have given their attention to the subject. And I would ask your Holiness in return to communicate to us some authentic account of the corresponding history and evidences of the Church of Russia.

(*b*) With regard to the non-interference with such points of difference as are, however great their intrinsic importance, of less moment than the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Faith and thirst after the Righteousness of Christ, there is one which

[1] The books sent were (1) *Episcopal Succession in England* (Stubbs), (2) *Validity of English Orders* (Courayer), (3) *Apostolic Succession* (Haddan), (4) *Ordinationum Ecclesiae Anglicanae Defensio* (Bailey).

can scarcely be passed over in honesty, namely, The Procession of the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life. But we do not doubt that a formula of agreement on this question might be arrived at, drawn from the Fathers of the Church which are reverenced both by ourselves and the Eastern Church.

The consideration of the paragraphs numbered 2 (*a*), 2 (*b*) must necessarily be postponed for examination. It is not possible that your Holiness should give, or that I should expect, an immediate answer.

But if in the meantime the hearts of Christ's faithful people should be so drawn together that in scattered folds the Unity of the one Flock under one Shepherd should be acknowledged and acted upon in the admission of Faithful Members to Communion with one another and with Him, He would, we believe, in His time work out for us both spiritual and intellectual approaches.

I would therefore shortly outline an answer to your Holiness' enquiry by saying that I should understand that the first step would be the admission of religious believers to Holy Communion in either Church. And that the second step would be the serious consideration (taking abundant time for the purpose) of whether any impediments, disciplinary or doctrinal, exist, which still render necessary the formal separation in which for strange reasons we find ourselves placed.

In later years other opportunities of courteous recognition occurred, and the presence of Dr Mandell Creighton (then Bishop of Peterborough) on behalf of the English Church at the coronation of the Tzar in 1896, and the mission of Antonius, Archbishop of Finland, to represent the Church of Russia at the Queen's Jubilee in 1897 are the direct and most recent results of the Archbishop's policy of fostering good feeling between the Anglican Communion and Oriental Christendom in general and the Orthodox Church of the East in particular.

The Archbishop, writing to the Bishop of Winchester in 1896, says:—

I trust the personal intercourse of any bishop, so received, will help those good feelings to strengthen themselves, on which more may be built hereafter.

But undoubtedly the most important points otherwise in which the Archbishop was brought into connection with Eastern Christendom were with regard to the revival of the Jerusalem Bishopric and the mission to the oppressed Church of the Assyrian Christians.

The foundation of the Bishopric of Jerusalem in 1841 was due in part, it will be remembered, to a somewhat visionary scheme entertained by the Chevalier Bunsen, who thought the joint action of England and Germany in founding such a Bishopric might weld Protestants together as well as furnish a centre of enlightened Christianity in the East. By this scheme Germany was to provide half the income, the grant being made by the Crown from official sources, and England the other half—the English contributors being the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and private subscribers. In accordance with this agreement three Bishops had been successively appointed by alternate nomination of Germany and England. Bishop Barclay, the last of the three, died in 1881. By this time the combination with Germany was felt on all sides to be impracticable, and the complete lapse of the whole scheme was threatened.

It will have been noticed that even while my father was still at Cambridge he mentioned in a letter to Lightfoot (Jan. 22, 1849) that his thoughts had been turned in the direction of the East and especially of the Jerusalem Bishopric.

And further, Archbishop Tait, when he was dying, had, as the Bishop of Winchester tells me, committed the future of this Bishopric in an especial way to my father's thoughts and endeavours.

How deeply such a charge would move him, given from the deathbed of one whom he so loved and revered,—"a Prince and a great man," as he himself wrote,—may

well be imagined; all the more that he already reached out, not only with practical desires, but with keen historical imagination towards the East.

All this no doubt helped him when he felt bound to take, as Mr Riley says,

> A very decided line, unpopular with both parties in the Church for opposite reasons, but taken in steady pursuit of his policy towards the East.

The relations with Germany were not definitely brought to a close until some time after Bishop Barclay's death, as the following letter and an extract from my father's Diary will show:—

The Crown Princess of Prussia (Empress Frederic) to the Archbishop, on the Jerusalem Bishopric.

WIESBADEN,
Nov. 16th, 1883.

The Crown Princess of Germany and Prussia, Princess Royal, thanks the Archbishop most warmly for his letter, and rejoices to hear he has recovered from his late indisposition.

The Crown Princess had not heard the name of Dr Weitbrecht, nor does she know that others have been brought forward in connexion with the Bishopric of Jerusalem. The Crown Princess has however written to Berlin to the Crown Prince and quoted the Archbishop's words on this subject, in which she knows the Crown Prince takes a double interest ever since his visit to Jerusalem.

Tact and ability are indeed required in such a position, which must be a difficult one.

The Archbishop has no doubt heard from his Brother[1] all about the Celebration of the Luther Centenary and its great popularity in Germany. A whole "Luther" literature has sprung up, and many an interesting half-forgotten Historical incident been again brought to light.

July 29th, 1884. The Crown Prince Frederic of Germany said he was innocent of the delay as to the Jerusalem Bishopric—

[1] Christopher Benson of Wiesbaden.

would do his best to remove the disgrace of two years' vacancy. I said "The Jerusalem Bishop had been of little use, and never would be if they were to appoint people who could not travel—the main use of a Bishop there was to let me know how we stood with regard to, and how to approach, and how to answer the constant letters from Oriental Churches; a young and active man was the only kind of man from whom I could see any results attainable." He saw this—said so far there had been no gain to either Church, and that as for the production of a spirit of unity, the two Churches were as far off as ever. Which is true, but to suspend or alter the arrangement now would be an active touch of alienation. He is a very kingly sort of person.

Since Newman's time High Churchmen had viewed the Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem with the greatest dislike, as, on the one hand, an intrusion into the Orthodox Patriarchates, and, on the other, a compromising alliance with German Protestantism. Accordingly when, on Bishop Barclay's death, it became clear that the German authorities were disinclined to continue the original plan, High Churchmen generally were of opinion that it would be a good thing to allow the Bishopric to come to an end. Definite expression was given to this opinion by Dr Liddon, who, on his return from the East, had published his impressions of the situation. He bitterly complained of the action of the C. M. S. missionaries, alleging that under Bishop Gobat and Bishop Barclay they had carried on an open system of proselytism from the Greek Church with which it was obvious they were entirely out of sympathy. In 1886 Canon Liddon corresponded with the Archbishop on this subject. The Archbishop writes in his Diary:—

He (Liddon) wrote to tell me that the Greek Orthodox patriarch was very strong against a Jerusalem Bishopric of Anglican Church. The Bishop of Gibraltar says that this is not the case. That the Eastern Bishops generally hold Jerusalem to be a natural place for a Bishop to reside for us as well as for all other Churches. I replied that the German Government could

not at present, in spite of all my efforts, take the final step of severing their lot from ours in this ill-compacted Bishopric, and that till they had done so I could not tell what would be the actual position of our portion of the endowment, or of our right to appoint a Bishop. He writes gratefully back, and suggests that when the time comes, we should pay our endowment over to the Patriarch to enable him to improve his printing press, from which have already issued some creditable looking editions of Fathers; this would just help him with his next enterprise—a Chrysostom. Is such a man serious, or does he think I am?

Early in the next year he wrote again:—

Sunday, Feb. 6th. Canon Liddon and others had for some time past been moving quietly to oppose the appointment of another Bishop in Jerusalem. They now broke out into the newspapers. He has lost much by adopting newspaper correspondence as his method of attack.

He wrote to me congratulating me on Secessions to Rome having ceased in my Archiepiscopate, and absurdly attributing this to my understood Catholicity in this and other things, or meaning me to understand that he so accounted for it, and implying that they would begin again if I restored the Bishopric (of Jerusalem).

On Feb. 16th, 1887, an article appeared in the *Guardian* under the heading of "The Dead See." Two days later the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London, announced that the Bishopric was to be reconstituted. The announcement ran as follows:—

The Prussian Government has recently, with the full assent of the English Trustees, withdrawn from contributing to the support of an Anglican Bishop having his headquarters in Jerusalem.

The English fund has still to be applied to those necessary purposes for which it was subscribed—each of them more necessary now than ever.

1. The English congregations and schools in Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, Cyprus, and the region of the Red Sea, have greatly increased, and require regular Episcopal oversight.

2. The preaching of the Gospel to Jews, Arabs, and other

non-Christian inhabitants of those countries is a duty of the Church which much needs a Bishop's guidance.

3. It was an object with the founders of the fund to improve our relation to the Orthodox Churches of the East.

In illustration of this, Ch. I. Art. VII. of the Convention of 1841, and the commendatory letters, with Archbishop Howley's letter of the same year are quoted; and the document continues:—

Thus to make English proselytes of the members of those Churches, to make it the worldly interest of the poor to attach themselves to us, to draw away children against the wishes of their parents, is not after the spirit or usage of this foundation, although the liberty of enquiry and of conviction which exists in England is not intended to be diminished there.

The English Bishop has no territorial jurisdiction, and would be improperly called "Bishop of Jerusalem." He is entrusted with the spiritual oversight of the Chaplains and other ministers of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East.

It might, however, still have been subject to doubt whether, as a matter of comity or convenience, he should reside in Jerusalem or elsewhere, although religious feeling has made it customary for ages that Churches of both East and West should place in Jerusalem the residence of one of their chief officers, and English churchmen fully share this sentiment.

But the attitude and distinct judgment of the present Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem leaves this no matter of question. His Holiness has not only on various occasions expressed himself warmly towards our own Church, and shown our clergy particular marks of goodwill, but in a letter lately received expressed himself thus on the subject to the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

"We are moved by fervent desire to see nearer intercourse between the two Churches; that so every spiritual assault and activity against them of the evil one, who through new devices and false teachings seeks to swallow up all the Holy Churches, may be the more easily and effectively baffled and rendered fruitless.

"Accordingly, as we have formerly stated distinctly in conversation with many distinguished Englishmen, both clergy and laity, we consider it necessary that a Bishop of the Church of England,

possessed of the requisite qualifications, should be placed in this Holy City and not in Beyrout, assuring you that we shall receive him with much affection, and shall with all our power assist and support him in all his efforts and transactions."

It remains only to be added that the Church Missionary Society and the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews have each of them placed £300 a year at the disposal, for this purpose, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, to make up the deficit caused by the withdrawal of the Prussian fund, and make the income of the Bishop up to £1200 a year. But so much travelling will now be required, owing to the increase of English settlements, that a Bishop ought to have £1500 a year at least, and it is confidently hoped that the Churchmen of England will not shrink from securing this amount to the Bishop.

The Archbishop was at the same time anxious privately to set at rest fears on the subject; in a letter to Mr Riley he says:—

It should be pointed out that Archbishop Howley's provisions broke down through the German alliance—because of *their* appointment of a Bishop who violated the provisions[1].

This is entirely removed now.

The interval of five years will be a great help in its way.

On March 2nd the appointment of the Venerable G. F. Popham Blyth, late Archdeacon of Rangoon, was announced. Mr Riley adds:—

The High Church party was thrown into consternation on finding the reconstitution of the Bishopric thus an established fact, and Liddon, who felt the matter very keenly, took an active part in the preparation of a formal address to the Primate on the subject. That Liddon thoroughly mistrusted the Archbishop I am certain, and the Archbishop reciprocated the want of confidence. Both had the same object in view, the removal of the scandals in Palestine, and the promotion of good relations with the Patriarchs, tempered, in the Primate's case, by the conviction, always present with him, that it was his mission to keep the peace at home; but their methods were essentially different.

[1] Bishop Gobat who held the See from 1846 to 1879.

It must be remembered that the two men were by nature essentially dissimilar. To the eager practical temperament of the Archbishop the subtle metaphysical element in Canon Liddon's mind was wholly antagonistic; while to Liddon, who had welcomed the appointment of a decided High Churchman to the Primacy, it was no doubt a peculiar disappointment to find the new Archbishop instinctively opposed to the principles of the extreme High Church section, and preserving a scrupulous fairness and openness towards the representatives of all shades of opinion in the Church. In this case, on the one side Liddon was persuaded that the Archbishop had yielded the position to "the Puritans." On the other side, though the Archbishop showed great anxiety to quiet conscientious scruples, he could not stand at the bar of a party in the Church. The two subscribing societies had put the funds in a most generous way unconditionally at the disposal of the three prelates, "relying on their wisdom." What he desired was that the High Church party should show the same confidence. His principles of action were already known and did not lack expression in the appeal already put forth.

Mr Riley conveyed to the Archbishop the intention, and the scruples of the party which Canon Liddon represented, and received from him the following letter:—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
March 3rd, 1887.

MY DEAR RILEY,

Thank you very much.

A Memorial would not strengthen my hands. It would make things very difficult. Things will now go forward, and while the "policy" is thought and known to be my own I can carry it on—no one would expect me to do anything else.

But a Memorial would set people all watching to see whether I was being "managed" and things really mine would be at once

declared to be dictated. But all this would go, and hostility awake, and efforts be made in all directions, if I am supposed to be influenced. The true Memorial which they can make for me is before God. I trust they do. He will guide.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Mr Riley continues :—

The Archbishop further made me draw up a memorandum, part of which he dictated, on his policy in Palestine and the attitude he had sketched out for the new "Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem." By his directions the memorandum was submitted to several prominent High Church leaders, and it had considerable effect. It was too late, however, to prevent the publication of the address, as the Archbishop desired, and that document was presented in the course of the month.

This address, signed, amongst other influential persons, by thirteen deans, including Dean Church of St Paul's, six Heads of Houses, including the Warden of Keble[1] and Lord Selborne, expressed grave anxiety in that the C. M. S. was to contribute towards the Bishopric, although the memorialists went so far as to say, "We do not venture on the present occasion to express any opinion with regard to the decision to appoint a Bishop for this position. We are sincerely grateful that we can trace, in the deference expressed to the wish of the Patriarch, the same principles of action in regard to the Eastern Church which have been defined by your Grace in respect to the Mission to the Assyrian Churches."

These reflections do not however appear to have reassured the memorialists as much as might have been desired, for they concluded by asking that two conditions might definitely be stated :—

1. That the Patriarch be informed that the new Bishop's authority would be used to check proselytism.

2. That each appointment to the Bishopric should be conditional on the continued approval of the Orthodox See.

[1] Edward Talbot, now Bishop of Rochester.

The publication of this address, or protest, based, as the Archbishop considered, on utterly insufficient knowledge of the facts, and signed by some of his own best friends, who might easily have obtained better and more direct information, gave rise in his mind, as his private letters show, to feelings of great vexation. He wrote however, on March 19th, a perfectly temperate reply, addressed to the Warden of Keble (Talbot), who was one of his own Examining Chaplains. In the course of it he said :—

> Such a memorial as you sent me will of necessity attract attention, and may evoke various expressions of opinion, but none, I think, very discrepant with what is arranged.
>
> In the case of our Mission to the Assyrian Christians, I have some time since, as you are aware, stated simply the principles on which our work in relation to Christian Churches should be carried on in the East. Their authorities have cordially acknowledged these intentions, and they will not be departed from.
>
> I do not share the fears of the memorialists with regard to the work of the great Society which they mention. Perhaps acquaintance with details impossible to set out at length gives me this confidence. But I venture to believe it to be well grounded. The policy of such a society may fairly claim to be measured by what is really its own action and utterance, and not by scattered sentences drawn from the correspondence of one or two local agents, English or native. It must be considered, too, that the agents themselves have been compelled for some years past to work without central Episcopal guidance, and their position has been one of the strongest motives which lead the Society to desire that the Church shall provide such superintendence and to contribute so generously to the fund which, by its primary constitution, is in the absolute management of the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London. Anxiety that the work in Palestine shall be conducted in co-operation with the Patriarchs and Clergy of the Orthodox Churches of the East dates, however, from the beginning of that work.

Bishop Blyth was consecrated on Lady Day in the Chapel at Lambeth, and went out commended to the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem and Antioch.

To "Dionysius, the Most Holy Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, and Oecumenical Patriarch," the Archbishop wrote:—

We desire in the first place to express to Your Holiness, highly esteemed by us in Christ, our fraternal congratulations upon your elevation to the Throne of the Oecumenical Patriarchate, beseeching God the Father by the Mercy of Christ to endow Your Holiness with all the Graces of the Holy Spirit, that you may be a worthy Successor of our Fathers amongst the Saints, Gregory the Theologian and John the Golden-mouthed, for the feeding of the national flock of Christ committed to your care.

And now we would inform you, dearly-beloved Brother in the Lord, as we are in love and duty bound, that having received the assent and consent thereto of His Holiness Nicodemus, Patriarch of the Holy City Jerusalem, made known to us in a letter full of Charity and Zeal and Power addressed to our Humility by this our Brother in the Rule of the Church of God, we resolved, after due consultation and many prayers, to send forth to reside within His Holiness' Patriarchate and Diocese a Bishop of the Church of England to take and have the charge and oversight of the English Clergy and Congregations scattered throughout Palestine, Syria, parts of Asia Minor and Egypt, as also in the Island of Cyprus and in the regions about the Red Sea.

Then follows a careful account of the consecration of Bishop Blyth "by the Holy and Apostolic Rite of the imposition of hands, according to the due order of this Realm," and the Bishop is commended as:—

A man known in all our Churches for the integrity of his life and conversation, his proficiency in Divine knowledge, the discretion of his judgment, the lovingness of his spirit, and the assiduity of his labours in the Gospel of Christ.

It will be the desire and study of this our Brother, beloved in the Lord, in the first place to give living tokens by his conduct and conversation of that fraternal desire for union between the Orthodox Church of the East and the Church of England (mindful of Him Who maketh men to be of one mind in an house), which many faithful members in both Churches have so often

spoken of with yearning hearts, πόρρωθεν ἰδόντες καὶ ἀσπασάμενοι[1], and, secondly to afford, in requital of the kindness promised to us, so far as in him and in us lies, whatever help and support we may against encroaching Churches and aggressive organizations which under many names seek, some to swallow up and some to rend asunder the Flock—τὴν μίαν ποίμνην τοῦ καλοῦ ποιμένος[2]. We ourselves and the good Bishop alike, who is the Representative within the Patriarchate of Jerusalem of ourselves and of our Church, as also in the Dioceses of other Bishops in which he will visit our own people, will steadily reprove and discountenance all attempt at proselytism from the Orthodox Churches of the East.

Moreover we desire to communicate to Your Holiness that we have given to this our Brother a Charge, which he was himself forward to request should be laid down by authority, not to use any style or title of *Bishop of Jerusalem* or any insignia denoting territorial jurisdiction or authority in the East nor to employ any signature save his Christian name and patronymic with the designation of "Bishop" in addition, as having been admitted to that Holy Office which whoso exercises must be the servant of all.

Praying earnestly for the unity of all men in the Blessed Faith of the primitive Oecumenical Councils of the Undivided Church of Christ and in the living knowledge of the Son of God,

We ever remain,

Of Your Reverend Holiness, much esteemed by us, the most faithful and devoted servant and brother in Christ,

(signed) EDW. CANTUAR.

Given at our Palace of Lambeth in London and sealed with our Archiepiscopal Seal on the Festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of our Salvation 1887.

To "the Most Holy Patriarch of the Holy City of Jerusalem and all Palestine, Syria, Arabia beyond Jordan,

[1] Having seen them afar off, and welcomed them. Heb. xi. 13.

[2] The one flock of the Good Shepherd.

Cana in Galilee, and Holy Sion, Nicodemus," the Archbishop wrote, giving the same assurances with regard to proselytising, in answer to a communication from him:—

> Your Holiness...which is full of Charity and Zeal and Power, informing our Humility of your desire that a Bishop of the Church of England should take up his abode in your Holy City and See and not in Beyrout,

and announcing in similar form the coming of the Bishop:—

> We acknowledge with unfeigned thanks Your Holiness' cordial assurance "that you will receive him with much love, and with all your power will assist and support him in all his exertions and actions." He will on our part afford to Your Holiness what you desire of us, namely, whatever help or support we are capable of giving against encroaching Churches or other aggressive organizations whose purpose is to rend asunder and devour the Flock....
>
> We rejoice to hear of the many schools which Your Holiness is founding and hopes to found for the Christian children of your villages and hamlets, for their confirmation in the Faith, that they may stand fast and hold the same, according to that Scripture which saith ἀδελφοί, στήκετε καὶ κρατεῖτε τὰς παραδόσεις ἃς ἐδιδάχθητε[1] (2 Thes. ii. 15)....
>
> We cannot conclude our Letter without expressing to Your Blessedness our joyfulness of heart and gladness of spirit at the paternal reception accorded by Your Holiness to those Priests of our Church who, by the permission of Your Reverend Holiness, have enjoyed the privilege of celebrating the Divine Mysteries within the venerable walls of the great Central Church of Christendom, and to those of our people who, constrained by the love of Christ, have sought to tread those places hallowed by His Sacred footsteps, and prompted by a spirit of devotion to worship Him where by His Saving Passion He redeemed the world.

The third letter is addressed to "Gerasimus, the Most Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the Divine City Antioch, Syria, Arabia, Cilicia, Iberia, Mesopotamia, and all the

[1] Brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught.

East, Father of Fathers, Pastor of Pastors," and is written on the same lines.

Bishop Blyth was warmly received both by the Church and by the Turkish authorities on his arrival.

The Oecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury on April 30th, 1887, saying:—

> Since Your Reverence, in the spirit of Christian love and for the confirmation of the good relations which, from long past, bind together by the grace of God, the Prince of Peace, the Anglican Church with our own, further adds that the said Bishop will make it a first care to express, both in his life and work, the desire which fills the hearts of many excellent members of both the Churches, to see them fraternally joined in the unity of the Faith, and that he will disapprove of all endeavour after proselytising in the Orthodox Church of the East, we joyfully receive these good assurances dictated by the true spirit of the Christian faith....Wherefore also we now warmly receive the request of Your Reverence and...we hasten to commend the aforesaid Anglican Bishop to the Most Blessed and Holy Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Lord Nicodemus.

And the Patriarch of Constantinople wrote to Dean Hale on May 20th of the same year, saying of Bishop Blyth:—

> We have received him with all love commending him to our Metropolitan and representatives elsewhere,

and expressing his hope that "the good judgement, prudence, and many virtues of the Bishop shown during our brief intercourse" would put a stop to the proselytising evils which are "not harmonious with our desire to continue always in love and peace with the Anglican Church."

But a new difficulty had arisen. Mr Riley writes:—

> By this time the Low Churchmen had discovered that the new Bishop was likely to be opposed to their methods in Palestine and it was their turn to protest. Grave objections to contributing towards the Bishop's salary were raised in the C. M. S. and the *Record* suggested that Dr Blyth should resign.

But again the difficulties were for the time cleared away, and the Archbishop writing about this to Mr Riley (June 14th, 1887) says:—

> In all gravity and affection pray for God's present guidance in His Church—He is leading us on and "the way of the Kings of the East is being prepared."

There were many complicated and delicate problems to face; in later years again the clouds rolled up, and in 1891 at the request of the Lower House of Convocation, referred again from the Bishops to the Archbishop, the latter, with the Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham, whom he asked to assist him, made an enquiry into difficulties that had arisen between the English Bishop in Jerusalem and the Church Missionary Society.

But, as Mr Riley adds:—

> To discuss further the history of the revived Jerusalem Bishopric and in the light of the past eleven years to judge between the course advocated by Liddon and that adopted by the Archbishop, would be to touch too closely on controversies not yet closed. But this much may be said, that the uniform policy of Archbishop Benson towards the Eastern Churches has been maintained in Jerusalem by the Bishop who, to use the Archbishop's words, was his "Vicar or Representative," and by the clergy whom that prelate has attracted to assist him in a position of no small difficulty.

Indeed it would not be too much to go further and say that few if any of those who distrusted the Archbishop's principles or his power to bring about what he desired have not come to trust the line which he carried through firmly and independently, against many-sided opposition, yet not without regard to reverent scruples and conscientious fears.

If the above episode shows the Archbishop's line of policy in a question affecting an Oriental Church, and his handling of a scheme which he did not originate, and

which was attended by bitter opposition and circumstances of unexampled difficulty, it is as well to put side by side with it a movement which, though he did not originate it, he practically reorganised, and carried through without opposition, entirely on lines suggested and laid down by himself.

The Assyrian, or East Syrian Christians represent the Church of the old Persian Empire, whose Bishops were originally dependent on Antioch, and whose headquarters were at Seleucia (Ctesiphon) on the Tigris.

The origin of the Church is uncertain. East Syrian traditions attribute its foundation to two of the disciples of St Thomas the Apostle. These were St Mari, their first Bishop, and St Addai, whose names are coupled in the title of their liturgy, the latter, so tradition has it, being one of the seventy sent out by our Lord himself.

The East Syrians became from the sixth to the fourteenth century not only a great Missionary Church, but a learned Church. Among their daughter Churches we must probably count the Christians of St Thomas on the Malabar coast of India. A stone found in China records the coming of their missionaries ; Huns, Tartars and Bactrians heard their teaching ; their schools flourished at Bagdad, Edessa and Nisibis.

But in the fourteenth century they moved northwards, under the pressure of persecution and the fury of Tamerlane, until they took refuge in the mountains of Kurdistan and the plains of North-Western Persia, where they now live.

Thus the Assyrian Christians are subjects of both Turkey and Persia. In both countries they are surrounded by Mahomedans; but in Persia, in spite of oppressive laws, in spite of the difficulty a Christian has in obtaining justice, their lot is not intolerable. Christians are exempt from military service, being subject instead to a poll-tax:

the tax-collector of a Christian village is a Christian, ranking next in honour to the parish priest; and the conditions of life of even the poor of Persia is in some respects prosperous.

It is in the open mountainous districts of Turkey that the Christians are said "to exist rather than live." Those who, though under Turkish rule, inhabit the narrow valleys of the Kurdistan mountains, preserve a certain measure of tribal independence, and being rough and savage can to some extent protect themselves against the savagery of the Kurds. But the non-tribal Assyrians are, as it were, between the upper and nether mill-stone, ground down under Turkish rule; exposed to the raids of the Kurds against whom even their rulers cannot protect them.

As to their doctrinal position, though loosely called "Nestorians" it is a moot point how far they are "Nestorians" in the European sense of the word. My father more than once expressed his opinion that the heresy of Nestorius was to a great extent a question of language, and it is very uncertain whether the Assyrian Christians, or even Nestorius himself, ever professed what is now meant by "Nestorianism." Whether there was even a strong leaven of heresy among the Eastern Syrians is to be doubted, and most of their liturgical work is not only orthodox but in a great measure absolutely contradictory of "Nestorianism." On the other hand, though Nestorius, who was Patriarch of Constantinople, had no personal connection with the Eastern Syrians, it is a matter of history that they espoused his cause, holding that he had been unfairly condemned by the Council of Ephesus, and were on this account cut off from Communion with Catholic Christendom. They use also some very ambiguous if not unorthodox technical ex-

pressions about the Incarnation, and the language of some of their individual fathers is undoubtedly heretical.

The supreme ruler of the Assyrian Christians is Mar Shimun, their hereditary Patriarch. Since the fifteenth century the Patriarchate has been in the Shimun family, for though the Bishops of the Church are themselves unmarried, the Episcopate goes with certain families, and Bishops are destined to their office from boyhood.

Obscure and down-trodden as the Church now seems, Mar Shimun, in the little village of Qudshanis, "on the banks of the Pison, the river of Eden," ranked in virtue of his office as "Catholicos of the East" next to the five great Patriarchs of the Catholic Church.

Thus under diverse and alien rule, exposed to attack from fellow-subjects, benumbed by sordid poverty and ignorance, its learning dead, its activities shrunken, the Assyrian Church is yet alive.

Much will have been said in vain if it is not clear that the condition of such a Church, helplessly faithful, would appeal to my father. His strong historical sense, all his aesthetic admiration for Eastern ecclesiasticism and symbolism, his strong admiration for the estate from which it had fallen, would serve to strengthen his compassion for the human weakness, his reverence for the divine life in the fallen Church. The Assyrians appealed to him for help to preserve their existence as a national Church—he was eager to meet them, and, in the words he chose himself as a motto for the office, to "Build the old wastes and raise up the foundations of many generations."

Such aid as was demanded my father always felt it was especially the mission of the English Church to give.

In his primary Charge, *The Seven Gifts*, he says:—

> On the contrary[1] this Church of ours has long owned the

[1] In contradistinction, that is, to the "Mission of Absorption."

vocation, though she has been feeble and intermittent in her efforts, to maintain the energies of the more failing Churches of the East, and quietly to aid their own yearnings after more light, and restored discipline[1].

And again :—

To understand and educate such communities and preserve their primitive independence inviolate would seem to be the very office of the English Church above all others[2].

It was not the first time the Assyrian Church had appealed, but it was the first time they had met with so full a response.

In the sixteenth century there had been a schism in the Assyrian Church in Turkey under an Anti-Patriarch at Mosul. In 1778 the sect then formed won a certain measure of support by a submission to Rome, and became the Chaldean Uniat Church. Fifty years ago a Presbyterian Mission was established in Persia, and later a Latin Mission ; but the aim of these was not to instruct, support and revivify the Assyrian Church, but to proselytise. It will be seen that the temptation to yield to proselytism is great when one remembers that any connection with Europeans serves in a measure to protect from Mahomedan oppression. It was when threatened on the one side, persuaded on the other, that the Assyrian Church appealed to England.

The first appeal under pressure of persecution had come in 1837. Dr Badger was sent out—his presence for the time served to protect, but in 1843 he was withdrawn.

A piteous letter followed :—

My people have fallen into the hand of the enemy and there was none to help them ; the enemy saw them and laughed at their calamity. They pursued us in the mountains and in the wilderness did they lay wait for us....But because that God is plenteous in compassion and merciful...He so ordered it that

[1] *The Seven Gifts*, p. 214.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 216.

the presbyter George Badger and his colleagues should be in these parts to gather together such as had escaped the edge of the sword and to provide them with food and clothing. But now our calamity has increased, and the trouble of our heart has been doubled, since we heard that the brethren are thinking to recall the presbyter George Badger to your country....Is it not a small matter to such a nation to give one person to those who are in such need of his assistance?

In 1868 another appeal was made to Archbishop Tait in a letter written by three Assyrian Bishops, thirty-two priests and eleven deacons:—

We implore the Lord Jesus Christ and cast ourselves at your feet who are His disciples, beseeching you to compassionate the condition of our people who are wandering over our mountains like sheep without a shepherd, and send us some of your missionaries and preachers to guide us in the way of life; for verily we have all gone astray, each one following his own devices through our utter lack of pastors, instructors and counsellors... We are persecuted and have cried aloud for help, but no one has come to comfort us.

Archbishop Tait, in response to these applications from the East Syrians, sent out first the Rev. E. L. Cutts in 1876 to report to him, and then in 1881 the Rev. R. Wahl, who established himself for a time in Kurdistan and later at Urmi. In consequence of his not being a British subject, and for other reasons, difficulties arose, and Archbishop Benson asked Mr Athelstan Riley to undertake a journey of investigation in the autumn of 1884.

Mr Riley's experience confirmed all that has been said —that in the midst of poverty and ignorance, with temptation to apostasy, with inducements to become proselytes of other Churches, the Assyrian Christians showed a desperate faithfulness to the ancient Church of their nation:—

It was found that the people of a remote village in the midst of Mahomedans, were unable to speak their native Syriac....Yet each Sunday the priest summoned his flock to the little mud-

built Church. He could indeed read the Syriac Service-books, but did not properly understand them, and many of his congregation could not comprehend a word, but at intervals they would respond by ejaculating the Turkish words "Ya Allah" (O God)[1].

And again Mr Riley says of the non-tribal Assyrians:—

They are taxed up to starvation point; their houses are hardly fit for human habitation; men, women and children go about scarcely covered from the winter's cold by a few rags; and yet apostasy from Christianity, which would bring them instantaneous relief from their sufferings, is almost unknown.

I know no more touching sight than the interior of one of their poor Churches; the old priest clothed in a vestment of the meanest material, speaking hesitatingly the prayers that have come down from the cradle of Christianity, the poor villagers pressing forward to kiss a little common wooden cross....The monotonous chanting of the congregation conducted in low murmurs as if they were afraid of being heard outside[2].

Such appeals coming from a Church humbled, oppressed, almost despairing, "a broken Church, a temple in the dust," as he said, affected my father profoundly.

Mr Wahl was recalled in 1885, and the Archbishop determined to re-found the Mission on a permanent basis; in the following year he sent out the Rev. W. H. Browne and the Rev. A. J. Maclean (Canon of Cumbrae, and on his return from the Mission field, Dean of Argyll and the Isles) to organise a regular system of schools. As soon as the Archbishop had ascertained that Mr Maclean was willing to undertake the work of the Mission, he wrote him the following letter of practical counsel:—

LAMBETH PALACE.
July 20, 1885.

MY DEAR CANON MACLEAN,

It is most opposed to my idea of how the Mission ought to be worked that it should be looked on as calling for

[1] Annual Report, 1898, pp. 12, 13.

[2] Report on the foundation of the Archbishop's Mission to the Assyrian Church in 1886, by Athelstan Riley, M.A., p. 11.

rough life, *hard* riding and the like. A Missioner over-wrought, and not taking care of his health, strained and nervous, is I think even in England, a useless Missioner. I believe that a life of fierce battling with elements will not be the way to restore the Nestorian Church—you want to promote study, and to do some quiet teaching. As regards the *journey* thither I think it ought to be done in the quietest way possible. Their Clergy will never be taught and fitted to teach unless there is first a peaceful training of *them*.

We are in the Hands of God. I pray Him to guide us. I can scarcely think that the singular leading towards you is to come to nothing.

Yours sincerely always,

EDW: CANTUAR.

In June, 1886, the two clergy started. A farewell service was held in Lambeth Chapel, at which my father gave an address reminding the Missioners that those to whom they were going looked "on Augustine himself as a very young brother." He charged them to remember the greatness of the Mission with which they were entrusted:—

By all that is tender and faithful and true, a great function of Church towards Church is begun in us, and tenderness and faithfulness and truth must be the outcome of that grace to which you are not in vain commended, whatever the dispiritedness to which nature will tempt you at the constant association with untaught priests and Bishops, broken Churches, symbols and rites not understood, with Christian families deprived of many common privileges of mankind....There is no Mission like yours. It is emphatically *under the protection of the Comforter*, in the sweetest, homeliest way in which that Divine Name is understood. ...We place you under the protection of the Comforter to comfort them. We place you under the protection of the Comforter to strengthen them, and at the least you cannot but be a great sign of God's Love—God's Love to the old Eastern Church, God's Love to the Church of England.

It has been related how at the reading of the lesson for the day, during the breakfast which followed this service,

it was found—by one of those coincidences in which my father delighted—to be the story of the Assyrian emigrants in the cities of Samaria, who being devoured by lions, "because they knew not the manner of the God of the land," sent to entreat that a priest of God might dwell among them and teach them.

Mr Athelstan Riley had been charged by the Archbishop with the duty of taking out the Mission and presenting the Clergy to the Patriarch, the Catholicos of the East. They had bought from Mr Wahl his house in Urmi, and this was to become their chief centre. The Archbishop's instructions were (1) not in any way to draw the members of the old East Syrian Church away from their allegiance to their own ecclesiastical authority, and not in any way to Anglicanize them. (2) But on the other hand not to propagate or teach anything contrary to orthodox doctrines as defined by the General Councils.

In his parting address to the Missioners he described the nature of their mission:—

> Not touching questions of politics or of government, or of administration in the very slightest degree, not making one proselyte from Church to Church, nor preaching to those outside, to whom you are not sent; you have to infuse fresh life into that which is faint, courage into that which is afraid, knowledge into those who have but inaccurate rudiments, faith where everything on earth fights against faith.

In order to make everything quite regular, letters were written by the Archbishop to the Oecumenical Patriarch, and also to the Orthodox Patriarch of Antioch, to prevent any possible misconception. A letter was also written to the Catholicos of the Armenians at Etchmiadzin, to whom Mr Riley had been earlier commended, assuring him that no proselytism among Armenians was contemplated. The Archbishop directed the work to be carried on in co-operation with the East Syrian authorities.

The following is the official letter addressed to Mar Shimun, Patriarch of the Assyrian Church, announcing that the Archbishop was sending out two priests, as desired, to instruct the Assyrian Christians in the primitive faith :—

Edward, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan, to our well-beloved Brother in Christ Mar Shimun, Patriarch and Catholicos of the Eastern Regions, Supreme Ruler of the Ancient Church of the Chaldaeans, health, grace and blessing.

Nearly two years have now elapsed since the return of our well-beloved son in Christ Athelstan Riley from the journey we commissioned him to take, and since the receipt of the letter from Your Holiness to us, of which he was the bearer. We have spent the time in careful consideration of the means whereby we may best carry out those designs of assistance to Your ancient Church which we and our revered predecessors in this See have so long entertained, and in determining how we can best lay an enduring foundation for the mission of aid to our fellow Christians in Assyria. The Reverend Rudolph Wahl having been recalled we have chosen two learned and pious priests of our Church the Reverend Arthur John Maclean Canon of the Cathedral Church of Cumbrae and the Reverend William Henry Browne, both Masters of Arts of the University of Cambridge, and we have sent them to labour amongst Your people in the Name and in the Power of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have furthermore acquired buildings at Urmi and full permission from His Majesty the Shah for our mission to labour without hindrance amongst those of Your people who are dwellers in Persia. In addition to this station our priests will endeavour in the course of this year or the next, to establish a second either at Kochanes, Binter, Asheetha, or some other central place amongst Your Turkish dioceses. We have greatly at heart the education of those youths who will hereafter become bishops, priests and leaders of the people, and our mission will aim at gathering into a central school or college such persons as may in the future become spiritual guides and instructors of Your nation. We also concur in Your anxiety to have printed the ancient service-books of Your Church, and have sent with our mission a suitable copying-press for that purpose. We have written in our former letter and do now repeat with earnestness that nothing is more

contrary to our wishes than that any should be drawn away from the flock of Your Church into new and strange folds, and our object in sending this mission to Your country is so to strengthen and illuminate Your ancient Church that she may be enabled to withstand all hostile attacks and bring up her children in the True Faith of Christ and Life in Him.

We have commissioned our beloved son in Christ, Athelstan Riley, to conduct our mission priests to Your country and to present them to Your Holiness with this letter, and we shall await with anxiety the report which he will bring.

Commending Your Holiness and Your flock to the protection of Almighty God we wish You many healthful and happy days in this world, and the reward of Eternal Life in that which is to come.

And we remain always Your faithful Brother in Christ our Lord.

EDW: CANTUAR: (L.S.)

Given at our Palace at Lambeth in London under our hand and seal this second day of June in the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and Eighty-six.

In the letter to the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Archbishop writes that

Canon Curtis and the Reverend A. E. Brisco Owen are bringing the letter introducing to the Patriarch of Antioch two learned and pious priests of our Church who are going out for the purpose of assisting the poor and ignorant Assyrian Christians to better their religious condition, in answer to the many appeals for aid made to us by their ecclesiastical rulers.

Now as we have no direct means of communication with the Patriarch of Antioch and the bearers of this letter are unable to undertake the necessary journey in order to deliver the letter to His Holiness in person, we desire to solicit Your fraternal good offices in the transmission of the said letter to the Patriarchal Throne of Antioch, together with such information respecting our intentions as it may seem good to Your Holiness to acquire from the mouths of these trustworthy persons.

To the Patriarch of Antioch he says :—

We desire by this letter of ours to express in the first place,

our pleasure at the tidings which have come to us of the recent elevation to the Apostolic Throne of Antioch of a Pastor, the report of whose learning and piety has already reached our ears, and we invoke upon Your Holiness and upon the Flock committed to Your Charge the Blessing of the All Holy and Undivided Trinity, praying Him to make You in all respects a worthy successor of the Blessed Apostle Peter and of our Father amongst the Saints, Ignatius the Martyr.

After mentioning again the Mission of Canon Maclean and Mr Browne in response to the repeated requests of the Nestorians for spiritual aid and instruction he continues :—

Our object in sending out these two priests, of whose piety, learning and aptitude for the work entrusted to them we are well assured, is not to bring over these Christians to the Communion of the Church of England, nor to alter their ecclesiastical customs and traditions, nor to change any doctrines held by them which are not contrary to that Faith, which the Holy Spirit, speaking through the Oecumenical Councils of the Undivided Church of Christ, has taught as necessary to be believed by all Christians; but to encourage them in bettering their religious condition, and to strengthen an ancient Church, which, through ignorance from within and persecution from without, cannot any longer stand alone, but without some assistance must eventually succumb, though unwillingly, to the external organisations at work in its midst.

Following our instructions, these two priests will open schools and a college for persons designated for the Ministry, and, if possible, print and distribute amongst them such ancient service-books and theological works of their Church as are in accordance with the Faith delivered to the Saints.

Now, therefore, seeing that these Chaldaean or Assyrian Christians anciently formed a part of that Flock which Your Holiness' predecessors were set by the Head of the Church to feed and to guard, we, whilst answering to the cry of this afflicted people, "Come over and help us," desire that this work should receive the Benediction of Your Holiness, as well as our own to which we would fain ask Your Holiness to add with the prayers You offer before the Throne of Grace, a petition that these two pastors may be endued with the Spirit of Wisdom

and Understanding, the Spirit of Counsel and Ghostly Strength, and the Spirit of Knowledge, True Godliness and Holy Fear.

We conclude, expressing the sentiments of fraternal affection and esteem which we entertain towards Your person and office, and praying that Your reward may be in many souls gathered unto Christ.

And we remain always Your faithful bedesman and brother in Christ our God,

EDW: CANTUAR:

Given at our Palace at Lambeth in London, and sealed with our Archiepiscopal seal this first day of February in the Year of our Lord One thousand Eight hundred and Eighty-six.

In the same year a letter was sent to the Presiding Bishop of the American Church announcing the arrival of the new Missioners among the Nestorians.

In the course of this letter the Archbishop says:—

The people seem deeply thankful that our work among them is devoted to the strengthening of their own Church by the education of their boys and especially of those who are intended for the Priesthood. There is something inexpressibly painful in the thought that hitherto the diversities and differences between our Churches have been mainly impressed upon them. The Roman Catholics and the American Presbyterians are each trying to draw them into separate folds and so annihilate that antient Church. We shall not in the least attempt, or countenance any attempt, to draw individuals over to ourselves, but shall in every way seek to keep them within their own bounds and to revive the light which once was bright and strong among them. So far there is no appearance of unorthodoxy among them or of giving any but an orthodox sense to Scripture....I felt sure from the interest that so many of our brethren have expressed beyond the sea, that you would gladly hear that our mission has been really begun and will, to all appearance, be well supported.

The commendatory letters were well received. The Patriarch of Antioch wrote:—

We were moved in our inmost heart and rejoiced in spirit

when...the most holy Archbishop of Canterbury...transmitted to us the fraternal letters...wherein your honoured Highness addresses expressions of congratulation to us in joyfulness of soul and heart upon the proclamation of our Mediocrity....These things and the other manifold grace of the Spirit of the Gospel abounding in your fraternal Epistle which clearly bears witness of a soul dear to God,...and above all the great regard of your Holiness for the venerable Orthodox Church of Christ amongst us, disposed us most favourably, and created a certain unspeakable affection towards you in our soul....In the next place we praise the good work you have done on behalf of the unjustly suffering Christians in Persia and Kurdistan, and we heartily bless the two distinguished Priests of the English Church who have undertaken this Ministry.

When the Missionaries arrived at Urmi they met the Bishop and about two hundred of his people who had come out to receive them. From here they crossed into Turkey, and when they were within a six hours' journey of Qudshanis they were met by the Patriarch Mar Shimun.

The news of their coming had reached the only learned man who was left in the Assyrian Church, the hermit Rabban Yonan, the one man who could multiply their Service-books, for he wrote them out with his own hand. He lived in a little cell near the Church, but his reputation of saintliness and learning had, as Mr Riley says, "spread far beyond the limits of his own Church." The beauty of his smile had been spoken of, and a photograph, much valued by my father, shows him in his cell, clasping a Cross in his arms, with a face of singular sweetness and devotion. He had longed for the coming of the Missioners. "I am old and alone," he had said in 1884; "what can I do?"

This man now met them an hour away from the city, fell on their necks and embraced them, and taking his staff went before them to Qudshanis.

It was but three weeks after he had looked on the

beginning of the longed-for revival, that the "Apostles" from England followed the Rabban Yonan to his grave.

As soon as the Missioners had reached the scene of action the Archbishop wrote them a long letter advising extreme caution; he earnestly begged that they would avoid any course of action which could possibly be misinterpreted as having a political bearing; the danger in view was that the Russians might be jealous of any supposed attempts to give England a predominating influence in a Turkish province:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Nov. 15, 1886.

MY DEAR CANON MACLEAN,

Let me first assure you and Mr Browne of the anxious and rejoicing thoughts which I cherish about you, and the work which you have begun so well, and the prospect (although it is not all bright) that lies before you. I often utter an ejaculatory prayer for all this, and daily when I wake one of the very first petitions which I offer in the dark is for the Assyrian Missioners. I only tell you this because I know, when one is nearly alone, how the certainty of mutual communion in His Presence, Who is watching, and knowing, and ruling all, is helpful. You do not cease to pray for the manifold energies of the Church here.....

I have written a long despatch to Lord Iddesleigh[1], explaining again that there is not the slightest political bias in yourselves or in the Committee, that our aim is purely religious, that the Foreign Office has nothing to do with your work, that your work will certainly make the people better subjects to their rulers whoever they are.

It *may be* that you will have to look rather to helping them through natives than by your personal work (I think not). You must avoid demonstrations and not let the Chaldeans show any *excessive* delight in you as Englishmen. You will court the presence of any Russians and let them see what you do and hear from yourselves an account of your principles as non-politicians, and how the English Government have shown no interest in you

[1] Then Foreign Secretary. He died suddenly in the ante-room of the Prime Minister's House, 10, Downing Street, 12th Jan., 1887.

or your work, and have only forwarded you as travellers. You must not bate a particle of your *rights* to reside in Turkey, and exercise all freedom which the treaties allow as to buying and possessing house or land. Rights must be duly used, but I hope that as a rule you will hold no conversations with anyone on Russia or on England. I pray God to have you in His holy keeping for Jesus Christ's sake.

Your faithful and affectionate friend and pastor,

EDW. CANTUAR.

I think Riley holds that the presence of an Englishman in the hills would prevent Mar Shimun from being oppressed, to a great extent.

The outlines of the scheme and its practical working we can touch upon but briefly.

The first object was to establish schools among the Assyrians, particularly for the instruction of those who were to become priests and deacons. In Urmi, an upper school for priests and deacons and a lower school for students under 17 were first established. To the lower school, or High School for boys, came some of the little Bishops designate,—Natar Kursi, or Nazarites, as they are called.

Since then other schools have been added at Superghan, Ardishai and across the Turkish frontier.

An important addition to the effective power of these schools follows from the fact that the instruction thus given is passed on. During that time of the year when the agricultural work needs more hands the scholars go home, and those who are fitted to do so conduct schools in their villages. There are now 104 of these schools, and the net cost of each is only £4 a year.

In 1890 the Mission determined on a new venture. Education for the boys had been established on a solid basis—but nothing had been done to provide education for the women. The Sisterhood of Bethany sent out two of

their Sisters in 1890 who established a girls' school at Urmi.

The difficulties in the education of girls were in some ways great, as they marry very young, but there was much desire for it. "All the little girls we meet ask to come to our school," the Sisters wrote in 1891. But the Sisters' work was educational in the largest sense—discipline, cleanliness, knowledge of household matters, kindness to animals, were not neglected in the bringing up of the children. Nor was the educational work of the Sisters limited to their work with the little girls in the Urmi school. Some village schools were established, and the Sisters travelled about to the villages making acquaintance with the women, teaching them, doctoring them.

It is a matter of great regret that for the present the work of the Sisters has had to be given up.

As a help to preserving the national character even of the schools it was early decided that all scholars must continue to wear the national dress, or as the literal translation of the "Canons" of the schools runs, "that they may not put on the clothes of Frangistan (Europe) in the yards of the apostles."

The other great point of the work as it was first established was the printing of the Service-books. Before, as has been said, they were multiplied by manuscript copying, and there were few to be had. A convenient power, possibly created by the necessity, was observed in the children, that they could read or look at pictures equally well right way up, sideways, or upside down. Thus a small congregation grouping itself round a Service-book could to some extent respond. Nevertheless the lack of books was a serious bar in the way of instruction.

The Mission printing press was set at work not without many difficulties, but these surmounted, the publications

have been interesting and valuable, not only in printing the Daily Offices, catechisms, grammars and books for the schools, but the very ancient Liturgies of the Assyrian Church[1].

Of these the *Liturgy of the Apostles* (of St Addai and St Mari) is in all probability the oldest extant Liturgy now in use in the world, as from internal evidence its date must be earlier than the Council of Ephesus[2].

There is added to this a Litany of a later date, in which Diodorus, Theodore and Nestorius are commemorated[3]. A third is attributed, but on doubtful authority, to Nestorius himself. Another Liturgy, ascribed to Theodore of Mopsuestia, dates possibly from the fourth century.

But actual educational work and the direction of the printing press do not sum up the result of the Mission. The "Apostles," as they are called, travel about preaching; respected, as Europeans are, for honesty and uprightness in the midst of a quarrelsome Eastern Nation, they not unfrequently have disputes, both temporal and ecclesiastical, referred to them for informal arbitration. Moreover the very presence of a European has, as the Archbishop had good reason to hope, been to some extent a protection to the native Christians.

With the Persian Government they have been on particularly cordial terms. In Jan. 1891 the Archbishop, writing to the Dean of Windsor, says:—

I am glad you think we shall have the £500 from the S.P.C.K. With it we could do what the Consul General tells Lord Salisbury he hopes we may be able to do—open *more*

[1] Before the latter books were printed Canon Bright examined them in a translation, and discussed several passages which the Missionaries referred to him for his opinion, but found no heretical doctrines in them, though the names of certain heresiarchs commemorated in them had to be omitted.

[2] Many of these facts were supplied by Miss Payne Smith (Mrs Margoliouth) who gave much help in the translation of the Liturgies.

[3] These names are not printed in the Mission Edition.

village schools....The Shah's son, "the Wali Ahd[1]," who is Governor of the district, has visited our schools at Urmi and is much pleased. He says "we are making good subjects."

The following is an interesting letter about the paramount duty of preaching and teaching Truth among Orientals.

LAMBETH PALACE, 1888.

DEAR CANON MACLEAN,

I want to add to what Mr Baynes has expressed for me that it seems to me that in educating the Assyrian the first point of all to be made with him is *Truth*, Veracity. Until this is successfully grafted into the soul of the nation, nothing will bear true fruit—that is a long way off. But if we could only make it a characteristic of *our* Christians! There is no reason to suppose that there is any nation (which now possesses it) which has not *learnt* this virtue and one remembers that it *was* once characteristic of the Persians. The Greeks admired but did not imitate.

Their *word*, their honour ought to be encouraged in every way —their word often taken when it is doubtful (which you remember was Arnold's successful discipline when the tone of boys to masters in all public schools was at the lowest ebb in this respect. It was then quite lawful to tell a lie to a master in the school by Code—and that is now quite gone).

In the Bible the slow or swift following judgments on untruth, the noble words about Truth, the classification of the maker and lover of a lie in the Revelation, and all manner of such things should be pointed out among the lessons of the Faith. I hope the mission will quite agonize about this. They never can rise without it to anything we wish.

May God bless most the faith, patience, wisdom, with which He makes you to work—a great benediction on you all and each.

Yours ever sincerely,

EDW. CANTUAR.

With reference to the Archbishop's whole attitude to the Mission, Canon Maclean says:—

It was not generally realised, except by ourselves and those in England who had most to do with this Mission, how unsparingly

[1] "Heir Apparent"—the present Shah of Persia.

the Archbishop gave himself up even to the details of the work, which he had truly at heart. His frequent letters were a great encouragement to the missionaries, who felt that they could always refer any difficulty direct to his Grace and be sure of patient and sympathetic attention.

From time to time there had been much cause for anxiety about the finances; the work constantly outgrowing the income. Here too the Archbishop's labours were untiring.

One great point the Archbishop made was to leave us missionaries as free a hand as possible. He laid down the general principles and left us to carry out the details. Yet if we referred any detail to him, he was always ready to attend to it, however small it might be.

As the Mission grew the Archbishop laid great stress on the *united* action of the Missionaries; for this reason he desired us to have frequent meetings for consultation, and laid down the principle that in all departments of the work the opinion of the majority should prevail. The Archbishop's personal kindness to each of us is a thing we can never forget.

The Quarterly Paper of the Assyrian Mission for Jan. 1897 (No. 26) says:—

Not, perhaps, the Church generally, but only those brought into close connexion with him, can realise the great love the Archbishop felt for the Mission, and his tender sympathy for the Assyrians. Few know how much space the *work* occupied in his thoughts. He was, though not the inaugurator of the Mission, yet the one who placed it on its present basis.

One may add to this what can hardly be known except to near friends and to those of his own family—the intense interest which he took even in all minor matters of the Mission—the eagerness with which he read the letters when they came—the pleasure with which he read them to his children or to friends—his memory and quotation of a phrase which had touched him—as when the Patriarch, writing of his thankfulness for the Mission, pathetically said of the Church, "Once they were as a fortress, now they are like a field covered with great stones."

The Magazine, when it was first started at his desire, was edited entirely under his own supervision; he had not of course time to make selections from letters and reports himself, but he looked over or had read to him all that was to be inserted. In all the details that were sent to him he had a vivid interest—followed the disturbance which was caused in the Mission by the discovery of chicken bones in the soup of a little "Nazarite," and the relief felt by the Assyrians when the child was proved to have not partaken of the meat: was amused by an answer in the school, where the number of the Innocents was pronounced according to Assyrian tradition to be 144,000; or a delightful misreading of the "baser sort" as "the bazaar sort," an apt if unintentional rendering of *τῶν ἀγοραίων*[1].

It was this characteristic, vivid interest in the detail of everything in which he was concerned that one cannot help connecting with that peculiar impulse of vitality which made all organisations flourish under his hand.

To meet the needs of Mission work he not only opened a general fund, but an association, primarily of ladies, in connection with the work of the Sisters, of which Miss Hutchinson was secretary. Later it was placed on a wider footing, and made coextensive with the whole scope of the Mission. This association at the present time has 89 branches.

The generous contribution of the S.P.C.K. has already been alluded to, but the support of the Mission was not confined to England. The Theological Seminary of New York cooperates largely in the work, supporting in Urmi a native Syrian Priest in American Orders, who was educated at the Seminary.

Other Clergy and Sisters than those first sent have

[1] "The 'loafers' of the market place," Acts xvii. 5.

gone out for a term of years and returned, or been obliged through ill-health to go home, and two have given life itself to the Mission[1]. Mr Browne has from the beginning remained with the Mission, and living alone at Kochanes, or in other parts of Kurdistan, has carried on a wonderful work in wild and half-barbarous places.

The Mission is doing steadily, soberly and slowly the work for which the Nestorians so pitifully petitioned, and which my father had in contemplation when the organisation was formed and grew under his hand. It is building again the old wastes, repairing the breach, restoring paths to dwell in. He looked afar towards a great future for the Church, a future of greatness commensurate with its past, when the learning which they so eagerly imbibe, the theological and metaphysical interest which even the boys exhibit, should have done their work, and the Missionary zeal of the past should have revived the Church that for long centuries has dragged out a life which is only just alive. For one of the chief considerations which moved him to take such an interest in the Assyrian Mission was that the so-called Nestorian Church had once been a famous Missionary Church, and that it might hereafter, when instructed and purified, become so again—for more than once he expressed his conviction that only Orientals could evangelise Orientals.

Since the above was written a change has taken place in the arrangements of the Mission. Since 1897 a Mission from the Orthodox Russian Church has succeeded in enrolling nearly the whole diocese of Superghan with its Bishop; and has now taken up its quarters next door to the English Mission in Urmi. By the desire of Archbishop Temple the English Mission has acted in harmony with the Russian, but while the adherence to the latter continues there is little scope for the English Mission in Persia. On the other hand the Christians in Turkey, originally the principal object of the Mission, are even more desirous than formerly of its development among them. Arrangements have therefore been made to transfer the headquarters across the Turkish frontier, without withdrawing from those Persian villages which still desire the teaching of the English.

[1] The Reverend Arthur S. Jervis and Sister Katherine Mildred.

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS AND DIARIES.

"*Fili hominis, speculatorem dedi te domui Israel; et audies de ore meo verbum, et annuntiabis eis ex me.*" EZECH. III. 17.

THE year 1888 was full both of interests and anxieties. The chief difficulties of the Jerusalem Bishopric question had barely been surmounted. The prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln was already beginning. The Lambeth Conference, the gathering of Bishops of the English, American and Colonial Churches, was to take place in the summer. The Archbishop's mind was occupied too by questions which were arising with regard to the relation of the English Church to the old Catholic movement.

In explanation of this latter subject M. Alexis Larpent writes:—

In July, 1870, the dogma of Papal Infallibility was proclaimed, but so strong had been the opposition to it that a schism would have arisen among the Roman Catholics had not war turned all minds away from religious controversies. As the supposed Infallibility was limited to definitions "ex cathedra" on matters of Faith and morals, the German and French bishops insisted on the restrictions of the decree and enforced its acceptance on their clergy. There was however a band of German theologians who could not be induced to submit: chief among them was Döllinger, who, in March, 1871, at Munich, protested against the innovation. This protest originated a reformation, the adherents of which were called *Old Catholics*. In 1872, they met in congress at Cologne. On the 11th of August, 1873, Dr Joseph Hubert Reinkens their first bishop was consecrated by the Jansenist bishop Hermann Heykamp of Deventer, the Archiepiscopal see of Utrecht being

then vacant. Articles of reform were enacted in 1874, at Bonn, in which town other conferences were held in the following years. In 1876, Dr Edward Herzog, still living, was consecrated bishop for Switzerland. The present bishop for Germany is Dr Weber, successor of Reinkens. In Germany, Switzerland and Austria, the Old Catholics still keep their ground. In France the movement was a failure.

Beside rejecting Papal assumptions, the Old Catholics use the vernacular languages in liturgical services which have been themselves considerably modified and reformed, and they allow priests to marry. Confession among them is voluntary instead of obligatory as in the Roman Church.

At Bonn, Greeks, Russians and Anglicans came to listen, to observe and to advise. The Orthodox were friendly but reserved: their creed had been closed centuries ago and the Old Catholic position seemed to them half Roman and half Protestant. The Anglicans were most interested in the Catholic Reformation. The Bishop of Lincoln (Christopher Wordsworth) gave his warm support. The Bishop Harold Browne of Ely (afterwards of Winchester) and other ecclesiastics, spoke or sent words of encouragement. The Lambeth Conference of 1878 offered help and sympathy. Archbishop Tait, in 1882, welcomed at Lambeth Reinkens and Herzog; other visits have been interchanged and Anglican Bishops have from time to time attended the Old Catholic congresses[1].

It is not difficult to understand the attitude of Archbishop Benson towards the Old Catholic movement. He was devoted to the ancient traditions of the universal church, and he yearned tenderly for the restoration of the visible unity of Christendom. He was also a sincere admirer of Döllinger, but he always felt that the Old Catholics had not fulfilled the hopes which they had raised. He saw clearly that, after all, the English church had already given more than she had received and that her ecclesiastical status had not even been fully acknowledged by the Jansenist Church of Holland, from whom the Old Catholic

[1] Indeed Representatives were nominated for this last purpose under a resolution of the Lambeth Conference of 1897. The present position is that Anglicans who desire to communicate in the Old Catholic churches of Germany, Switzerland and Austria are admitted, and are admitted to Communion in both kinds in those churches in Germany, where Communion in one kind is still the custom.

Church had obtained Apostolic succession. In 1888, the Bishops of Salisbury[1] and Newcastle[2], who had accepted the commission to draw a report on the Jansenist Church, were not able to remove all misunderstandings. Archbishop Benson therefore maintained, as Primate, an attitude of dignity and caution somewhat similar to that of the Greeks and Russians. Full of sympathy with those who rejected Roman supremacy he certainly wished every success to the Old Catholics as missionaries of Evangelical truth, but, before he could give his unqualified protection, it would have been necessary to obtain from the whole body of Bishops definite pledges of brotherly recognition, which pledges have not—as yet—been forthcoming.

On Jan. 26th the Archbishop of Dublin came to Addington to talk over the reform movement in Italy[3]. The Archbishop notes this, adding:—

A little later, came out an article on Campello,—"Italian meddling," "Episcopal meddling," or some such title.

It attributed to Archbishop Tait every course which I have followed, [word erased] to me the steps which Abp Tait took. It prescribed with much scorn the plan which I now should follow. It is exactly what I have done. Campello, though in earnest, knows very little. When he has applied to me I have sent him messages expressive of the interest I feel, but stated that I hold that reform must arise and grow *within* a church—that to foster it with money from England, or to make English people and prelates take a lead in it would discredit, in the eyes of good Italians, and give Reform an inalienable foreign and Protestant stamp. That they *must* struggle on with our sympathy but not our co-operation. They can get various Bishops to confirm for them and old Catholic Bishops to ordain for them—must be true to their own lines and national. My "interest" is then transformed into my having a Mission in Italy for them—so that a little later Worcester was placarded with "Italian Mission—Abps of Canterbury and Dublin, patrons!"

One feels for them as for our Reformers. But they are so "mild," so "unoriginal," and some of them, as Hyacinthe, so descend from the ground they might occupy, by marrying, that

[1] John Wordsworth.
[2] Ernest Roland Wilberforce, now Bishop of Chichester.
[3] Headed by Count Campello.

there is no *vis* and there is also no learning, among them, out of Germany. In Austria there is an extraordinary adhesion of the poor to them.

The Diary continues :—

Jan. 18. 10.30. Met Archbishop of York and Bishop of London to choose a Bishop for A—— (a Colony).

Originally they elected for themselves B——.... He asked my counsel...and declined. They then elected Bishop C—— who declined. They finally committed the election to us, but though it seems they can do this, our nominee must after all, by their constitution, be balloted for—so he might after all be rejected by mere abstention, or actually blackballed.... We held therefore that if we set aside our own dignity altogether, and submitted a name to be thus dealt with, we could on no account subject a man of mark and worth to be known henceforth possibly as "the Bishop-Reject of A——."

We telegraphed that if we could have no assurance that our nominee would be really elected, we could not nominate. They composed their differences instantly and elected Dr D——.

Jan. 31. Preached at Berkhamstead with scarcely any voice to about 2000 people crammed into their glorious church. The historical associations! The people who have lived here! England makes nothing in education of the richest treasure of association which any people has.

Feb. 1. Lunched at Nottingham with the Mayor—a great Radical—who gave me a really splendid reception. Lord Manvers, Duke of St Albans and many magnates met me. Spoke with rags of voice for the Bishop's Spiritual Aid Fund.

Feb. 2. With the last end of my voice took part in the noble Southwell opening. The restoration by Ecclesiastical Commissioners have "swept" the church very clean, but not "garnished" it much. The congregation glorious: returned to Addington.

Shortly after this he writes of a visitor :—

A—— held me by the hand, affectionate and able old boy. But there is no heart and love for the episcopal office and work. *His* energy is a love of work, not a work of love—which is a very different thing.

Feb. 9. Made Deacon in 1853, and in 1878 my dearest Martin departed, ☧ IN PACE, as he inscribed his own prayer-

book. That he prayed and prays still "In Pace" for me "Militiae" I know and feel.

On the 13th of February he went down as usual with my mother to Winchester. He writes:—

Feb. 13*th.* Lambeth. Winchester. — Martini sepulcrum. Went down to Winchester with Minnie and went over all the endeared spots—and laid the cross on the loved turf. The bay-tree is growing over it again. In the corner of 5th chamber in which he had his bed, and where his name is now on the little marble slab which the boys put up to him, they have opened a window into the court—a new window—and as one of the corbels of the hoodmould over it they have carved a head meant for our Martin—a dear boy's head but not very like. How he would have thrilled to think that in the place which he loved every stone of, they would so try to keep the similitude of him. It is a world full of *touches*.

On the 16th he notes:—

Lambeth.—Herkomer began to paint. Terribly fatiguing work to sit and be entertained by a man who is thinking of something else all the time—fits of drowse and vivacity come alternately in mere despair of the situation. Herkomer is a very able man.

It may be interesting to note that this portrait was repainted, making Mr Herkomer's third picture: though admirable in many ways it hardly does the Archbishop justice.

On the 18th the Archbishop opened a Workmen's Club at the Oxford House, and spoke on recreation, intemperance, and early marriage: he notes:—

Opened the Workmen's Club at the Oxford House. A most interesting meeting—various speeches. It was quite affecting to see their regard for the Bishop of Bedford[1]. They scarcely could listen to him without applause accompanying him like a rolling drum, and when he spoke of his sorrow at leaving them there was quite a scene.

A large ballroom close to the club has been acquired and is actually used as a ballroom. Admission is by ticket only to members and friends. They say the one marked characteristic of

[1] Dr Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, 1888—1897.

the ballroom behaviour of the labourers, costermongers, etc., with wives and daughters, is their extreme propriety and punctiliousness. The only difficulty is getting men enough to live there. The living itself at Oxford House and their associations with the people are most richly rewarded. *The* two woes of Bethnal Green are Drink and Early Marriage.

Self-restraint is a law which their betters have come to, and so surely can they. Their temptations are not really greater to any *vast* extent. They listened very patiently to this doctrine, and applauded it, and were all evidently *not displeased* at one's coming.

Of Convocation which met from Feb. 26th to 30th he notes:—

Convocation to Friday. Cujus si monumentum requiris—requiras.

On the 10th March he opened the new Mission building of the Wellington College Mission at Walworth. He spoke with great affection of Wellington, "that noble house in the midst of its breezy wilderness, with its fir-trees, its great open spaces, its fresh air racing over the heath." And he made a touching allusion to the death[1] of the Emperor William, "strong in will, in thought, in tenderness and in faith."

On the 11th he attended at Whitehall Chapel, in the absence of the Bishop of London. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark were present[2].

To the Dean of Windsor.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
March 12th, 1888.

Most private.

DEAREST DEAN,

It does seem unnatural that we should not move our people to pray for τραγικώτατος[3] Emperor—when was any man before in such a position?

[1] On March 9, 1888.

[2] The 10th was the 25th anniversary of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

[3] Most tragical.

I despair of Prelacy—it recks nothing of the Nation or Mankind. Diocesan Episcopacy will be reduced to the level of Diocesan Inspectorship.

S. Wilberforce will be the Execration of the Church of the Future for two things, (1) The shortened service, (2) The "New Type" of Bishop. But he had far too much sense to be himself the "new type." His crime was the misleading of his weak little brothers.

Ever your affectionate,

Edw. C.

To the Dean of Windsor.

March, 1888.

The Bishop of X—— wants to know whether he is to carry his pastoral staff in the Conference Procession! He says it is a very nice one! Some sort of rules will have to be made about such things!

I should have thought the non-baculate Bps who at present must be the majority, would be very indignant at any who appeared ἐπὶ σκήπτροισιν ἐρειδόμενοι[1]. Also, though in these days it is an argument which I feel ashamed to advance, I thought ancient Church usage forbade people to carry staves in others' dioceses—I may be mistaken, and at any rate no one would listen to anything so feeble. But the former point would win.

I think a rule which forbade staves to be carried would be a recognition of their existence—and I should probably be prosecuted in my own Court for it by the *Rock* and Colonel[2]. I should think it better to say to each aspirant "the Church is not quite ripe." This would please them too.

He writes:—

March 31. Rode with Maggie and Hugh from Lambeth to Addington in an hour and twenty minutes. Found that Ferguson, our clever old carpenter, has fitted up the Chapel perfectly with the new seats, and the old rails from Maidstone church for stall backs. These beautiful rails had been rejected by *Pearson!* from All Saints, Maidstone, in favour of new-fangled brass and were waiting to become firewood when I begged them!

[1] Leaning on their staves.

[2] Captain Cobham, of the Church Association, is probably intended.

Now with Juxon's rails similarly lying for lumber at Lambeth fitted into the screen, this once miserable chapel gets an old world look of dignity which we must carry yet further—please God!

May He avert the confiscating "faithful laity" from this home. Its peace and silence begin always to heal the dreadful tears and rents all London makes in everything like spiritual ὑγιεία[1].

To the Rev. A. H. Baynes[2], who was hesitating about accepting the offer of a Domestic Chaplaincy from the Archbishop, he writes:—

It is a very serious undertaking of a *unique* piece of church-work—a unique kind of service—and we need deliberateness, and real prayer, and trust in the Guidance to be received.

There is one point of your letter as to which I am not quite sure that you have the facts fully before you. There is no husbandry without what a selfish or self-seeking man calls and feels to be drudgery. The more ideal such work becomes on one side the more irksome is some other side sure to be. The more spiritual (or intellectual even) the work laid on us, the more does God take care that we shall not forget that we have the Treasure ἐν σκεύεσιν ὀστρακίνοις[3]. If we *persist*, He no doubt lets us have our way generally, and then the spirituality of our work is ruined by the undisciplinedness of the spirit which despised "the day of small things." All this you know, but to apply it to the Chaplaincy—the junior chaplain and the lay secretary will of course take the large share of mechanical work, but not only will it need directing and looking over with precision, but also if the Senior Chaplain were not himself to take any part in details, "give a hand" to even mechanical parts, of course they would despise and do badly what he would "not touch with one of his fingers."

I have written out what appears to me to be that part of the work which would be the least ideal, or agreeable to the flesh. I want to present it in its hardest lines. It is impossible that the principal person in a department could evade *any* RESPONSIBILITY for anything which was under him. The head could never say "It's no business of mine." He is the person who presents it

[1] Soundness, health.
[2] Now Bishop of Natal.
[3] "In earthen vessels," 2 Cor. iv. 7.

done, and repairs any slip made below him. I do not myself think there is anything to either shun or be afraid of or despise—nothing which I have not done and would not do again for chiefs or equals or helpers with utter good will and affection. A Bishop (from the distractions and interruptions and cross-engagements which beset him) *does* no doubt want a "deal of looking after." Sometimes it would be one chaplain, sometimes another. But there is one responsibility.

"Drudgery" so called formed much of my life as Headmaster of Wellington—more at Lincoln in some respects, less in others—*much* more at Truro—and incomparably more now.

I think that Wordsworth's two lines about Milton contain the spirit perfectly in which working churchmen must live—all their peace, almost their salvation, depends on it. I have realised it most badly, but I can say that those two lines have been full of strength to me these thirty years.

> "Thy soul was as a star and dwelt apart
> .....*and yet* thy soul
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

I have put down I think the whole case at its worst. May Easter thoughts help us.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

You understand how every analysis looks vastly more formidable on paper, and how smoothly after all the longest string runs off the reel.

E. C.

On April 1st, Easter Day, the Archbishop writes, at Addington:—

The sun made a generous effort at honouring the day. But the east wind is not to be melted. The trees are as budless and black as we left them. The finest elm of the garden has been blown down and lies in three huge fractures. The grass yields no feed. The birds have not paired or built. The swans are fierce though they will just feed from one's hand—only a few goldfish can be tempted out from under the stones, and they lazily turn after crumbs but will not take the trouble to eat them. A single sparrow solitarily haunted my dressing-room window

cornice with feathers all bunched up, and down all rough, cheeping lustily but answered by no mate—where his fellows generally sit in rows in a morning. It is all like the discomfort of men in general, the poor law not evenly administered, the oppression of the Sweating System, the impoverishment of landowners through agricultural depression, of clergy through withholding of tithes, of charities through the "conversion" of consols. All things want some good warm rays of Him "who sends prosperity"—but still more our Missions, our laity, our starving spiritual fields need some brightness. Would that we could ourselves receive and at least reflect some. Would I were less unworthy of this day and its incredible joy. May He strengthen me to do some fragments of my undertaken work.

The thought of the heroic suffering emperor ought to be with everyone who has a duty or function to discharge.

Let me remember after all that it was the tomb that was empty of Christ, and not the world. He is somewhere about in this garden if I could find Him.

On April 4th he writes:—

Law's *Serious Call* helping me to realise how much my work is spoiled *as* Service and Sacrifice by my feeling its burden too much by far.

On the same day he went on a visit to Walmer, to Lord Granville: he writes:—

April 5th. Walmer Castle. Came yesterday to stay here—with perfections of hosts—both themselves and their children.

Lord Granville was as ever not overflowing with, for that would be a vice, but just and always brimming with kind and polished pleasantness, full of French sayings and stories of politicians and historic beings of which I wish I could remember *any* to write down with his accuracy. "Yes," he said of Lady Hester Stanhope, "I sometimes wonder what *I* should have been like if she had married my father when she proposed to him."

We saw of course the Duke's room in its severity. The drawing and dining rooms were built by Pitt—and a little slip of a room off the drawing-room where Pitt and Nelson were very convivial.

On the 13th of April he writes about the Sweating Commission which was occupying his mind very greatly :—

April 13th. Sweating Committee H. of Lords. Human beings cannot subsist under much worse conditions than we have seen as well as heard of to-day. One man had been a teacher in Hungary, came to England because he thought he should be better off, has been a boot finisher for ten years. He described minutely every one of some 20 or 30 operations performed by one man, on every pair of worthless boots "which melt in rain on Kaffirs' feet." A dozen pair take 7 hours to do and the pay the men get is two shillings for that—the "knifer" gets other two shillings. For three months, April to June, they work from 5 in the morning or 6 until midnight and past. The master gives a cup of coffee in the morning, of tea at night. They buy their "dinner," a lump of stale bread. Their meals they eat as they work. They work in the "knifer's" living room, "the air is bad but the heat is pleasant to the poor." This is a skilled man. The next was a Russian Jew, a month in England, 5 years a soldier, not suffered to live at Kiev where he was born because there were too many Jews. He worked a month for nothing, as did another we saw, and paid 5/- to the master. They get about 15/- a week in the busy time, working always 18 hours a day and even more. The last man had come from Odessa, a peasant, "he would not serve the Russian Czar." Their language a mixture of Hebrew, Russ and Polish; Lord Rothschild interpreted a good deal for us and was most kind in tone and manner to these poor things. Anything more sad, more abject, more dirty, more gentle in manner, and more hopeless in tone, I have never seen. There are many thousands of these people—no Englishman (not one, as far as Arnold White has seen) does any of this work. It is *all* done by foreign Jews: they send what they can abroad to their wives and children, and save up to bring them over. We hear to-day that 45,000 Jews are ordered out of Odessa. Where are they to descend? A tremendous political engine is thus being prepared among us. For take away their work and their wretched bread, and what can they do? But to close ports against misery because it is misery is what England is not capable of.

This is a seething abyss of human wretchedness. It makes one more amazed than ever at the world's very existence. The members of the Committee seem to me half aghast at the very thought of finding a remedy.

On the 20th he writes:—

Lambeth. The first "quiet day" I believe held for Bishops of Church of England—a day of united devotion and meditation. About 15 Bishops attended including some from the Colonies. We had Holy Communion at 9.15, Matins at 11, Litany at 2.30, Evensong at 4. An address at each by E. C.[1], Bp of London, Bp of Bangor, Bp of Gloster and Bristol—on the encouragement to our daily work to be derived from the thought of our Commission, His Presence, and His Return. Mine was a little introduction to the three others: the day was, I think, filled with a quiet sense of blessing in brotherliness and of Christ's Brotherhood felt in it. The very silent praying in the Chapel was very touching to me. Even a very few years ago how impossible it would have seemed. The Bp of Gloster said he belonged to an earlier epoch and did not well understand it, but he wished to throw himself into what seemed to others so helpful. His words *were* helpful.

On May 13th he notes:—

Bp Wordsworth's Life a disappointment. Not a *life* but a record. Gives no touch of the tender, intimate, delicate sentiment which was always in play on face, lips and manner with his inmost friends. It was lovely in him that he made his own all that was suggested and laid out before him about Cathedral life and work, the Scholae, the retreats before Ordination, the Novate Novale (and its very name) &c., &c.—but *he*, while he so pressed all that charmed him forward, was never weary of saying, "*Your* plan this," "*Your* work so and so,"—but the book bluntly puts down all these things and other things to him as inventor, and omits both the gracefulness of his adoption and the graciousness of his ceaseless acknowledgments. It does not mention either that he made me his Chancellor—the honour which of all honours I did and do look on as most delightsome.

On May 20th he says:—

Whitsun Day. The great festivals seem always to come round with special trial and disappointment. I have spoiled my peace of mind and that of others, for many days to come, by a just displeasure pushed too far.

The day has been most lovely. The night lovelier. A beau-

[1] I.e. Ed. Cantuar.

tiful moon hanging, and most brilliant stars seeming instinct with life, in a sky of blue blackness, the trees (which an hour ago showed every feather against a liquid clearness) are a deep black bank against it. The nightingale is hurrying and lingering alternately in his passion of delight, and the night-jar fills up his intervals with the softest purring. Who would think the world, or any heart, would be as unquiet as it is?

Fred with us. Introduced him to Jeremy Taylor and the *Liberty of Prophesying*—to his delight. A dear boy.

Tried to think over some plan again and again for a sermon in Westminster to the Anglican Bishops of the world: fell asleep again and again at the greatness of the subject. It simply *crushed in* the littleness of my soul whenever I looked at it.

On May 26th he writes:—

Bishop of London's reply to the memorialists who remonstrate foolishly against the reredos of St Paul's as idolatrous, and petition him to have a case heard in my court. He declines, but I think argues rather too much in declining. Unreasonable people must have their unreason negatived—but neither they nor the reasonable ones are gratified or forwarded by reasons. They are necessary to you, but unnecessary and distasteful to others[1].

On June 3rd he writes:—

Did a good piece towards my Conference Sermon lying on grass under lilacs and irises. Perhaps such contact with earth will evolve something natural. Delicious Summer day. Perfectly clear even here. Great heat in shade.

The most gorgeous sunset with crimson and scarlet of a most unusual *lustre*. Sky line of Houses of Parliament and Abbey themselves quite dark.

Has been tremendous week's work with business crammed into every interstice of engagements—and next week worse. Impone quod velis, addas sane intellectum.

[1] There was a long litigation in reference to this. Action was taken under the Public Worship Regulation Act to have the reredos removed on the ground that it tended to encourage superstitious ideas and devotions. Bishop Temple vetoed the proceedings partly on the ground that a substantially similar reredos (as he considered) had been sanctioned at Exeter, partly because litigation would embitter men's feelings and inflict mischief on the Church. The majority of the Queen's Bench were for granting a *mandamus*, but the Lords ultimately held (1891) that the Bishop's discretion was absolute.

On June 4th he says:—

Vanderbilt came to see Lambeth to-day—pleasant, and a good churchman and interested in everything—a fine open face. But what a system which throws wealth about in such ways. I hope he understands it all.

On June 8th he visited Cambridge; he writes:—

Dined in the Hall at Trinity with the eminences who are to have honorary degrees to-morrow. Salisbury's speech most able, and Rosebery's very clever. Balfour's that of a tired man. Westcott said that there was only one word in all the speeches which gave him any comfort: that was "spiritual" in my speech. (I spoke of the *Novus Homo* adopted into a House with such a *Jus Imaginum*—"intellectual and spiritual ancestry.") But that there was only *one* I stand reproved more than they in whose there was none. The Master was most happy and exquisite in all his tones and touches. He alluded to my George Herbert Declamation in the Hall in 1851, which of course touched *me*, and he touched all others in the same ways.

June 9th. Old bedmakers and porters, quite charming old friendships. Slept on the old familiar staircase in Harcourt's rooms, next door to my dearest "Old Martin's"—so strange to think what a friend the unfriended boy found, and what it has all led to in God's ever-near providences: qui pavit me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam. Breakfasted sitting by the Chancellor. The venerable old Duke[1], with his abundant white hair and bushy eyebrows and keen aged face, was very bright and full of memories —afterwards sitting in the Arts Schools, with his Chancellor's Robes, on a low chair, slightly bent, he was the most magnificent and picturesque old form imaginable. The scarlet of the Doctors round him threw him into beautiful relief, with his Garter, and his black gown *auro lita*. Westcott said he saw "Generations" in his face.

June 15. My εὐσχήμονες[2], how much I owe them and this service! *The* green pasture in this wilderness of dry work. Chapel more than full, and the air more than ever charged with aspiration. God bring it all to good effect. My last address to them this year.

June 16th. As we rode out under Morton's Tower, saw about

[1] Duke of Devonshire. [2] My gracious ladies.

100 men collected on pavement. Found they were Church of England Working Men's Society—turned back and went to Chapel with them, showed them how the list of Archbishops was a symbol of continuity, the windows thrice restored a symbol of the Church's springs of recovery, the history of Parker's consecration service a sign of comprehensiveness. Then we had some collects, creed, and hymn at their request—a very delightful hour. I happened to use the expression "this place is very dear to me," when one of them exclaimed, "and so it is to us."

The Queen to the Archbishop.

(*Death of the Emperor Frederick.*)

WINDSOR CASTLE.
June 22, 1888.

The Queen wishes to express her most sincere thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for his very kind letter.

The contrast between this year and the last Jubilee one, is most painful and remarkable. Who could have thought that that splendid, noble, knightly prince—as good as he was brave and noble—who was the admiration of all, would *on* the *very* day year—(yesterday) be no longer in *this* world! His loss is indeed a very mysterious dispensation, for it is such a very dreadful public as well as private misfortune.

The Queen mourns a very dear Son and her poor dear Child's life is blighted and crushed, and she has lost the best and kindest and most devoted of Husbands! She is not ill, but her grief—the Queen hears and sees from her heartbroken letters—is intense.

On the 25th the Archbishop writes:—

A good long chat with Lord Carnarvon in the House of Lords, until long after everyone was gone. He wants a letter, signed by many influential laity and others, urging clergy to open churches a certain time each day. Very strong on the importance of the best men going to the Colonies—such as Sydney and Melbourne—and *staying there.*

The English Church in Australia tends as in America to become the Church of the Respectables. The Roman Catholics strongly impress the visitors. Their churches, schools and convents are in every best site. At the Governor's Garden Party the Cardinals and the Bishops and the Clergy are numerous and impressive.

We have one Bishop to represent us. When Bishop Perry went to Melbourne he returned the R. C. Bishop's card in an envelope.

The Rev. Montague Fowler writes:—

Among the many opportunities which a residence of five years as domestic Chaplain, and the constant daily and hourly intercourse, with Archbishop Benson afforded me of becoming acquainted with his striking character and unique personality, the Lambeth Conference of 1888 left perhaps the most remarkable and lasting impression on my mind.

Without holding any official position in connection with the Conference, I was permitted to be present throughout the greater part of the Sessions, distributing the letters and documents that were incessantly pouring in for the 145 Bishops who attended, and collecting information and statistics when required.

The impressions then formed under peculiarly favourable conditions, have remained indelibly stamped on my memory. They showed forth in bold relief an exceptional combination of characteristics. In every utterance, not only the mature knowledge of the scholar was apparent but the spiritual sympathy of a Father in Israel; in the guidance of the discussions was traceable the master-mind of the statesman; while the strong catholicity of the Archbishop was responsible for the impetus then given to the spirit of Anglican federation.

Combined with these qualities which so essentially fitted him to occupy the Chair of St Augustine, was the genial and kindly manner, and the irresistibly attractive bearing towards those who were both technically and in reality his guests. He won in a moment the hearts of the American and Colonial Bishops and their families, whom he entertained at Lambeth, just as he was wont to win the hearts of that inner circle who were privileged to see the patient care and intense devotion with which he discharged his never-ceasing duties, whether they were the narrower minutiae of Diocesan work or the wider care of all the Churches.

On June 30th the Third Lambeth Conference, attended by 145 Bishops, was received at Canterbury.

The Archbishop writes in his Diary:—

We had a magnificent reception at Canterbury. A very interesting gathering first at St Augustine's for luncheon in the crypt under the library. The walls and pillars stand in the very

spots and lines of some old ambulatory. The Americans liked to be told of the ancient power of the Abbots.

The arrangements in the Cathedral were beautiful—and Lord Northbourne, a very sharp and experienced old critic of such things, said, "It is simply the most impressive thing I have ever beheld." First I was taken by Dean and Chapter to West Doors inside Nave. Doors were opened, and 100 Bishops entered in double file, dividing to right and left as we greeted each other, and passing up the Nave and the great steps of the Screen, and so into the Choir, the Minor Canons and singing-men and choir-boys standing in three lines—two wings and one central line on the steps, and singing all the time the procession was going up—we turned and followed and went up the lower flight of the sanctuary steps, and there was placed the great grey "Chair of Augustine"; when I reached it we knelt in silence and then stood and sang Te Deum gloriously, the whole Choir and Aisles full of people, as well as the Aisles of the Nave, and the Bishops standing Choir-wise on the steps—the Chapter about the Altar—and my ten chaplains round and behind the Chair with the beautiful primatial Cross. Then I sate and gave them a short address exhorting all to obey the Church and not themselves, if they wished any loyalty to be left in the Church. Then to Vespers, I going down to the Throne—and we prayed and praised God if men ever did. Then a great gathering of all in the Deanery Garden, and then back to Lambeth. The Dean and Canons *most* brotherly.

After giving the Benediction in the Choir I gave it again to the vast crowds in the Nave from the steps of the Screen. It was wonderful to see them kneel all at once on the floor. God grant their sweet prayers and trust.

On July 2nd and 5th he writes with reference to the same subject:—

July 2nd. Lambeth Conference. In Westminster Abbey a service in some ways more impressive than at Canterbury itself. The Chapter and the Bishops occupied every part of the Choir and the Chaplains the square beneath the Tower. Metropolitans the Sanctuary. I preached for three quarters of an hour—but such was the interest of the event that it kept people awake and *still* in the most marvellous way and gave me an opportunity—which I wish I had been worthy worthily to take.—I continued to press the Church to keep its Diocesan centres very strong, not

comminuting their resources, not reducing the size of the Dioceses so that the strong influence of each ceases to radiate through all. Then I pressed extension of organisation,—new religious orders free from the snares of the past, in intimate connexion with dioceses—and thirdly to hold no work true which is not absolutely *spiritual* work. If God give us grace to work these three things out, His Church will not lose strength the next few years.

The next day, before the Conference opened, the assembled Bishops received the Communion in Lambeth Chapel. The Chapel was filled,—it was barely possible to find seats for all—and the repetition of the Nicene Creed, said not sung as elsewhere, with intense earnestness by Bishops of the Reformed Church drawn from all parts of the world, was a witness to the reality of the Anglican Communion which could not easily be forgotten. The Diary continues:—

July 5. Conference continued and very interesting and growing in interest. The speaking very good and lively. The Bishop of Western New York[1] exceedingly witty as well as true and good. It was singular that (in the opening debate) on the subject of "Mutual Relations of Dioceses and Branches of the Anglican Communion," no English and no American Bishop spoke.

I opened the Conference by pointing out that the Conference was in no sense a Synod and not adapted, or competent, or within its powers, if it should attempt to make binding decisions on doctrines or discipline—the unsuitableness to the constitution of our Church—and to its relation to America—the fact that they had been foreseen and settled by Abps Longley and Tait in their addresses, etc.

On the 7th of July the first report of the Executive Committee as to the progress of the Church House was received.

On July 11th he writes:—

Long talk with Dean of Windsor *de rebus existentibus*, things as they are. A "welcome" to the Bishops given at C.M.S., Salisbury Square—a very good tone prevalent, inclinable toward

[1] A. Cleveland Coxe, D.D.

episcopacy tempered by Committee, instead of Committee untempered. The really spiritual prayerful tone of this Society enables them to prevail against their own prejudices.

The Lambeth Conference spent some days in debates by selected speakers on the appointed subjects, which were then referred to Committees; during the next fortnight these Committees sat, and reports were drawn up; they assembled again towards the end of July to receive and discuss the reports, and to frame resolutions on such as were approved by the Conference. A stately concluding service was held at St Paul's at the end of July.

At the close of the Conference the Archbishop left London after an exhausting Session. He and Mrs Benson paid a visit to Lord Carnarvon at Highclere; the Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

July 29th. One has nowadays great heartaches in these glorious homes, with their strong heads, real pillars of the civilisation that now is, and their most delicate stately women, and children whose sweet proud curves of feature show the making of many generations and readiness for responsibility from almost tender years;—are all these glories going to keep together? If not how will they go down? by brute force, or by silent self-exilings? As a rule they do *not* deserve to be removed—and some, like this, are centres of such καλοκἀγαθία[1] as the maker of that fine word had no idea of, any more than Handel could have imagined his *Messiah* with two thousand tuneable voices.

But if they give up the Church—if they do not perceive that she *is* England—(all the more because of non-conformity to make her *realise*)—then these homes and families which are the first product will go. Perhaps the Church will have nothing to say to that, but if she goes, they will not linger a moment.

In August the Queen wrote to him on the subject of the Lambeth Conference.

[1] A word for which there is no exact equivalent in English, implying outward beauty of form combined with inward nobleness of spirit.

The Queen to the Archbishop.

OSBORNE.
Aug. 18, 1888.

The Queen thanks the Archbishop of Canterbury very much for his kind letter giving an account of the large Meeting of Bishops at Lambeth. It must have been most satisfactory to see how harmonious it was. The Archbishop will have had the opportunity of making many interesting acquaintances. The Address will be officially answered.

The Queen hopes the Archbishop is well?

The Archbishop notes:—

August 20. A very kind and characteristic note from the Queen. She is glad that I was pleased with the Lambeth gathering, and thinks that I must have enjoyed the opportunity of making many interesting acquaintances, and hopes that I am quite well? The sentiment of loyalty is a very independent one. I remember the first throb of it, and I believe it will never grow less and is disconnected with anything touching regard for oneself. I steadily feel readiness to please her and her will, if need were, to the utmost of my power. It seems braggadocio even to say to oneself "to death," but I think I would die joyfully to defend her from any wrong. What *is* this "loyal passion" for our temperate kings? Our Americans recognise its reality in England though they say such a feeling would be impossible to themselves.

On August 21st he writes:—

Coming away with Nellie from the workhouse at Croydon yesterday down a little rough irregular street "May Day Lane" into the London Road, Braemore stumbled and fell on her knees on the sharp loose stones. She twice plunged forward in the attempt to rise and then did rise most gallantly, and stood frightfully injured. We scarce could get her a few yards to a stable court, and the Veterinary thinks the poor creature must be destroyed. She saved Nellie from being killed or dreadfully hurt by lifting herself up in such torture. N. would have gone on her head if she had not. How full nature is of these perfect sacrifices. Her instinct was to stand up on her feet with her mistress on her back, whereas it would have been easier for her

just to roll down and lie over, if obedient habit had not forced her effort out of her—and she will have to be shot for her dutifulness. Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas—and no one will persuade me that Braemore comes to an end there.

On the 23rd he went with my mother to pay a visit to the late Lord Abinger and Lady Abinger, at Inverlochy; he writes:—

August 23rd. Left London 8.50 p.m. with my wife, having driven from Addington to Euston, and travelled in half-comfortable sleeplessness with bedroom, sitting-room, dressing-room, servants and luggage to Stirling, thence without changing to Oban. The definitions of Luxury occupying me much and becoming more puzzling. If this is an instance of it, it cannot be defined as "what one likes" exactly. To some extent it is "what people who know nothing about it think they would like exceedingly"—that is written on many faces and lives. Read through the last three quarters of *L'Abbé Tigrane*[1], a most disgusting picture, evidently by an ecclesiastic in the background of ecclesiastical life in France. The ambition and the discord and the intrigue, the want of independence and the want of reverence; and finally the irreligious worldly autocracy of the Roman Court. There is not happily in the whole of my own ecclesiastical life the slightest resemblance in England either to the ambitions or the enmities which are taken for the groundwork of thought about clerical affairs,—and such secularity of spirit, under spiritual forms, is a phenomenon rare indeed. The secular spirit where it exists among us has its own way of contemning the spiritual forms.

On August 25th he writes:—

I met a shepherd with 100 lambs and walked back with him talking of many things. The people speak mostly Gaelic, but it is taught no longer in the schools and the children won't talk it.

Collies are not what they were—the Collie instincts are dying out. Formerly eight or ten days would make a Collie all they wanted, now it takes a month or two. They are sometimes very difficult. There has been so much over-breeding, and they don't take to it "natural." In eight or ten years Collies "break up—after being hard-wrought over coorse ground." It's "very hard

[1] By the late M. Ferdinand Fabre.

work." He had two dogs, one to "drive them out" over the ground and make them spread, and the other to "hunt them in,"—each its own work. One lamb got through a fence and seemed as if it would kill itself dashing against the wires in vain. At last dog and man together got it through. I told him "I was a shepherd and should remember—and my Collie would be some good layman whom I should send after one of my sheep to talk to him and frighten him before I came up to get him right." He said, "I see, sir, I see it. And one thing ye may be sure of—if we can gae wrang, we sall."

About 10 o'clock after dinner Arthur walked in having stalked his stag, the first stalked this season—a Royal of 13 points—he shot him moving at 100 yards, he weighs 15 stone.

Saturday. Walked up Ben Nevis with wife and Arthur—many mists and, while we lunched by the spring, pouring rain—but many fine peeps between the pillars of cloud—and Glen Nevis, a beautiful peaceful valley guarded by strong mountains and a "vitrified fort"—in its middle a quaint white farm fully furnished with all things needful for serviceable life and fenced from every wind by thick groves of planted trees. The owner died there last week, a young bachelor of 35, having "taken to drink heavy." The top of Ben Nevis is a huge mass of stones which I suppose to be the broken rock split and split for ever and ever. A fine uplifting of the curtain showed us just five ranges of the Argyle Hills before we came down—and the walk home from the top was serene and clear.

Heard that poor Braemore would not be even healed of her wounds for three months and would then be "life-lame," and must be destroyed. Alas! useful honest life of service and swift duty,—then three days of agony begun with saving her mistress's life—then sudden death. Surely brutes must find something in the grave—*some* reward.

He went on to stay with Sir John Fowler at Braemore; he writes:—

August 30th. None of the sportsmen had any sport, except that Sir J. had wounded a stag. It is strange that my boys should take so to sport, when I and my father and his mother who reared him have all been very Buddhists as to taking of life—and held "*sport*" to be impossible to be got out of it. But there is a class in society who seem kept strong and even pure through

it, preserved from gambling and from worse, and from petty intriguing lives and from foppery—all devouring powers in other countries. But, I don't see why *they* should be so eagerly swept into this sort of salvation who would be strong and pure without it.

He went on to Braemar, where we had taken a house; Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Westcott were both staying at Braemar: he writes:—

Tuesday, Sept. 11. Balmoral and Braemar. With dear wife and Nellie drove over to lunch at Balmoral. Forty years since, this September, I went over the little old castle where the new one now stands. The Queen looked exceedingly well and was very gracious—and her little quick naïvetés and her *nods* were very bright. The Dean of Windsor was not well—"he works too much—I think this Abp Tait's life tries him—and *your*—" she said smiling: I said, "Conference, Madam?" "Exactly." I said that "the Bishop of Gloucester said that in all his experience of editing he had never known such a feat as Davidson's in having the account of the Conference all ready and printed and published in five days." She asked "whether I noticed that the Highlands were more thinly inhabited than they were forty years ago? We have lost numbers from this neighbourhood—there were very many scattered cottages in the glens, and byres, and sometimes stills—now all are gone." I said, "It is very bad for the nation—these regions ought to rear a very hardy race." "It is very bad," she said. I told her we had been at Inverlochy and there too the crofters were disappearing. They were all very poor. "Very poor," she said. The drive home most beautiful and afterwards we three walked with Westcott in the dusky but beautiful evening and harmless drizzle to Prince's cairn.

B. F. W. thinks the microscopic animalcules with their "monstrous" fantastic and beautiful shapes must have powers and influences invisible to us.

Walked with B. F. W. to Linn of Dee and back—as did Nellie and Fred. They did the six miles back in 1½ hour. Brooke bicycled, the rest drove with Bp of Durham. There we found Sir Frederic Leighton alone and he was really studying and really enjoying—and the rocks were rocks indeed if they were not enjoying him. The leaping of the salmon was a most beautiful sight. Very many tried the fall and we did not see one succeed.

It looked hopeless. They shot out of a mass of foam and fell with apparently great force against the rocks two or three feet short of the ledge, and the power of the water seemed quite irresistible, driven down in a vast white fan—sometimes the whole dark side with its splendid spots, and sometimes the purple and white belly was broadside to us in its lustre—and sometimes the vigorous straight form with plunging fins, and sometimes a dark curve like a C shot up and was instantly shot down. Is there a great congregation of these beauties waiting and taking turns in the eddy below, or do half a dozen try and try again? They live anyhow like us in great probation and discipline and don't behave like either Stoics or Epicureans. The indigo of the hills as we walked back!

Sir F. Leighton pointed to the Scotch firs as more fantastic and unexpected than any he knew. They are not nearly so weird as those at Bramshill which Kingsley used to say he dare not pass on an evening lest he should hang himself on one of them. But Leighton said he found it vain to try to remember the turns and angles at which these branches *squirmed* about—"it is too much," he said. He could not recollect them without taking notes, nor redevise them. B. F. W. wondered why Leighton could want cross and squirming trees—he should have thought he would set all their branches straight.

On the following day he went to see Abergeldie, where he had been as tutor forty years before; he says:—

Friday.—At Linn of Dee fish still jumping in vain. Drove with Bp of Durham to see Abergeldie—we all went. It was strange to ramble through the selfsame rooms where I spent that happy six weeks just 40 years ago. The entrance hall where the billiard table was, has been turned into the dining-room—it must be inconvenient. The stag has disappeared which stood in it, and which we mounted on the triumphal arch of heather across the road the day the Queen passed on her first visit to Balmoral. But the Gordons still hang on the walls, and specially Peter Gordon in the red coat and steel breastplate which gave me the first good idea of how people lived up here a century before. The old vaulted dining-room in the tower, where I read a heap of Cicero, Virgil, and Daniel Wilson on the Colossians, has been turned into the Princess' bedroom, and the vast old fireplace lowered. I was telling the children how I read the *Pirate* here

the first time—and then it just occurred to us that the old books in the drawing-room looked as if they went with the house, when Lightfoot actually produced the *Pirate* from the shelves. The beautiful grass terrace by the Dee, and the salmon pool where I learnt to catch Par are unchanged, but "the Cradle" is no more, nor the Round Riding School where I was taught by an apt mistress to dance and reel. From the top of the Tower we could see Lochnagar in his clouded beauty, but the peak was distinct above the precipices where I so nearly came to an early end while rashly though at last successfully scaling them from the loch.

Forty years—forty years—what a time of poor service and of secular things put so strangely into my hands and of spiritual things expected of me and so poorly, meanly, waveringly attempted. *Then* I had but two ambitions—to be a Fellow of Trinity and to be a Canon of a Cathedral—and the two words over the Rectory garden door at Linton appeared to me to be otherwise *the* Ideal ΛΑΘΕ ΒΙΩCΑC[1]. And to-day in the garden at Abergeldie was a nice, gentle, blue-eyed gardener who, when I asked him about Andrew Wilson, the old gardener, and whether he knew him, said that he himself had been gardener's boy to Andrew 41 years ago,—"I came the year before the Queen came first to Scotland." He had been here ever since the year before I was here. "Set by the Lord God to dress it and to keep it."

On the 15th he writes:—

Saturday.—Rainy—walked alone with B. F. W. to "The Colonel's Bed," about six miles, and back, a very beautiful chasm on the little Ey with perpendicular rocks, some almost as if wrought with a graving tool. The beauty of the place is the still deep slide of water perfectly smooth, between cascade and cascade about eighty yards of silent sluicing clear brown water—when you have looked at the sky between the cliffs, and then at the peaceful walls of rock with their nestled tufts of beech-fern and oak-fern, and stonecrops, and rich yellow lichen, and then at the water, the natural feeling is to slide into it and drink one's life full of it, and be left quiet in it. As we came back, and as we went too, we talked of many interests—B. F. W. thinks that to a certain point the poor have as many enjoyments of life as the rich—that we must contemplate everyone's *own* point of view—things which would

[1] Live unknown.

make them happy, e.g. plenty of whelks, would make him miserable. He thinks that all animals share man's fall in being touched with the same wickedness—the cruelty of stags to sick deer—the oppression of slave ants, the converting ants of an inferior class into honey bags, etc.—all wicked. But the passions in taking of prey perhaps not so—and the view of the animals preyed on not perhaps our view.

Sunday.—We all walked on to the moor below Morar with rugs and plaids, and read Browning and Wordsworth and Geo. Herbert, and had a quiet happy talk—the Westcotts and their four sons and ourselves and our children. Westcott is beginning to be much smitten with Wordsworth, "distress hath humanized my mind," "the pageantry of fear," "the trampling waves."

The Scotch Office has its excellences—but what a defect of insight to have altered "the good works which Thou hast prepared for us to walk in"—God's ideal of work ready for us to carry out—ἃ προητοίμασεν [1]—into "*hath commanded* us to walk in."

On the 19th he says:—

Walked up Lochnagar. Delighted to find B. F. W. immensely impressed with Lochnagar crags and cliffs. I have always wondered these forty years why folks talked of it and painters painted it so little—it has always seemed to me one of the grandest things in our Islands—only some of the points in Cornwall to be compared with it.

We were talking of Wordsworth's "Pantheism" which Westcott says appears to him to have as much sense as to talk of "St Paul's Pantheism"—to give *anything* a substantive existence is an inconceivable thing. "Tintern Abbey" would give most colour to such an idea. "Hartleap Well" I thought gave both—the reality of God's immanence in everything, and the personality with which He is immanent.

Talking of Cyprian and Augustine earlier in the day he said that the dispute about Grace, works done before Grace, etc. vanished in the fuller light of the thought that nothing could have substantive existence by itself—that whatever isolates itself from source of light and life must be dead—"dead works."

On the 20th he writes:—

Not a bit tired with yesterday's walk. Quiet stroll with Westcott, wife and Nellie along the side of Morone to a cottage on the edge

[1] What He has prepared beforehand. Eph. ii. 10.

of the moor—where the gudewife made us scones and good tea—back by the road.

Westcott dwelt on his favourite idea of creation being limitation of what *was*: that was the only possibility: formation out of nothing self-contradictory: there was no nothing.

He despairs of society unless it will take stringent measures with itself. It seems to him easy to say that no immoral person shall be invited to a house. But he cannot meet the difficulties of the individual cases—as, what are mothers to do with their sons? How can they have any hope for them but in society of virtuous people? What is to be done with the great leaders who have this one blot on them? Are they worse than the covetous, the speculators, the man utterly selfish in money? *Can* they be excluded from society? Did the early Christians exclude them?

It is indeed a fearful problem—for fashionable society does get worse, and there seems no way of speaking to those who will not hear, or give a moment's hearing. We cannot see into society deep enough, and it is of no use merely to lecture from the outside. Those who have real sympathy with the evil and spare it on that account through bad conscience can do no good. But neither will they reform it who can only say, "No one who is understood to be guilty in such ways ought to be received anywhere." It is easy for *me* not to receive them. But there are those who are at the other pole of obligation, and B. F. W. only says "I am quite clear."

Lady C. writes to-day, "I sometimes think that fashionable London wants a rougher and a ruder rousing and a more startling picture of their own lives held up before them than they have had!"

On the 23rd he notes:—

Sunday.—A conversation with Mr Noble who is attending the Bp of Durham here. He thinks very seriously of my dear Lightfoot's condition. The utmost he seems to infer is some years comparatively comfortable under conditions which will be to his active mind and nature most galling. No great mental labour, no bodily exertion, no anxiety. It is terrible to think of the enchaining of such powers, intellectual, spiritual and till lately bodily also.

He drove on to the moor with Welch[1] and the Westcotts, and

[1] The Rev. Edward Ashurst Welch, now Provost of Trinity College, Toronto.

he and we read Clough, Browning's *Kharshish*, Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*. Large congregation—early Communion—and two sermons which nobody cared for—one of them alleging as a proof of the truth of the Bible and of the advantages of Temperance, that a tribe of Bedouins calls itself the descendants of Jonadab the son of Rechab.

On the 24th he says:—

Back by the woods under the lion's face and a talk with an old keeper, Thomson, who places the Farquharsons first, and the Queen, as only a stranger, next, and told me he had "heard of me as being the second person in the kingdom." We had a merry talk and he afterwards described me as "a fine cracky man," i.e. ready to have cracks and stories with him. His wife died this winter and they say "he greeted sair,"—and he has *never* talked of her since—she is buried in his heart. She was a shrewd clever good soul. A visitor offered her £2 for one of her dogs, and she replied, "I'm thinking your twa pund would be varra still of a winter night." The old man says "it isn't at a' lanesome in winter"—he's rather angered then when people come to interrupt him in his reading.

He returned to Addington at the end of September, very much better in health, and greatly stimulated by the interchange of thought with his oldest and dearest friends, though he was very anxious about Bishop Lightfoot's health.

He writes in his Diary:—

Sept. 28, 1888. Bishop Blyth and Riley and Mrs B. and Mrs R. here.

The Bishop consults me as to confirming children who have received the Greek Chrism at their baptism as infants. The ritualists abuse him if he confirms them, the C. M. S. if he does not. The Greek Bishops do not object to his doing so, but if we do, we really in our own minds ignore the Greek form, while they permit it only because they hold ours to be no confirmation at all, and if we administer it, knowing this, we condemn our own. I have advised him to regard them as confirmed, but to have a service with them of "admission to Holy Communion" and to give them his blessing, distinctly informing them that this is not

confirmation. This service he could hold in vestry, school or church, just before the confirmation, and then after it give Holy Communion to all.

On Oct. 6th he writes, after a conversation with a Colonial Bishop on the "position" of a Bishop in the Colonies :—

The worst of what is called a "position" in an old country is that the spontaneity of the man who fills it counts for so little. All he can do seems to everyone to be due to the position only, and if he in any way *cuts across* his position so as to bring out his own man-ness he is severely criticised—and justly. It is *easier* to cultivate humility in a great position—and therefore to fail to do so is punished by pride.

On the 7th October he wrote :—

A very peaceful day. In the parish it is the first Sunday of preparation for the Mission—and Mylne preached two very earnest sermons, and after Evensong there was a devotional meeting in the church.

Walked as usual in the afternoon with my dear children, Maggie and Fred, and Geo. Herbert and Keble. The old swan came on to the road and fed from our hands. It is certain that keeping the water in the fountain fresh and clear has the effect of brightening the colours of the goldfish.

A peaceful beautiful day. But a very little flush of contradiction about anything seems to tell more instead of less in disturbing one's spirit as time goes on. This is not surely normal.

To Bishop Lightfoot.

SITTINGBOURNE.
11 *Oct.* 1888.

DEAREST BROTHER,

I hope the result of the consultation was to give you relief and courage—not courage as a duty, which of course you have in great measure by the gift of God so faithfully used—but I hope it helped simple animal courage which is so necessary and which rises with good news.

I hear of people going on so quietly and well and comfortably

with weak hearts that you must not at all draw the inference you had felt at first obliged to draw. If you avoid *shock* and *strain* there seems to be no reason why you should not go on with even *gathering* power like Tait—who was never so strong as when he was weak.

It is indeed *right* to have made all your arrangements. I most heartily wish I had done so. I *ought* to have done so, and I must. I suffer constant self-reproach for having put nothing in order. But I really must do as you have wisely done.

I shall hear when you have made up your mind as to what you will do—and if you can and will use our house and ourselves how thankful we should be.

I am visiting parts of my diocese—the Church is surrounded by foes, but the grace of God is indeed in her, and she is toiling well.

Ever your loving,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On October 25th he wrote:—

The wise Chinese! The citizens of Lan-ki, no mean city, are erecting three pagodas to avert the evil effects of the telegraph which is being led through their territory. I shall instantly build a pagoda by May's Lodge.

Oct. 29. Maggie points out to me how singularly Martineau in his noble study of Ethics (being really a stranger to the doctrine of Atonement) misses the point that Forgiveness is intended to be a Restoration. He speaks of the forgiven man as thenceforth on a lower level though forgiven—Was Peter's brother to be always 490 steps down? The connection with unitarianism very interesting.

Nov. 10. To-night opened the Mission at Addington—giving benediction to the two Missioners, Mr Gough[1] and Mr Ogilvie. Then I spoke to the people for about twenty minutes, as plainly as regards themselves, and as affectionately as I could—village sins, village quarrels, and "the joy of the Lord." A—— afterwards spoke and hoped we should go "much higher and deeper than the thought of peace and joy in God"—that they would devote themselves to afford "joy to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." It was rather strange—but, dear people, I hope they will.

[1] Rev. E. J. Gough, now Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

On the 11th he wrote:—

Holy Communion in Chapel—Mr Ogilvie preaches in Church—a manly sort of person. Again could not go to Evensong—too misty for my obstinate cold. Had it alone in Chapel—and afterwards read through *Sulpicius Severus, Vita S. Martini*—which my own dear Martin thought, and rightly thought, an admirable piece of biography. The miracles are very reducible to order and thought—at least most of them. And St Martin's own turn of mind was distinctly critical, as appears in the story of the supposed Martyr's Altar—and this falls in with what is said of his excellent style of speaking and of solving difficult questions, though really an uneducated man. He too like so many great men was a little unimpressive personage. It is in biographies like these that we have the key to our missionary failures—asceticism is essential to the first stages of persuasion.

A few days later he held a Confirmation and writes:—

Confirmed in one of those churches where the clergyman is particular about choir, fabric, churchyard, school order, school prizes—but sees no confirmation candidate privately. They are nearly extinct. One feels that the sheep are quietly shepherding the shepherd.

To the Rev. Father Purbrick, S.J.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
14 *Nov.* 1888.

MY DEAR PURBRICK,

For yourself, dear old friend, how are you? I am wonderfully well considering the vast increasing work and years.

But why do you not some day come to see me, as you said you would? You must often be near Lambeth and the sight of you would do good to your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 21st he went to see Bishop Lightfoot; he writes:—

Went down to Bournemouth (the train being stopped for me at Clapham Junction going and returning) between 1.30 and 5.11.

The Bishop of Durham has moved into a nice house, Mr Pulleine's, where he is doing much better—his two chaplains,

Eden[1] and Harmer[2], and two excellent nurses and a good doctor (Thomson) do all that mortals can do for a life so loved and precious. It will be months before they are able to say whether he will recover. The operation was performed at the exact right moment. The heart has been recovering itself ever since, contracts better, and for 10 days there has been no drawback. He can occupy himself for three-quarters of an hour at a time with light literary work—and frequently does. Most patient, kind and dry in his remarks. The mass of material ready to be finished for the Church's use must be immense. He says, "I have no wish to live if I am to be helpless." He is most tender and his eyes often grow liquid, and his affection for the poor, and his anxiety for his diocese and the Church is as full as ever, but he cannot be allowed to dwell long on things which vex him. He gives his chaplains leave to read him a Psalm "if they like." But he says, "the things which edify others do not edify me. I feed on three or four great thoughts." He has however prayers read for his household and hymns sung by them so that he can hear through an open door—and his face is as of one lost in quiet devotion.

He spoke of the strangeness of finding five minutes in the night interminable, yet the time since we were at Braemar as scarcely perceptible.

I asked him if we could not be of use against the foolish deductions drawn by Dissenters from his essay on the Christian Ministry, and the mischief which would be done or is done as he says by stating his qualifying sentences as if they were the gist of his substance and omitting context. I found that he was actually reprinting a collection of passages from various sermons and essays to bring out his real view on a fly-leaf. But he said, "I cannot offer any *explanations*; I must express myself in my own way and people can see what I say, but as for saying that I have said that the presbytery was the original Church government and that episcopacy was adapted out of it, they might as well suppose I think that the Diaconate was the original form of Church govèrnment, and everything accommodated out of that, simply because it was earlier instituted. Of course everything was imperfect when it was beginning."

I left him with a heavy but brightened feeling.

[1] George Rodney Eden, now Bishop of Wakefield.

[2] John Reginald Harmer, now Bishop of Adelaide.

The Rev. G. R. Eden to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SANDYKELD, BOURNEMOUTH.
Dec. 7, 1888.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

The Bishop of Durham desires me to thank you for your letter to him, and has charged me to convey to you several matters in reply.

First, that he is not so well so far as he can judge himself as when you saw him last, though it remains true that some of the symptoms have improved, and that he does not feel himself any nearer to vigorous work. Secondly, that he is greatly grieved to hear about the affairs of P——, and that his name is ready on their behalf, or that he will help in any way he can. Thirdly, that he does not see how he can at present attempt to convert Pope Leo XIII., but that he will be glad to do anything which your friends can suggest in this direction. Fourthly, that he entirely agrees with your remarks about Oaths as reported in the *Guardian*; and fifthly, that he sends you his love. These heads I have just put down shortly as he gave them to me.

I am, my Lord Archbishop, with much respect,

Yours very truly,

G. R. EDEN.

The Rev. G. R. Eden to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SANDYKELD, BOURNEMOUTH.
Dec. 31, 1888.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

The Bishop still asks me every night to come to him, and seems increasingly to value the passages and hymns, and gives me occasionally a subject for special prayer. As I was praying for the Church of England, he exclaimed, "Pray for the Archbishop," in a voice full of emotion. This was after your last letter which refreshed him.....

On the 18th Mrs J. Ellison, Archbishop Tait's youngest daughter, died. The Archbishop felt it very deeply; he writes:—

Saturday, Dec. 22.—What days God sometimes gives us! Holy Communion as the other days, 7.45. C. B. celebrated.

Laid by her father, Aggie, whom a year ago I married so happily to John Ellison. Her beauty, her wonderful light abundant hair, her sweetest voice, which used to ring through Lambeth Chapel so true, her peculiar delicate touching manner made her a singularly endowed brightness. And there she sleeps—the church full of friends from all distances. Her husband all sweetness and power to see his blessings in the midst of and very clasp of his sorrow.

Examination of Priests and Deacons with this marvel of death just pushing us aside and then going on. I charged them this evening mainly on study and prayer. The men were alone with me this year.

On the last night of the year the Archbishop wrote:—

Dec. 31.—Ended the year—not very brightly alas!—in Addington Church—midnight service.

So full of fears, self-misgivings, anxieties, perplexities—such sorrows threatening, such sorrow present, such openings for great mistakes, such possibilities for hostility gathering in cumuli on the horizon—the clergy so depressed—I dare not write the utter emptiedness of confidence. I can only look mutely,—and grant that it may be stedfastly—to Thee Who hast led me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam.

As the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln was now in its initial stages, it will be necessary to turn our attention to that subject; but I think it is as well first shortly to summarise, as simply as possible, my father's attitude with regard to the whole question of Ritualism.

The fact that my father's attitude towards Ritualism has been so often misunderstood is due perhaps more than anything to the breadth and to the elasticity of his view.

Breadth is often used to mean vagueness; elasticity to mean want of principle; but there was no suspicion of laxity or indefiniteness about my father's theory of Worship.

The love of order, of perfection—not mere "finish"—even in detail, and of the refined, the dramatic expression

of great ideas, were inherent principles of his nature. Conversely, too, he sought by instinct for the hidden meanings of all beauties.

A touch of the dramatic artist in a constitution intensely and instinctively spiritual made him instinctively seek a fitting embodiment for great ideas, while it was radically impossible for him to rest satisfied with forms.

Symbolism was to him not a technicality of religion but a quality of the world. As he wrote in 1851, after reading Wordsworth at the Lakes: "I believe there is a *real* language and I shall try to learn it...until I can understand it for myself without a poet to interpret,—and *I* will talk with rocks and trees." Nothing was more characteristic of him than the eager question among natural beauties: "What does it all *mean*?"

Thus, again, acts had their language and he recognised a symbolism of form. It has been noticed by Dr Verrall how even as a young boy he was impressed by my father's *dramatic* action at Wellington. His own touching allusion to the beautiful "scene" of Archbishop Tait's funeral, "true nature and true love expressing itself nobly," with illustration of what he means by reference to "the grand scenes of the Revelation Worship," is as characteristic as the following entry in his Diary:—

Feb. 21, 1889. House of Lords was opened at 2 in the usual form: dignifiedly quaint in all its points and thoroughly ritualistic.

Again his description in 1880[1] of the Freemasons' ceremonies as "satisfactory and refreshing from the simple exposition of symbolism as an element in life, quite apart from ecclesiasticism," will be remembered.

To understand further his view of ritual—symbolism in religion, it must be borne in mind that he was an Ecclesiastic

[1] At the laying of the Foundation Stone of Truro Cathedral, see vol. I. p. 454.

born ; everything ecclesiastical,—stately buildings, historical traditions, dignified ceremonial, solemn music,—appealed to him from childhood : but his interest in these things was, as he himself stated, at first mainly aesthetic. He loved symbolism in everything, and symbolism consecrated by tradition most of all.

Indeed it may be said that ecclesiasticism,—the wonder and beauty of the Church, its life and growth, its origin and history, its traditions and associations—was with him a support, almost a source of religious feeling, not a mere outcome of it. Thus there was no danger of its overpowering the latter. We have seen how in 1847 he wrote in the severe tone of youth to his friend :—

> I hear much of the Church, Baptism, the Eucharist, but very little of Christ's Church, Christ's Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the atonement and mediation of Christ.

As beauty of worship was thus a natural instinct with him, in early days the idea of any antagonism between beauty and worship seems to have struck him as almost absurd. He wrote in 1857 from Paris to his future wife, after describing a service at Chartres :—

> It was a painful sight in the midst of all this to see the main devotion paid to the Vierge Noire ; a hideous featureless black doll and idol six hundred years old, which still brings grist to the mill. How the enemy of all must laugh to hear some talk of being led away by architecture and beautiful externals from a religion, when here among the most beautiful of all such externals people disregard them to worship *ugliness*.

Yet the softening of experience made him see that there were natures to which such thoughts did not appeal, and, though he thought these persons mistaken, though he thought that they excluded a source of sacred pleasure and divine uplifting from their lives, yet he in no way condemned them ; rather he felt a kind of amazed compassion. At the same time the inner side of symbolic

ceremonial and mystical observance grew upon him every year; he was so penetrated with the love of God and Christ that each act of devotion was, as it were, a fragrant offering presented to the Divine. But it was the thing signified and not the material sign or fashion of its presentment that he adored. His letters and diaries are full of such thoughts, strongly felt and strongly expressed.

From his earliest days he had the same desire for the outward expression of religious thought; the story that I have told of his private chapel in the Lead Works at Birmingham is the first indication of this: but this was not a mere fancy for ecclesiastical upholstery; it was but the shrine for a devotion of which the flame burnt clear and strong; few days passed without the saying of as much of the Canonical Hours as he could manage; I have seen too among his papers a service-book written out by himself in the delicate and minute handwriting of his school-days, with the rubrics carefully inserted in red, which as a boy he constantly used. At Cambridge he found great comfort and strength in the solemn daily services; at Rugby he laboured most diligently for the seemly reparation of the Chapel. At Wellington he spent many happy hours upon designing and thinking out every detail of a holy sanctuary, and the solemn decorum of the school services there, with their decent and orderly ceremonial, but without any appearance of elaborate ritual, expressed his own views. At Lincoln the little Oratory was most carefully designed. At Truro the chapel was fitted up, every detail planned by himself, such as the screen and stalls of deal and the little sweet-toned organ, whose pleading voice he loved.

At the same time he had a great warmth of feeling for the Evangelicals; his father had been a pronounced Evangelical, and it was from Mr George Lee, the clergyman of his Birmingham parish and a prominent Evangelical, that

he received his first external impulse to holy living. His description of "Spiritual Evangelicalism" in his latest charge, is not the language of one who only desires to be fair, but of one who has a heartfelt affection for that of which he is speaking,—"with 'ravish'd ear' we have listened among men listening to the simplest telling of the tale of the Cross....This is spiritual power, the outpour of surrendered life[1]." Still, my father recognised that the Evangelical movement was, for some cause little understood, dying out in England: and he was not backward in showing that if the spirit died out of Evangelicalism, it also might become a "ritual system," though the superficial "aspect of the Ritual were different."

Professor Mason writes:—

> The thing which he was most afraid of, at any rate about the middle of his Archiepiscopate, was lest the Evangelicals "should be made to feel uncomfortable in the Church of England." Nobody could doubt, of course, that his own patristic and mediaeval studies brought him into closer agreement with other parties than with that party; but he felt at one time that there was real danger of an Evangelical secession from the Church, and that if it took place, the position of the Church as an "Establishment" was lost. He thought that everything should be done, that in reason could be done, in order to retain them. "Except these abide in the ship," he said to me once, "ye cannot be saved."

His personal instincts were in this matter subordinated to his judgment in a way as striking as it is unusual. That he himself found external beauty of worship an aid to devotion neither alienated his sympathies from those who found it a hindrance, nor blinded the clearness of his judgment on matters more important with regard to those whose natural disposition was in accordance with his own; though here again a finer taste, a more historical knowledge

[1] *Fishers of Men*, p. 127.

often made details of worship, intended to be expressive, painful and disturbing to him.

Again, Professor Mason writes, with regard to his interest in liturgical matters:—

Any and every liturgical question was full of interest to him—of scientific interest. He hardly liked people to know how much interested he was in such things. Once at Truro, when we were arranging that Henry Walpole and I should sing the Litany together at the Ordination, he said that the proper place for us to do it would be at the south end of the Altar; he had seen it done so at an Ordination at the Lateran; but, as he could not allege this reason, he thought it would be better to take another position. When he was beginning to prepare for the Lambeth Judgment, we were walking in the woods at Addington, and he talked a good while about the gesture of benediction,—how the presbyter, blessing in the name of the Holy Trinity, raises the three fingers; the bishop blesses with the open hand, symbolising the plenitude of power. "But," he added, "I don't wish to seem to know too much about these things." After it was over, when I asked him how he could possibly have elaborated all that detail of antiquarian lore in the midst of his other labours, he said, "Oh, of course I could never have done it if I had not worked at these things very long ago."

I had a most delightful talk with him one day riding at Addington. It began with Cranmer. He was anxious that I should get on with my work upon him. He spoke very severely of the kind of sarcastic flavour discernible in some of the remarks on Cranmer in the earlier part of Mr Dixon's History,—which are exchanged for something much more generous in the later volumes. He delighted in Morice's description of Cranmer's horsemanship,—a point which brought him into very close sympathy with Archbishop Benson—and of his industrious learning—and then he went on to picture the meetings of the Committee for drawing up the English Prayer-book; how Cranmer would come in and say, "I think that I have found something in a Greek Liturgy that will exactly do for this point or that; I am sure you will like to hear it." His fancy was very busy with the discussions. I told him that I was much afraid that the discussions were not quite so amiable as he made out, and that indeed it was to my mind doubtful whether such discussions

were held at all; but his mind was burning with the imaginary discussions. He passed on to speaking of the result of it all, wondering why Cranmer should, as he thought, have so saddened and depressed the Eucharistic Service, and given it such a penitential tone, by putting the Gloria in Excelsis at the end, with the additional cry for mercy which is found only in our form of it, which he was persuaded was not merely a printer's error. The position of the Lord's Prayer in our service was another thing of which he spoke strongly. He thought it was put after the Communion in order deliberately to minimize the reference to the Blessed Sacrament in the words, "Give us this day our daily Bread." I pleaded that the present position of the Prayer, while it brought out the fact that we can only rightly use such petitions by virtue of an established fellowship in Christ, did not at all deny that we had already received our "daily Bread," but only implied that the reception was not a thing of one moment only, but that having received the Bread we still needed to have its virtue imparted to us. But the Archbishop would not accept the view. He said it was "very spiritual," but that he did not think the reformers meant it. The whole of the Lord's Prayer, he thought, in the old offices, was concentrated upon that one petition, with direct reference to the Communion which was to follow immediately—and I remember how he sang out his *da nobis hodie* in imitation of the priests whom he had heard singing it abroad; and he felt sure that to our great loss the prayer had been transposed in order to get rid of the application of that clause to the Holy Communion.

His life in later years left him little time for study, and only his delight in liturgiology could have made it possible even to plan such work as he speaks of in a letter to Bishop Mackarness of Oxford[1]:—

I have always been very thankful for the *Day Hours*, and have used it for years in our Domestic Chapels at Lincoln and Truro. I have thought the book was doing in a very quiet way a great deal of good and opening the door to much more good

[1] Bishop Mackarness had asked on behalf of Lord Beauchamp that a new edition of *Day Hours of the Church of England*, which Lord Beauchamp was bringing out, might be dedicated to my father. This my father felt it would, for various reasons, be better to decline.

in familiarizing Church people with the to them hazy fact that there was more to come from the source from which the Prayer-Book came. Your own name was just the guarantee that it needed.....

These are the main things, but besides that, you and Lord Beauchamp will not be the least offended, as you speak of revision, if I say that I should like more revision of it than can be given before the appearance of the 4th edition. I have long wished to translate some of the antiphons and collects differently, and for both of them to make more use of the ancient Prymers and service-books in Maskell, etc. Also the monotony of the Black-letter collects is oppressive, and to make Britius and Machutus into serviceable personages there needs a little terse semi-archaic memoir to be printed in small type for each such day, as is done very nicely in some of the "paroissiens." Years ago I meant to begin this, and rather think I did—but what I should now like to do is to interleave a *Day Hours* and keep it beside me, and present it to you and Lord Beauchamp before the 5th edition comes, to do with it what you might choose. This would take two or three years to do decently, each clause wants so much weighing and tasting.

In advanced ritual he took a somewhat fearful joy. I recollect in 1875 when he was Chancellor of Lincoln, and we were living for the summer in a house at Torquay, he attended by preference a Church of moderate ritual rather than a decidedly pronounced Church which was much nearer, though we as children had a very decided bias in favour of the more ornate service. I can recollect too being dimly aware that he was rather discouraging to our ritualistic enthusiasm. Latterly he never attended an ornate service without making two or three criticisms afterwards as to mistakes of ceremony or tradition which he had noticed. He would explain with great minuteness what the right usage was; but I may say that I never heard him do so without his breaking off in the middle to say that after all it was a very unimportant matter, and that he was almost ashamed of seeming to know so much about it.

But above all he felt strongly that the tastes and

instincts of the laity should be sedulously consulted. He was once travelling with two old friends in a secluded part of the country not long after his appointment to the Archbishopric. He wrote in his Diary:—

Strange to find in these retired country places the same changes going on in ritual—chanted psalms, surpliced choirs, Eastward position, coloured stoles—everywhere. The gain in reverence doesn't keep pace with all this. Only three besides ourselves (women) at Holy Communion this morning—and our two selves the only men in church this afternoon. The Dean of Lincoln once said to me, "They destroy service by services." How are we going wrong? There is entering in something that is mechanical—*not* corporate, while the individual is dying out as an element of worship. The old evangelical service was more solemn, more reverent, tho' as free as could be from anything aesthetic. The clergy are sadly, pathetically in earnest; they revolted from the vanity of preachers. But we are finding out that without preaching, the *Word* will not be known (I mean of course earnestly studied and effective preaching) and that without the Word all their services go for nothing and will build up nothing.

Again a few days later he writes:—

Only five women and ourselves at Holy Communion. Church rather fuller—but these short surplices, no hoods, and coloured stoles don't seem fit for men. A clear sermon this afternoon, not clever but comforting. The people have nice, quiet kind manners here, and it is delightful to see how they reverence our old Mrs P., who has been here 27 years, is 82, was couched 20 years ago and sees perfectly. A good old Churchwoman to boot, with a good word for everyone and an enjoyment of Church bells and music, which goes well with deeper things in this class of life.

On the other side it will be remembered how he had written in 1870 to his wife of a church with high ritual:—

Sermon fanciful, irritating and untrue—all so sectarian...but I could not sweep this away...I should have too strong a feeling against alienating those who had found some comfort somehow in such poor and dearly bought signs.

Such feeling was very characteristic of him; he was always delighted when he found people, especially in a humble position, taking pleasure in ecclesiastical things, because it gratified his sense of the continuity of history, dating from the times when the Church provided for the poor all the artistic and educational influences that reached them.

Yet though his own delight in Ritualism was free from any touch of materialism, he was not without apprehension lest its elaboration and developement should bring about a subordination of the thing symbolised to the symbol.

"It is obvious," he said in *The Seven Gifts*, "how easy of maladministration, how liable to misunderstanding, how subject to misrepresentation, every external rite in a spiritual dispensation may be[1]"; and again, "If materialism in various shapes outside the Church alarms many, as a tendency of the age, we have read and noticed but little if we do not with the earliest fathers perceive, and with the latest observers verify, the fact that within the Church there is sure to be some corresponding and correlative tendency. There is a materialistic tone and temper about certain denunciations and directions which are published among us. Materialists might point to them...to show that the identification of Spirit with Matter is not so novel a doctrine[2]."

His diaries at Florence in later years are full, not only of his interest in the ritual, but his musing over how far in reality it either expressed or affected religion. He attended many of the great ceremonials in the Duomo, being often there in Easter week. On one occasion he was surprised and infinitely touched at his own reception by the Canons in full robes, who came down to one of the doors to meet him, stood in two rows and bowed low to him as he passed through.

Speaking of the Duomo, he wrote in 1893:—

A Requiem Mass was going on and this was followed by the Absolution of the Dead—the moment it was over, the sham bier

[1] p. 88. [2] p. 98.

had its curtains tucked up over it and was bundled away by two choir-men, and the solemnity was gone.

Alas, the countenances and expressions of the priests were anything but elevated or elevating. The cruelty of the State is that they have, by rendering it impossible for parents to bring up their sons to be priests without fear of starvation, sunk the priesthood, the canonicate, everything, into a lower class of life. They have cut off the touch of the Church from higher classes of cultivation—presently they will sweep them off as ignorant and unhelpful to the general welfare of minds and hearts. They are even now trying to eject them from the Church houses.

Jan. 15*th, Sunday.*—In the afternoon to the Duomo where Sir T. Dick Lauder had secured us places in the "Tribune," i.e. an organ gallery answering to "Quarter Gallery" at St Paul's. After Vespers and Compline, which were a rather rough and swift continuous roar in unison, and nothing near so beautiful as our English Cathedral Evensong, there was an annual service of Expiation for intercessions against *Bestemmias*. A reparation for all the injuries uttered against all divine Beings and Blessings in the past year. To this came parochial confraternities to the number of some hundreds dressed and hooded in Misericordia fashion all in white, everyone bearing a large taper. There were twelve canons in white fur cappas, and capellans in red, and seminarists for choir—the singing and voices less beautiful than a cathedral choir in England. Then a procession of all these—the length of the church and half again—and hymns etc. in honour of the Sacrament—borne in the usual way by the Archbishop—and a strange hymn sung by a professional choir in the other quarter gallery, and responded to by the mass of the congregation in a refrain of catching music, thus:

Deh! l' audace lingua frena
Scelerato peccator!
..... grave e piena
Scende l' ira del Signor.

This idea of worship, this idea of reparation, this endless movement and bustle, from the Archbishop's dressing and undressing, to the candle lighting, and perpetual trotting in and out of ecclesiastics, were very much the ideas of materialism and ceremonial which the Reformation arose to counteract. And though all seems un-English now, there is an uncertainty about whether

these ideas are really slain there: and if so, what are the ideas that *live* there?

As a picture and scene nothing could be grander—the severe majesty and plain vastness of the Cathedral in its shadows, the floor covered with white rows of figures and twinkling lights, the leading cross with its white ensign banner floating, the confraternities each headed by a plain gaunt cross with the instruments of the passion—the displeasing blaze and gold and silver upholstery of the high altar.

Oh! that we might gather the scattered lights. Oh! that we might go to the heart of the first days and revive the first love, the first passion, the first Christ—Exoriare aliquis.

In 1894 he wrote at Florence:—

March 22nd.—I will not write all I saw those days, still less all I ought to have seen—but only the odds and ends which struck me. Lucy and I saw the Blessing of the Oils for sick and for Catechumens, a table placed before the Altar in what would be the "presbytery" at Lincoln. Bishop seated in hideous mitre down on his cope—looking east. Chapter round him in three sides of a square, Archdeacon beside him; after each oil was compounded and consecrated, each Canon approached and singing three times in higher and higher key "Ave Sanctum Chrisma" or "Ave Sanctum Oleum," kissed the lips of the vessel containing it, and breathed on it.

This seems to be "Sacerdotalism" if you like. But it is difficult to penetrate alien ideas.

Again, many people, but I saw no one who was apparently edified, or wished to be edified, or thought they could be edified. But again it is difficult to enter into the minds of other folks, even though they appear to stare a little and walk about.

On the 24th of March he writes:—

Easter Eve.—A strange day, thronged with thoughts about what we and all men are making of Christ's Gospel. The spectacle that moved for four hours before my eyes this morning as we stood in the high tribune above the Altar, seeing every detail and following it, has filled me with wonder as to whether He will find faith upon the earth.

The Paschal Candle—the Prophecies and Expedition to the Baptistery—and the Firework Dove.

The language and arrangement of the whole service, mag-

nificent indeed to see and hear, were for a midnight service between Easter Eve and Day. They are the preparation for a vast Baptism—to take place on Easter morning. The Scriptures are a *Divine* leading on from man's Creation to man's New Creation, twelve "prophetiae," most beautiful, and beautifully chosen—with the most apt anthems and the most noble collects. There was a procession of the Archbishop and all the Clergy to Baptistery to prepare the Font—the robes were all white because of the Baptismal ceremony to which they belong.

And this was all done in the full light of this white morning—no one baptized—no one to be baptized—the whole a beautiful husk.

The transference of the hour has led of course to the pushing back all the other hours of these days to the day earlier.

The Paschal Candle was slighter and lower, and the ceremony less touching than I expected: Procession to strike light at West End, Procession back, lights at intervals, three tapers on a three-branched pole—singing at each "Lumen Christi" in higher and higher key. Then the tying on three "grains of incense," large as ostrich eggs, to the lowered candle—then the lowering it again to light it—I am ashamed to feel it uninteresting. But the "Exultet jam Angelica turba"—But the Prophecies—a Canon, as Deacon, with a glorious voice, sang the very fine continuous strain, attributed to Ambrose, which is fashioned on the thread "This is that night to be much remembered," etc. And the Prophecies are twelve great selections working out the history of "salvation" revealed up to Resurrection and Regeneration. The Deacon sang the first at the Epistle corner of the Altar, and the rest he read to himself in a low voice, while members of the several orders of this Church, ending with a Canon, came one by one up into a temporary ambo, and read them loud, not alas! to the people circulating round the octagonal choir, with its low wall, though that might easily have been done, but only to the clergy, seminarists and choir. The "Exultet" ends with a prayer for the King—which was *not read*—missed. Are not these people throwing away their last chances? Is not the whole now *παλαιούμενον*[1]? and with it, how much more?

But must not the English Church try some way to seize on the possibilities of edification which these Holy Services of the Holy Week present? Why should we not add the Prophetiae to our Services like my Nine Lessons?

[1] Waxing old. Heb. viii. 13.

The *Dove* I excuse as a National or Civic thing, not a religious one. It really is absurd—a poor firework, setting off at the Gloria in Excelsis, and kindling a hideous pyre with ghastly explosions.

But what he feared in England, as much perhaps as the growth of materialism, was the developement of party spirit, which might leave not only the most essential matters, but even the more important elements of organic order, and make a battle cry of things which in themselves he considered interesting and beautiful but not weighty.

On one occasion he writes in his Diary:—

Interview with Bishop of Liverpool as to his permitting the threatened ritual prosecution of Mr B. He was very earnest and oppressed about it, seems to have tried honestly his best to avoid it. But these people like B. who are so excellent in theory of obedience, never obey a Bishop even when he speaks of his own authority. The Bishop had behaved magnanimously in consecrating a church for them. Without any sense of honour, the man immediately adopts all manner of illegal practice.

And again he wrote:—

Celebrated at St Paul's, using the Eastward position as the use of that Church is. It is most wretched, since these litigations renewed themselves, to feel that every position or attitude or act is watched with rigour and more the more trivial it is. It is eating away the soul of public worship. Many clergymen must feel deadened by the sense that every act in public worship is a sort of trivial act of war in the estimation of some who should be fellow-worshippers if they are anything.

Again, after the Lincoln Judgment had been pronounced he wrote of a later visit to St Paul's:—

Alas! those minor canons who are allowed their own way in everything, have introduced *ablution* since the Lincoln Judgment, and have turned the order on openness in consecration into a new bit of ritualism, lifting the cup high and breaking the bread and drawing the arms apart with the two pieces of broken bread. Thus, what was meant to give plainness is by these perverse folk turned to a far more ceremonious mode. Full tilt we go to

alienate all the laity we can. If they were not so much wiser than the clergy they would be all gone to Dissent before this.

And again :—

In the fine old Church at E—— attended a "High Church" Service. Ridiculous donnings and doffings of stoles and hoods—an eleven minutes' sermon! These are the things which the old *gentry-clergy* would never have adopted, and they are more Roman in principle than what people foolishly fear.

And again :—

Consecrated St Y——'s; a good church in a poor district. There were six candles lighted on the Altar and two large ones besides—I consecrated it before Evensong. The party are becoming so bound to their little usages that they do not now want their Bishops to celebrate Holy Eucharist for them because they will not offer "Mass" on the Altar under a Cross, a construction which has all the *look* of a Tabernacle—so as to prepare the way of Reservation. All the music was Gregorian, gloomy, and its wheels "drave heavily." So did my sermon—I preached from the Lord's teaching to His disciples given before "the Myriads," Luke xii., and mainly against party spirit and its woes, and *tried* to lead to higher tone. But there was a spirit against such counsel in the air of the congregation. Yet their zeal will surely be led in sweet ways. ΓΕΝΟΙΤΟ![1]

After being present on one occasion at a keen discussion on ritualistic matters, in which he had himself warmly joined, he says, relating the whole incident in his Diary :—

Our ritualistic and anti-ritualistic troubles and truces are not the stuff by which to help the world. We are busy with things among ourselves of a low order, while we ought to be solving and leading to high issues greater problems of society.

His part in the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts has been already referred to[2]; but it will not be amiss to quote some extracts from his letters to my mother (in 1881) showing his desire to understand to the full what was demanded, and his power of divining the contingencies which might arise.

[1] So be it. [2] See vol. I. p. 467.

He writes:—

Convocation, *Feb.* 11, 1881.

...We have determined to apply for a Royal Commission to get morals, ritual, doctrine, courts and all really looked into—I mean the present confused state of law and procedure about them. And all this means that the wheels of the Church are revolving in spite of the cold snowdrifts across the lines—Deo gratias—there *is* life and there *is* help in Sion.

And again:—

Bishops' Meeting, *May* 21, 1881.

...The first meeting of the Royal Commission yesterday about the Ecclesiastical Courts was very interesting to a boy like me. It was a full meeting of remarkable men. But I am afraid of the issue so far. Lord Coleridge and the lawyers are all disposed to shunt this great question which rends the Church upon the mere question of procedure and expenses. But they are to be reduced. Bishops of Winchester and Oxford struck boldly out, but what we want to discuss are *principles*. And Westcott having got his list of historical documents ready, I got Lord Blachford to pass this, that we might have them published, and he and Professor Stubbs and I stayed behind and drew up a scheme, which may I hope put the right questions at last before us.

Afterwards I went to Charles Wood[1] and he and the Dean of Durham (Lake) and Lord Devon and I dined together at the Athenaeum, so that I am trying to acquaint myself with what that side want and wish. There is much to sympathise with and much to be admired in their free view of the freedom of the Church. But without wishing to take any coloured view it does seem to me that the result of the E.C.U. determinations would be to *re*-constitute an appeal to an external See. There is no hope or help for it, if they will have *no* appeal to the Crown in any form. This will be our final crux.

It is interesting to note, in connection with this, his speech to the Diocesan Conference in the same year, and his careful distinction of spiritual judge from a judge who is in the modern sense a "cleric[2]."

This point again is emphasised in the following draft

[1] Now Viscount Halifax.

[2] See vol. I. p. 468.

in my father's hand on the subject of Ritual. There is no clue as to the identity of the friend to whom it was written. But from the fact that it was carefully preserved I have no doubt that he considered it important.

Private.

TRURO.
Dec. 29, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * * * * *

In the first place I feel very sure that you attach too much by very much to my relation to different sides in the question, and also to my knowledge and private help. But apart from all that, I really think you must not quarrel with the idea of Bishops not taking part in these things at this stage. Looking at it historically, they have universally been *judges* when a matter has reached a certain stage—not parties nor counsel; they always have "given their judgment" right or wrong, not *prepared* things for judgments.

Then again, they are the κυβερνῆται or "steersmen" and it is impossible for them to be taking to pieces and re-examining the engines through which the πνεῦμα or steam is propelling the ship of God. While they are divines and students *that* is their work, but once put at the helm, their work is changed.

That seems to have been the view which sagacious Gamaliel took of the duty of Pontiffs in older days. Their work is fairly cut out for them by usage. As to the present question—the evil you speak of is gross and crying. I was obliged to be present a year ago at a service which the performer regarded as the *only* possible catholic worship, and his laborious attempts to impress this on the finest race of fishermen you ever beheld, ended in spiritual blankness of darkness—and entire Church emptiness. But such a performance! a Papal Mass at St Peter's, a French one at the Madeleine, some especially English usages, and *Methodism* intervening at every pause,—all these had streaks visible to any practised eye, or any reader of liturgiology—and then the farrago of music.

I am sure you do not exaggerate the *mess* things are in—and the rashness with which insufficient information is being acted on. However, I do not possess sufficient information to put these things right, nor sufficient time to study them. I've looked into them of course, a very little, but that little is enough to show the compli-

cation and difficulty of this branch of archaeology. One thing was patent, the untenableness of Roman usages in England. I could never consider it an open question whether Roman or Sarum colours were better, supposing it demonstrated that the Edwardian vestments were the legal ones.

But I only wish all deference and disposition to be comprehensive, and a predisposition to what is authorized. I am not clear on *this* preliminary point, and do not see a hope of satisfying myself. That many are certain proves nothing, I fear, for it is one of the obscure points on which whoever thinks he sees light clings to it desperately.

That they are the *only* lawful dress is (I feel satisfied) quite unproved.

Moreover, to be perfectly candid, I do not think them sacerdotal in *origin*. Therefore I am not clear as to how they became endued with the sacredness they claim. By usage? That cuts both ways.

By Rubrics? Then I am thrown back again on the difficulty of drawing distinct conclusions. And if they are *not proved*, then expediency comes in again. (Again I am not *sure* that ritual ought not to be a *varying* expression from age to age. Truth is single in essence, but multiform in presentment. Is not ritual a presentment?)

I have said enough to show that I should not be a serviceable member of a Committee, and to show that I doubt whether a Committee could do good.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. TRURON.

In the latter paragraphs he touches on a point which, as will be seen, is of considerable importance. If Ritual is an expression of worship, valuable only as an expression, it must be though formulated not formalised; it must be vital not mechanical, elastic not stereotyped.

"I am very desirous of real elasticity," he said, when in speaking of Missions (see p. 462) he touched on the changes that must be made in attitudes of devotion or colours of vestments, in accordance with the habits and symbolism of foreign nations.

Symbolism must indeed be formulated in order that its language may be understood. Writing in 1884 to his wife about a private chapel adapted from a room, he describes it as having "everything necessary, but as unlike the Church as can be. I hope it gives more sense of reality, but I do not see how it can. It is all rather too peculiar to be availing in that sense to any *other* person and that is why true symbolism is so very valuable as a perfect language."

But the language of symbolism must have its growth, and thus its correspondence with the race and the age.

The ritual of the English Church must be English ritual, must not be a mixture of "a Papal mass at St Peter's, a French one at the Madeleine, some especially English usages, and methodism intervening at every pause."

How he dealt with a ritual case cannot be better shown than by the instance of the Lincoln Judgment, which from the year 1888 had begun to occupy his mind, and which will be dealt with in a separate chapter; his general view can hardly be more beautifully given than by a letter that he wrote to me, when I was an undergraduate at King's College, Cambridge, on the whole question of public worship; part of it I printed in *Archbishop Laud, a Study*, but I think it better to give the whole letter, as he was speaking very fully and unreservedly on a subject very dear to his heart; he was in bed at the time, having undergone a slight operation, and being freed from the pressure of business, had more time than usual on his hands. It is the longest letter I ever received from him.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Oct. 25th, 1883.

MY DEAREST SON,

I am obliged to write in bed, so you will excuse my pencil. I am getting on very well, though I shall be some time before I am what Warham calls "a habile man"—but I sleep well, and lie still, and get through a good deal of reading, and order all

my letters, and eat all they will give me. The doctor himself says I "*look* like an impostor, though I should cease to do so if I set foot to the ground."

Thank you for your two letters very much. Your election at the Union[1] is splendid—and with young Chamberlain[2]—how odd!

I wish the authorities had the courage to act on the stimulus you have been giving amongst you to compulsory chapel. I am sure your account of the matter is as true as it is natural.

There were always 100 to 120 at morning chapel when I was a scholar at Trinity and of those three-fourths would not have had *force* enough to get up and go if there had been no rule, and they were very glad to go, and if they had had leave to be marked at the gate they would have been marked and would have been sorry. And they were and are all their lives better for having gone. The side-chapel may be very well for the time of necessity in which we live, but I should mourn over the silence of King Henry's glorious choir—it looks like another ebb. But I have always felt in a very unpeopled church as if somehow (on a week-day at least, or at an inconvenient hour) the fact that the Church is really *spiritual* and that "we *are come* not to the Mount Sion, but to an innumerable company" comes out, and I feel among them in the Psalms and Prayers. When I was a boy I used to say the Morning and Evening Prayer as I went to and from school or else in my rough chapel in a great unused room—and I always used to say "The Lord be with you," and be sure that there were plenty about to reply, "And with thy spirit."

As to Public Worship I think that there is real depth in what Dr Westcott said in his enigmatic way[3]—besides the Life and Self (which in themselves cannot be *offered* perhaps in a real sense except by union with that element, our Lord's humanity, which He has placed in union with our life and the life of our species for this among other purposes)—besides Life and Self we surely ought to present (not only what we *are*, but) what we *have* for a

[1] I was elected on to the Committee of the Union.

[2] Mr Austen Chamberlain, now M.P. and Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

[3] Bishop Westcott, when Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, being a Fellow of King's, used to hold a little meeting of undergraduates after chapel in his rooms at which a paper was read and discussed; it was open to all the College: the Theory of Worship was being discussed, and someone said, "But is not the Life the Sacrifice?" The Professor smiled, and said eagerly, "Yes, but what becomes of the Hymn and the Garland and the white Vestments of the Priest?"

time—the things which in this world our Spirit or Self is allowed to possess εἰς χρῆσιν[1] and which it will have to lay down.

Of all these, the results and the instruments of Art are the ἄνθος[2] and those results which exist and pass, exist and pass, are born and die, are the subtlest and most delicate and perfect—and those also which have an *image* of eternity about them are at the other pole of perfectness.

Form—colour—order—movement—music—have somehow to be offered as well as *thought*—and that which is ours only instantaneously, *Time*, must have its dedication too.

Drop that for a minute.

The yearning (which is so undeniable in man for God) requires speech. The roughest and rudest come together to speak to God—in their plainest way He speaks with them and they know it. When they are delivered, or *being* delivered, from material terrors with regard to Him, only the best persevere (those in whom the yearning is, as I say, for *God* and not for comfort) in following out what they find, that the listening to the records of His revelation through ages and to the substance of it, and then speaking in common to Him, and exhorting one another about Him and about the hindrances in getting to Him, and the seeing His hand in difficulties, affect their lives more than anything else does. This simplest plainest worship in common strengthens, as well as reminds, them to re-dedicate themselves, their lives and spirits to Him. Nothing can eradicate the conviction, the experimental conviction, they all entertain, that it is not the exercise of the worship, but an undoubted answer made to their worship, which is the strength. They sought a Presence, and they have found it. Surely they are not wrong in gathering, that what obtained so gracious an answer is acceptable to the Answerer. ὀσμὴ εὐδοκίας[3].

Now as life becomes more beautiful in the sensuous region, the question comes, "Is this a new world we have found for ourselves?" "Is it a region into which we shall enter and do without God there?" or "is it capable of being sanctified like all else we have known in plainer ways?" There is a trembling about the

[1] For the using. [2] Flower, ornament, grace.

[3] A variation, probably intentional, on the phrase in Eph. v. 2, εἰς ὀσμὴν εὐωδίας, a sweet-smelling savour,—possibly suggested by ἄνθρωπος εὐδοκίας, Luke ii. 14. It will be observed that the Archbishop uses the word εὐδοκία in the following paragraph.

question. But surely it has been rightly answered—and the dedication of all these perfectnesses is lawful and right—and the glory of Art goes up to Him from those who have it εἰς χρῆσιν, and the εὐδοκία[1].

But now I own I have for years past looked on pleased but anxious to see our worship all over England getting ornamental—the white garments and the chanting and the windows trouble me with a singular trouble while I hope all is well. I can explain by an almost ridiculous thing, what I mean. I never can endure to use a Psalter with notes to every syllable, or even elaborately pointed for singing. I feel, in spite of all I do, that the spirit vanishes from the words, and that I become as if I were chanting Vedas. I cannot worship unless I can *catch* the pointing and sing it, or else be silent, and then I say, "How fares it with those singing men and boys?" and the sound of it often strikes me as sound only. Then I long to teach them the Psalms' meaning, and of course at Lincoln I did—and wish the clergy would all do it. Else I fear I shall come to think "that we don't *know* that what we do is acceptable," except that we can't find out what else to do than what seems to be actually in man to do.

For ourselves I think the only thing is to throw consciousness into it all—to fling up before each attempt at an elaborate piece of Service, before each change of chant, before each sitting down to even *practise* on the organ, the thought "This is Thine, O Lord, of Thee, in Thee;—O make it also *for* Thee in my heart—and unto Thee in the Heavenly places."

If we make our worship into mere business, it may become *un*elevated business like any other—but it *is* an offering of time and effort and we can add to that offering all the best and most beautiful things we know—and this may then, must, influence Life in the most powerful way—and I can't see how we can doubt the εὐδοκία in it.

Your most loving father,

Edw. Cantuar.

[1] This is an obscure sentence. The Warden of Keble suggests that it means, "The glory of Art goes up to God from those who have it for useful ends (εἰς χρῆσιν), and the delight (εὐδοκία) in Art goes up to God from those who enjoy it." Πρὸς χρῆσιν is used by Aristotle to point the antithesis between utilitarian and imitative arts. Cf. Arist. *Met.* I. 1. 981 b.

CHAPTER VI.

DIARIES AND LETTERS.

"*Qui praeest, in solicitudine.*" ST PAUL *ad Rom.*

EARLY in the year 1889 the proceedings on the Lincoln case began before the Archbishop. How constantly this matter, not only in itself, but its causes, its possible effects, and all cognate questions were in his mind, will be seen from the frequent entries which bear on the subject in the Diaries.

Jan. 1*st.* He would be a very blind man or a very hard man who would say that the masses of cloud which overhang the hills that stand round Jerusalem are not fraught with formidable material. And he would be a very unfaithful one who did not say that their showers might make glad the City of God and their lightnings themselves clear the air and restore the balance. The purpose of God must be good towards us. He has wrought much by us. However unworthy and however unlike the Saints and statesmen of old time, yet we cannot feel that He has sent us to our places each and all to destroy us, and through us to lower the Church of England. In hours of depression one may feel as if some kind of end were at hand. But it is far more likely to be ὠδῖνες (birth-pangs)—pains fruitful with the future.

The sudden revival of a Spiritual tribunal, untouched for ages by the temporal powers, and bearing no trace of them—the direction of its powers against one of the saintliest of men and meekest—which may lead to a great toleration, "howbeit they think not so," and a greater freedom and greater charity of mind. Why not expect *that* rather than error, confusion, destruction?

But how many problems—Temperance—Purity—Slavery—the wretchedness of the poorest classes at home—their ignorance—their wildness—their false friends—claims for the increase of the Episcopate—the jealousy of Episcopal position—Patronage and its mischiefs—Clergy Discipline—the failings of the Missionary Societies—the repression of Slavery in Africa—the Spanish Bishopric—the Turkish threatenings of the Assyrian Mission—Natal and South Africa.

On the 7th January the Prince of Wales came to Lambeth to receive a Deputation of Working Men on the subject of providing a "People's Park" for the District. The Archbishop wrote:—

Went up to receive Prince of Wales and twelve Representative Working Men at Lambeth. The latter to read him an address on the purchase of "the Lawn," South Lambeth, for a Public Park—and its great importance to them and their children. Their chairman read a natural honest speech, and nothing could be better than the tone and line of the Prince's answer. They were delighted by his strong shake of the hand. "Not the tips of his fingers," they said, "working men have feelings and they would not like that." And, "It isn't everybody that education refines as it has him," said a blacksmith. "When he's king I shall be able to say that I've shook hands with the Crown," said an engine-driver.

Octavia Hill and James Knowles[1] and my wife were the only people admitted—besides his Equerry and Donaldson[2] and Phillips[3].

It will do good and he spoke so well.

Dr Ogle[4] enjoins much care.

On the 9th he notes:—

Is the laying down of the flesh a renewal of limitations? or is it an imposing of new limitations for the time—as being a cutting off of the means and channels which we had of communication with the creation of God—are we from thence *alone* with God? cut off from communication and thrown inward on self alone?

[1] Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*.
[2] The Rev. St Clair Donaldson, Chaplain.
[3] Mandeville Phillips, Secretary. [4] His doctor.

Another day he writes:—

A terrible hour with a bad old priest of 74. Clever—versutus —contra cives animosus—sui indulgens—cui vilis est virtus et sua et aliena—pestis parochiae—ecclesiae fax—puteus veneni. Deus misereatur mihi si verbis si vultu si fabulis decipias.

In the evening a most happy tea with my old people at Whitgift, of whom I have already appointed 14 in this short time. Their love of their Warden, and loyalty to "his present Grace" and their devoutness at prayers and attention to a short sermon which I gave them on Charity and Temper, truly refreshing in these days. But it was instructive to me in a very important way.

I proposed to the whole table-full that we should let the College be removed to widen the street, and rebuilt in some pretty quiet country place. They said almost in horror that not a brick of the College must be touched—dear old place—and that they much preferred Croydon to any country place.

Then I said would it not be agreeable to them to live at their own homes with their own friends, and have a weekly allowance in full for whatever they now enjoyed? There was quite a clamour in answer—"No! no!" they almost shouted; "College was the thing—we are all proud of the College[1]."

To his son Hugh, at Eton.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Conv. of St Paul, 1889.
Jan. 25.

DEAREST HUGHIE,

Don't forget, dear lad, to read, if it is only two or three verses of the Bible morning and evening and make a little short prayer out of them—(on Sunday I hope you will read a little more; for *devotional* use, not merely school work). I hope you will have a bright and happy Sunday. We have only had the sun twice since you went.

Ever your loving father,
EDW. CANTUAR.

Don't drop Robert out of writing your name. It is one of the very oldest names in the family—and you'll lose your inheritance some day by not using your name.

[1] The Archbishop was of the same mind, and strongly against the suppression of the College.

On the 9th of Feb. he went to Winchester with my mother and eldest sister, as usual; in the afternoon he went on to Bournemouth to see Bishop Lightfoot who was lying ill there; he writes:—

Spent this day semper acerbum, semper honoratum, with wife and Nellie at Winchester. The grass in its sweetness of turf and gray cloister as ever, and the Bay growing up again.

Dear boys in Fifth Chamber received us quite affectionately—Martin's table is still by its pillar in the middle and the new window shines into the dark corner he loved—and outside of it the corbel which they have carved as like him as they could. It is said that there is a beautiful tone now in College and they have gained 11 Fellowships in three years. How he would have rejoiced in their joy. But his was a fatal year. Reid, Stamp, Stockdale, another, and He gone out of that one year. These "hyacinthi succisi aratro" are not less mysterious to us than to Virgil—we only can bear them better.

Vespers in Cathedral.

On to Bournemouth—Dunelm strangely better, colour, expression, brightness, all trickling back to life. God give him again to all and to me!

Adding on the next day:—

At night Dunelm spoke of the trial after he was quiet in bed. He said, "I think it will after all come out right and be a great blessing to the Church; I can't help feeling somehow that it will." He said with tears, "I want to tell you how good God has been to me in this illness—I have had so many happinesses—seeds I had sown have been coming up in the diocese so fast, long before I looked for it." He had the reredos of the church which he is building at Sunderland, "St Ignatius," the drawing of it, in the course of the evening.

To his Wife.

BOURNEMOUTH.
10 *Feb.* 1889.

MY DEAREST,

I came quite comfortably here—find the Bishop justifying the good things said of him. In appearance his face is longer but they say there has been a great improvement in this last fortnight.

This morning I celebrated the Holy Communion with him and his three loving chaplains—to his great happiness. It was clear he had regained the power of concentration,—I should think perfectly—nothing could be more beautiful than the intensity of his expression. Afterwards he patted my head several times—a thing which I never before knew him to do.

This morning at St A——'s church the clergyman, not a ritualist, gave a long sermon on the Lincoln case—justifying the six points with "scriptural" arguments just of the style which could equally well be used to prove that Noah's Ark was fitted up with stalls and an east window and that Noah was a High Church clergyman. I sat rather like a man listening to the condemned sermon, just opposite to him, but I felt sure that some very spicy passages were dropped as he happened to know me by sight.

Give my best love to the girls, and to the Chaplains—I expect them to "give notice" of withdrawal from the object of such eloquence from a thousand pulpits—but seriously, if a quiet man can be moved on to the ritualist side as this man was by the prosecution, what is the effect of it through all England I wonder.

Ever your loving husband,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To Sir Arthur Gordon.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
9 *March*, 1889.

MY DEAR GORDON,

The lone life has settled down upon you. And it grieves me to think of it.

The terribleness of the first excitement of the shock being over, I want to write to you and say how well I know that there comes a time still less easy to endure—I know it by sharp sorrows of my own. And I remember it was brought to a close (for it is no *good* time) by the present Bishop of Truro's saying to me that the one thing to bring back the mind, as distinct from the soul's hope, to rest, was to determine never to picture to oneself how it *might* have been different, if only such and such things had been done, and how different it would be now if the grief had not come.

We must learn that God has used whatever happened to work out His own purpose—and we must fling ourselves into the present, as it is, if God's will in our trial is to have its perfect work. I shall never forget the thrill of seeing the announcement of your loss. *Then* I thought you would be coming to England; and after that I would let a little while go by that I might not touch a wrong string. *Now* I can feel and know where you are in thought.

I am so thankful for that short sight of Lady Gordon at Addington. Her noble spirit shone out even in that little space. And it seemed as if a long future of noble service in some kind were before her—and now it *is*—in some grander inconceivable form, but with all that was high and true in earth's best loves still powerful in the spirit, wherever or however it lives.—This we *know*.

We are all full of the thought of your children too. I wish I knew how I could be of any use to your boy and repay him something of the good which his father's friendship did me when I was so young in spirit and so young in this world.

My dear Gordon, I am afraid that these are very helpless aidless outpourings. There is only one excuse for them—it is that Calvin says "*In magnis tentationibus juvat solitudo—sed tamen ut in propinquo sint amici*[1]." Your friends stand round you wishing they could be of use to you—but still believing that there is some good even in the wish. May God and His Spirit in Jesus Christ do what we cannot.

Ever your affectionate friend,

Edw. Cantuar.

On April 7th he writes:—

Preached St James' Chapel Royal. This is of all performances the most miserably dead—a congregation of formal people whom nothing can wake to a momentary interest. A—— and B—— had both determined they would preach in such a strain that they would make people turn their eyes to the pulpit. But they failed (though I heard they voted B—— slightly improper). I had said I would never preach there again but would rather pay the fine. But as it fell I took a good deal of pains to write a characteristic sermon for them upon the Duchess of Cambridge's

[1] In great trials solitude is best—yet not without friends near at hand.

death[1]. I think one or two people were a little touched who had known her very well, not by anything I said, but by the eloquence of a life which seemed as if it never would end, and in its even tenour never need.

The next day the papers gave a truly ludicrous account by someone who had certainly not heard a word of what I did say, but wrote a concise statement apparently of what he, knowing nothing, would have said.

The Bishop of Durham to the Archbishop.

BOURNEMOUTH.
April 30th, 1889.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

I trust you are keeping well notwithstanding the worry of the times. May God give you wisdom to steer the ship amidst the rocks and shoals, for indeed it will require a steady and strong hand, and a keen eye.

Yours affectionately,

J. B. DUNELM.

To Professor Westcott.

(*On "A Christian Policy of Peace."*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
June 16th, 1889.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I have read several times over with all the attention I could your most interesting letter, before I could satisfy myself that I had not, and could not invent, anything to say against it, which was no doubt what I was expected to do as a duty.

Of course it all moves in a plane "far above out of sight" of most good people. Lord Salisbury said in the House that "Military Honours" and "Imperial Necessity" were points which we need not trouble ourselves to think that *anything* (I *suppose* he meant *at present*) could touch.

And also it seems to me from what I hear (e.g. Llewellyn Davies[2] said it with a vehemence which I was rather frightened at) —that to speak of disarmament now is not to help on the cause.

[1] Which occurred on April 6th.

[2] Rector of Christ Church, Marylebone, 1856—1888, now Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale.

It is as if the whole chorus replied that "as they *know* that is hopeless probably the other things you say are hopeless, and the whole may be postponed"—which it is quite like the chorus to say.

I had a long talk to a German Prince the other day who seemed to have as much horror of war as one could wish, but was an active officer and held the army "to be the Strength of Germany" (not as a "security" only but) for reasons which I have never realised—its enormous and constant effect on the physique of the men of the nation. They had become very small and weak, he said, and the muscle and sinew of the whole people was gone, partly old wars, partly ill-drained towns and close occupations and poor food and poor means. The case had been desperate almost when the great system of "Turnen[1]" exercises in preparation for the army, was made to form part of all their educational courses, and caused the great perfection *in* the army. This physical restoration of the people he spoke of with much enthusiasm, and of all the healthy habits induced by *drill universal*, and it is quite clear that there was an entirely separate ground (in a good young fellow's mind) for keeping up the *armament*. The Germans have *no* love of games and will take no exercise except with a serious end in view.

So that perhaps in p. 6 and p. 8 it will be possible to insert something which would imply disarmament as an *ultimate final result*—rather than "mediation, arbitration and disarmament," as if all were above the horizon—so as not to prejudice 1 and 2 by 3.

I talked to the Lord Chancellor about Arbitration Treaty. He seemed to fear that the difficulty would arise about disputing the *award*—the fairness *post factum*—and the hideous confusion if powers that had agreed to arbitration took exceptions when the arbitrators had spoken. There would be no Court of Appeal in the case of decisions so vast, e.g. I suppose some think that a nation might have not dishonourably objected to the Alabama decision.

It may be that some word will occur to you to turn this popular objection.

I do not think I have *anything* of importance to say. V. p. 2; "Social and Human duties" are meant to be in sharp contrast

[1] I.e. Gymnastic.

(are they not?) with individual duties. But the latter may be social and are human; I only mean, can you a little more express for stupid people the *breadth* of *these* social and human duties?

The Diary continues:—

June 19. To Eton to consult Arthur, Lyttelton[1], Brinton[2], Lowry[2] and Hughie[3] himself, with his dear mother—we are all against it. We all feel that being against it will throw him off from the only intellectual keenness and earnest purpose as to his future which he has yet shown—he certainly takes a manly tone and listens to none of us in the way of defection.

On June 20th he adds:—

A new power of manliness seems to have come over him. I trust in answer to the many prayers "that he may know himself to be God's servant and God's child, and live as to the Lord and not as to men."

"Our little sheltered boy!" his mother says—and breaks my heart. I always reckoned on this one to be my great friend as I grew old.

On June 22nd he notes:—

The Bishops of England will soon be a name without a meaning. They are Bishops of Dioceses and make an immense fuss about their business and their letters so that people groan over their lamentations about their work—they are good diocesan bishops—but Bishops of England, no. They take no share in public functions or public business even when it most concerns the Church. Take these meetings this year—S.P.G. meeting—S.P.G. service, Additional Curates Society, Sons of Clergy (dinner in City and dinner at Lambeth)—Service at St Paul's. The only Bishops who have appeared at any of these are Carlisle twice, Wakefield twice, St Asaph twice, Hereford once, Southwell once, and in the House of Lords scarcely ever one of them all except Carlisle.

A very perceptible change in the manners of England is in process—a slow disappearing of deference and reverence and of

[1] The Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, now Headmaster of Haileybury.

[2] Assistant-masters at Eton College.

[3] His son Hugh, then at Eton, wished to go in for the Civil Service of India. This entailed his leaving Eton and going to London to be specially coached.

any belief in the propriety of expressing it, whether felt or unfelt. I do not think the change at all connected with real independence of the spirit. People ask favours *more* servilely; to ask you to be a reference for them or to speak for them, or for their friends whom you never saw or heard of before, is quite common.

On the 28th he says:—

Spoke in House of Lords for the Armenians—showing we had every reason to believe the reports of the outrages, or that if the Government could show reason to the contrary, let them give us the Consular Reports from that part of the world, which since 1881 have remained unprinted. I followed Lord Carnarvon. I showed also how in instances, familiar to us, a strong word from our Government had sufficed to make the Turks check the Kurds.

Lord Salisbury gave us very solemn sympathy, but excused the Turk as more weak than wilful in his government, and thought that we were unwise, lest our utterances in House of Lords should exasperate the feeling between Kurds and Armenian peasants!

At the Queen's Concert two members of the Cabinet half implied that they thought us right, and meant to do what they could. Some people palliate it by saying that Armenia is like our own Ireland! If in Ireland half the population were supplied with arms, and half forbidden the use of them—and the former half were allowed to carry off women and men and cattle—with no redress attainable, even for an hour; if hordes of savage dispositions and greed were continually being injected among them and settled in villages to eat them up, it would be somewhat like Armenia.

On the 30th June he says:—

Went to St A—'s. The Service was shortened to please the supposed wishes of the Volunteers, who came to church. The Psalms of B— substituted for those of the C.P.B.; Royal Family, Clergy and Parliament not prayed for—no Litany, no Ante-Communion. Surely these are more of offences of a legal nature than any of the Bishop of Lincoln's! In the evening preached at Westminster Abbey. The nave crowded and people standing all along west end. I suppose they expected that I should stimulate church hatred, poor people, by something or other. But I tried a different strain—desiring that *people* should make *people* Christian. The duties of mutual missioning are more

neglected than ever they were; yet by the New Testament what Christian can ever live as we do inducing no Christianity whatever among the godless—unless these godless are also poor?

On July 1st there is this entry:—

Vanitas vanitatum; of all vain things the vainest is to labour incessantly for God without that spirit which *alone* is acceptable to God and effective for God.

A single human life is a caravan starting across the desert—a caravan of living hopes, desires, passions, principles—how many of them are bleaching skeletons along the road before the pilgrimage is over!

On July 2nd he wrote:—

Convocation—left it to drive to Croydon for dear Braithwaite's[1] funeral. There were thousands of people—most in black—behaving most quietly—every house in Croydon closed—he was every one's friend. The whole family were there. The manly boys crying bitterly and hiding it. What work God does and what work He makes for us! In the evening Mansion House—many Bishops and Archbishop of Cyprus and leading Nonconformists, for whom spoke Dr Allon—and wisely observed that the Archbishop of Cyprus and I had no difficulty in speaking for our Church but that he found it difficult indeed to speak for all Nonconformists who so widely differed from each other. These mixtures are not amiss but they won't stand stirring about.

On July 3rd he notes:—

Convocation. But after one hour had to leave it, making Bishop of London Commissary to carry on the Upper House—no document needed for this. Lunched at Guildhall to meet the Shah, and our Royal Family.

The Shah has a Barbarian flatness, nearness and wrinkledness of eyes—I suppose he has a conception of material advantages to be derived from civilisation and wishes for civilisation accordingly. I think our English civilisers had formerly the idea that one form, tone and air of society was better in itself than another and more after the mind of God. The Shah told me that he himself was the most tolerant of all monarchs; that all religions were safe in his protection. I thanked him for the tolerance extended

[1] Rev. John Masterman Braithwaite, Vicar of Croydon from 1882.

to our Missionaries in their efforts for the better education of Christian children and Clergy. He said he knew all about them and knew that they did not proselytize. If a Mahomedan turned Christian I do not know how far tolerance would go. The ceremony was truly a brilliant one. The royal carriages have emerged again in utmost splendour. Lord Salisbury spoke well and touched the *apices* of advantages, and the Shah spoke of "the mutual benefit to both nations" very emphatically. The visit is, I suppose, a purely political and Anti-Russian one. But the whole nation seems of one mind, though there was trifling dissent when Lord S. said so. We are ceasing to look westward and are turning eastward again.

When I was presented yesterday to the Shah an amusing incident occurred—the Prince of Wales had said to him, "I must present Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild to you"—(I did not know this till the Prince told me after). Some one went to fetch Rothschild. That moment the Prince said to me, "If you have not been presented, let me present you." So the Shah took my hand, and holding it, kept saying to me with a phlegmatic surprise, "Rothschild! Rothschild! Rothschild!" looking very enquiringly at me. The Prince did not catch it at first. But then, full of amusement, repeated the introduction, and then the Shah murmured more contentedly, "Ah! Archevêque! Archevêque! Cantorbéry."

My father added to this in telling the story to me:—

He did not take nearly so much interest when he found I was only a sort of muezzin.

On July 9th he says:—

The Turkish Ambassador[1] called on me to lament the way in which I had spoken of Turkish rule on Friday. He came, he said, wholly unofficially. He spoke of the financial difficulties of Turkey and of the impressibility of so wild a nation as the Kurds, but declared that his Government was sincerely desirous of protecting its Christian subjects, that the alleged atrocities were as a rule false, that they were in any case without Turkish connivance, and that the main reports were the creation of a conspiracy for bringing the Russians to Constantinople and making them by means of the Black Sea, its coal and its forests, the most powerful

[1] Rustem Pasha. See p. 261 for the account of the Archbishop's speech.

naval nation in the Mediterranean. He was rather touching when he spoke of the old sympathy of England for his people, and how it seemed to be disappearing under the influence of calumny.

I pointed out that I had myself laid no stress on individual accounts of atrocities, but that there was a consensus which I could not disbelieve as to the general oppression of the Christians by the Kurds, which was suffered to proceed unchecked by the Turks, unless a sharp remonstrance produced such a "riding" as the Vali of Van had held. I told him that if once the English people heard that such steps were taken to suppress Kurdish brigandage as he himself (Rustem Pasha) had taken, in the Lebanon 20 or 30 years ago, when he effectually for the time suppressed it, there was no fear but that the sympathy of England would be with his people and Government. The English were predisposed to an interest in Turkey, and good even-handed justice, which would hang an Armenian too if he deserved it, would conciliate our people more than anything—but that to see Christians always put in the wrong, always disbelieved, always punished for resisting, was not likely to improve the popular regard for Turkey. A little vigour to back the "instructions" would make all other representations welcome. He said the instructions were constant and sincere—but that he would write to Constantinople and urge these considerations. His Excellency is very kindly and very acute and speaks English of a good style thoroughly well. He is not a Mussulman. I gave him Seager's opinion of the Turks themselves as distinguished from their rulers.

Dined with the Aberdeens.

To the Bishop of Durham.

LAMBETH PALACE.
13th July, 1889.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

One line to-night to express the solemn almost trembling joy with which I learn from letter after letter that your strength is your own again.

What a gift of God! Not however to be looked for a third time. Among your prayers you must daily pray for grace to take care of your health.

You know it was a grace you lacked.

But what a joy to you to see your church added to all your other labours! The account of your people's love of you is most

refreshing; and a compensation for much that here one has day by day to take silently—yes, much more than a compensation.

Ever your affectionate,

With oft prayers for you,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To Professor Westcott.

(*On "The Church's Duty to promote International Peace."*)

LAMBETH PALACE.
July 13th, 1889.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I was perplexed at the time, and I do not feel less perplexed now, and since the end of our Conference Session[1]. It was a relief at which I caught, when you said you thought the upshot of the discussion was good. And I am sure I do not know. Surely the *aim* which the Church in all ages has carried, in her bosom at least, is that which you expressed. What else can it be? And you put the reasonings which support it, and the blessings which enshrine it spiritually, in the newest form; and the most elevating thoughts flowed out, as you went on, from people's minds which seemed to rush to meet yours. Yet good men and good priests became *more* fervent for the counter-view. And the most high-minded and good man who "followed" you, uttered, all through, the σοφία κόσμου[2] in its most common-sense form, and in its most pulse-stirring "patriotic" spirit. And *this* it was which finally seemed to be the dominant chord. I should not have been surprised at all if the tone had been "your doctrine is true and what we must pray, teach, and work for, though as to its operativeness, that is far off and there is a 'present necessity' which will prevent even us from *doing* more in act of parliament or in diplomacy or debate." That would have troubled me somewhat. But the air seemed to me to be full of the spirit of Greeks or Romans who "had not so much as heard." It seemed to mean that there was no use in thinking or speaking in the vein, which I thought was the only Christian one for people engaged at any rate in philosophizing.

[1] Professor Westcott delivered an address at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference in 1889, afterwards published in *Christian Aspects of Life* (Macmillan, 1897) under the title of "The Christian Faith and War," p. 295.

[2] Wisdom of the world. 1 Cor. i. 20.

I shall be thankful if you really took another view of the situation. I shall if so accept your impression instead of my own. For these are our κήρυκες[1], and I trust I have misunderstood utterly the sense of the meeting.

It was *most* good of you to come. If you thought there was more agreement with you than I did I am thankful to you. If I was right in my pulse-reading I am much more thankful, for it was the *more* needful to be said; and they must hear more of it.

The resumption of the Trial draws near. And I cannot in myself feel so hopeful. The outcome of this new Alliance perturbs me. It seems to say, "We don't want peace—but our own way." They have *now* put in a *demurrer*.

My Charge grows aweful. And the thought of the Riffel being troubled with it! But the Matterhorn won't mind.

I find I shall only have five sections of Charge to deliver—one at Cathedral, and four at Parochial Centres.

We talked of these subjects:

Purity,
Temperance,
Property,
Peace,
Spread of faith (Missionary Nation),
The Spiritual Organ of the Nation—Responsibility for India. (Establishment.)
Christianised Commerce.

Any hints as to my choice of 5, which may form some group, and any as to the History or Theory which I should study, will be gratefully accepted.

I advance daily into Ignorance deeper and darker—and shall henceforth, through "work," continue that advance.

I have just seen the proof of your Peace Memorandum and like it very much.

Ever yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

How much comfort there is in the thought of the prayers which are more and more rising for the Church—and (we ought to believe) of more and more blessing descending super scalam.

Your letter from Auckland was too delightful, I thank you for writing it.

[1] Heralds, preachers.

On July 14th he writes a long autobiographical note:—

My sixtieth birthday. Such health and bodily strength and family peace and cheerful surroundings and such active employment have been always given me that I feel not so old as I did at forty, can work longer hours, mix in many more businesses, take harder exercise (though not walk so fast), and eat less and drink less and sleep rather less. Westcott often speaks to me of this strength as a special gift for my duties, and I habitually feel that in a moment it may be withdrawn like an arm from under a child. When the right moment comes it will be.

But meantime what self-reproach gathers for so much strenuous idleness—for doing little things for ever with energy rather than great ones; for shrinking from public business on the self-excuse of much serving; for not cultivating unselfishly the affections of the extraordinarily affectionate and unselfish friends with whom God has surrounded me from the cradle; for never finishing anything; for not knowing personally more of the poor; for not preaching God's word more freely and laboriously; for not restraining the heat of temper and speech which burn so and hurt so many and such good people, and which have never effected anything which lovingness would not have done better; for not feeling others' troubles however great with anything like the movement with which I feel my own smallest; this is not a tenth of the indictment by which I shall be judged,—how soon!—nor a shadow of the inexcusableness of it all on account of the abundance of the Grace which I have resisted—I know it has been copious. For the worst of it all is that I had "naturally" a love of the revelation of God and of the devotions which answer to it, and if I had but curbed all that wanted curbing as I have starved those two divine gifts by prayerlessness and coldness and hurry, I am sure I might have been, if I had only given the Holy Spirit room, and no more, infinitely—yes infinitely—infinitely further from the self which enchains me, and rides me sometimes like an old man of the sea, but more often with a softness and flexibility like a perfect horseman's. Self rides when I fancy I am all absorbed in work and service. Deus, Tu nôsti. Quid facies, Deus?

Now, if I think—what would I do quite differently if it came again, the plainest point is, that I would speak to my boys much more religiously—and straight to the point of Love of God, in edu-

cating a great school. The chapel and the sermons not individual enough, though, so far as they went, right and not to be changed.

What is my chief sorrow? Certainly, though my father's death, and my mother's and sister's in one day, were, the first a stroke which threw life into another plane, and the other heart-breaking, still I can see the love and the effect—the over-poweringness of the call.

But Martin's death remains an inexplicable grief—every day—to see into that will be worth dying.

What are the chief blessings within? I think that one is that God gave me a certain simplicity of nature—which carried me without my knowing it through difficulties which grew clear only when they were over, and had become almost an amusement to contemplate. And if subtleties have attracted me I generally *blundered* them first thing, and they were gone. And the other is that I very early in life determined that I would never seek any position, never collect testimonials, never make any application for any place. At school they used to say I was ambitious and I knew that if it were so I should be always miserable, and I made and kept the resolution as soon as I took my degree. The sorest temptation was when I was told from Duke of Marlborough that if I would be a candidate for Headmastership of Rugby I should be elected. I also determined to refuse nothing which seemed like a call, but I broke this in refusing Dorking, for I did not see how I could bring up the children—and the temptation to repent was when I had reduced my income by half by taking the Chancellorship of Lincoln. I was "sometimes afraid, yet put I my trust in Thee."

These two gifts of God are the two which I think have given me all my life a peacefulness which has made me strong for working hard, an assurance that my life was made for me and not by me—a peacefulness, not alas! in relation to other people or to daily work—for in this I have been *fervens caloribus impatientiae* to others' troubles—but in the inner sense that God concerned Himself with my sparrow-like affairs better than I could.

I can't tell whether my children will see this—probably they may—or I may find it better to destroy all in the next ten years—but if they do they will understand that I need not here write my sense of what are the greatest things of all—the intense sense, would it were much more intense, of the awfulness of sin and sinfulness in the inner spirit. There is an inner, higher,

deeper *spirit* in each man which rules the soul, the mind, brain and all—as we know them. It is this spirit which is the man—all beneath it is the mere rendering of that spirit in other media—but these are subject to endless cross phenomena which may or may not count for much. But the spirit is before God, unaltered by old age, or loss of reason, and not faithfully exhibited for either good or bad by its counterparts in the reasonable or material world. In that inner spirit I am conscious of an unsubdued, unbridled real sinfulness and sin whose extirpation I cannot conceive of. I truly believe that it is redeemable by the Blood of Jesus Christ, and its sinfulness capable of abolition as if it had never been through some high contact with God the Lord through God the Spirit. I cannot in the remotest degree realise how the wickedness of which I am conscious in that spirit can possibly be separated from it, how the indurated indifference to the God it knows can possibly be animated, how the desperate things in the conception of which it leaps out can cease from it when so much chastisement, so much spirit of truth fail to alter it much. I can only believe that the Blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and that He will not cast out those whom He draws. But I do believe, and I wait for the ages of its accomplishment.

And there is a second thing which I rank for my spirit as among the greatest things of all—the duties of this Office to the Church of God. How they are being done is matter of fearful doubt and of doubting fear every day. It is utterly impossible for me to judge myself—and when I commit myself to Him that judges righteously I do not mean that I think He ought to approve or acquit me. But if He does it is only for His own sake—His own Love's sake in Christ Jesus. Hour after hour brings its hurried driving engagement—its πολλὰ ἀντικείμενα[1]—a strange thing to come out in this solar system; such petty things in such grand frame—and they have to be fought through and scudded through somehow. I seem to have no choice of what I will do—my will has only to conform itself to facts—I am like the buried ones

> Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
> With rocks and stones and trees.

One's life (if one is bound to recognise that one is alive) is merely

[1] Many oppositions. 1 Cor. xvi 9.

touching, tapping, spinning onward, the flying bodies of works which whirl past within reach.

Well—in all—through all—above all, sits throned the Author of all. We can only believe that they are not rushing into chaos again, if we believe on the Name of the Only Begotten Son of God. In Him alone is order.

Through Him one has an intelligible touch with God's chiefest part of His long rolling work so far, we live only by that which *πάντα νοῦν ὑπερέχει*[1].

Συγχώρησον τὴν ἄφεσιν τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν[2], and make me for Christ's sake to do the works which Thou hast prepared for me to walk in; and to build on Thee, the Foundation, a course of work—a fragment of a course—which may not be burnt up—for Thy mercy and Thy Love's sake.

On the 18th he says:—

Long sitting Ecclesiastical Commission. Long afternoon sitting on a Committee of Archdeacons, Chancellor and Rural Deans as to revising fees payable to Diocesan Surveyors. House of Lords. Hares—Mr and Mrs Sterne—Lady Dartmouth. One of those days when it is so really difficult to comprehend how "Moral Government of the World" is being carried on through Committees. It is tiring work and no one seems the better or the worse. Each however is a cog of a very big wheel. "*Πέραν τοῦ Ἰορδάνου*[3]."

On July 22nd he writes:—

Herkomer 1½ hour; he says he does not know whether it is more like than his former portrait, and that it is not flattering, but that it is strong—haven't seen it. But people never like their own portraits for any such reason. Considered once again my All Souls Judgment with Lee—and adhere to it[4].

Assyrian Meeting at Argyll Lodge: spoke. Duke of Argyll spoke on political aspect of Mission. He declared that though he could see good in most things that are, he never could see anything but evil in Mohammedanism.

[1] "Passeth all understanding," Phil. iv. 7.

[2] Grant me the forgiveness of sins.

[3] "Beyond Jordan"—this is one of those Greek mottoes with which he often ended an entry in a Diary. The Bishop of Winchester tells me that he constantly used the phrase in the sense of "Behind the veil."

[4] He was Visitor of All Souls' College, Oxford.

House of Lords. Cruelty to children[1]; said a few words against allowing children under 10 to perform in theatres, and reserved my arguments until I hear Lord Dunraven's amendment.

Dinner—Bishop Hereford, Bishop French, A. G. Hardy, Victoria Grosvenor. "ἐκ τῆς ὀσμῆς τοῦ μύρου[2]."

He adds:—

Hughie has got the first Prize Poem at Eton—subject "Father Damien." Warre a very nice letter about the tone and thoughtfulness of the boy's poem. Angelus qui servavit me a cunctis malis benedicat puero meo.

On July 27th the Princess Louise of Wales was married to the Duke of Fife. The Archbishop writes:—

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, as they came up the Church, made a low reverence, as I supposed to the Altar; afterwards she reproached me for not acknowledging it—"It was to you; my dear father always taught us, 'Always show the greatest respect to the dignitaries of the Church, my dears.'"—However, this is not I think very common doctrine now. The harder and harder the "dignitaries" work the less tokens of respect are shown to them—it seems to me to decrease year by year. I believe the ritualistic advances are held by people in general to affect the whole body of the clergy with a self-importance which is resented, at the very time that they are more and more servants of all. I do not believe that the main temper of the English is much changed since they trampled on the man who moved the Holy Tables to the East and railed them in and put two cushions and a Bible on them. The change may in the long run be accepted, but the changers are put out of the way first.

At Marlborough House in the garden when the Bride and Bridegroom were about to be off with their four magnificent steeds, in showers of rice, an old Duchess laid hold of my arm and said, "I shall hold by the Church—until you are disestablished—which you will very soon be."

Well, my dears, so much of gossip for you to-day about the present tokens—in this small way at least. When you read this you'll know more history than I do.

[1] A Bill for the prevention of which became law in the then session.

[2] "With the odour of the ointment," John xii. 3.

On August 1st he says:—

Rode to Whitelands to visit it—all dismantled—and round Battersea. Thousands and thousands of working-men lining the embankment and bridges to see the race for Doggett's coat and badge, and of them all, is one man per cent. in the least affected by the existence of the Church of England in his spiritual being, in his morals, in his affections? Do they feel her touch on them in love?

What are we to do? Z—— writes about a monastic Order in earnest—But his are not the hands.

On August 2nd he adds:—

A sad day of fret and impatience—have written Z—— my view of the sham of modern attempts at Monasticism. They begin with the enmity to the secular clergy, despising instantly their homes and habits—they have Ambition in place of other vices, everyone thinks he has the gifts not of a Monk but of an Abbot or Founder. Their dress makes the artisan mad—their expression of face has the same effect on any Stoic. Their idea of authority is to appoint an officer of their own to order them to do all they wish to do, who is then their oracle. To overcome all this needs a more stable man than Z——, and a wit quite original.

That odd man X—— gave me an authenticated copy of one of the Holy Nails, sealed and authenticated as being "simillimus," and having been "admotus[1]" to the Veritable Nail at Jerusalem. He made much of an oration. He perhaps is no sign of the times—but perhaps the thing might be a reminder to patience—which I have so little of.

On August 6th he visited the Church Army Headquarters. With all the main principles of this movement he was in thorough agreement; "If you want to do the Church's work among the working-classes," he had said, "you must get your working men and women to go to them and evangelise." And again, "The Church Army occupies no narrower basis in its teaching than the Church of England takes." On this occasion he notes:

There is much Evangelic zeal.

[1] I.e. "applied" to it, to contract holiness by contact.

He touches on certain weak points in their organisation, such as the literature issued, and the short time allowed for training, and then continues :—

It was also against the grain to see Religious experiences and emotionalism and the means of rousing this, made the subject of class work with school desks and blackboard. Their life seemed simple and strong. But the people over them anxious and apologetic. It may be developed, but if not, it will either fail or be a danger. I conversed with my friends who were mustered, men and women, on sincerity, and, as they all said, "they had given their hearts to the Lord," I dwelt encouragingly on the great difficulty I and others had in carrying this out. They seemed to feel it less; though I thought the words *bit.*

From there went on to St Augustine's Sisterhood, at Kilburn. Here all was dignity, gravity, silence, beauty—most eager work for 600 orphans—two great chapels building—went to the embroidery room where many hundreds of chasubles, etc., complete suits of vestments, Roman colours, are annually made and sent out to priests over the whole world. I told the Sister in Charge to communicate to the Mother Superior, who was at Broadstairs, my opinion that "they are a very *formidable* body"—which amused her. The idea of "putting down Ritualism" which a large number of these magnificent bodies are sedulously propagating with every advantage worldly and spiritual—their own saintly lives first and foremost. "Agree with thine adversary quickly" is rather the course that seems now practicable.

Truly the Church of England is still a powerful bond indeed when two such institutions claim equally to belong to it, with equal loyalty, equal energy, equal persuasion that theirs is the only faithful view of the Church's duty, the only faithful exposition of her tone. God grant neither side to part from her—the residue would soon corrupt itself—but their co-existence is full of practical problems.

On the 8th he went with my mother to stay with Mr Joseph Sebag Montefiore, High Sheriff of Kent, at East Cliff, Ramsgate. He writes :—

Went down to the High Sheriff's with my wife for a garden party and to dine and sleep. This was Mr Sebag Montefiore, nephew

and heir of Sir Moses[1]—near Ramsgate. Not a large place at all, commanding a most perfect sea—full of reminiscences of the old millionaire with his simplicity and his endless good works. Very interesting to come into the midst of a family of devout Jews. After lunching on Louis Philippe's plates the men put on their hats and the youngest read the beautiful Hebrew Grace. There was a gorgeous tent for a cold collation of much splendour at night. Lord and Lady Robartes, Sir H. Acland and his sons, the Weigalls. Besides these, Sir F. Leighton, Irving the actor, Stuart Cumberland, and various Bohemians, also Dr Adler[2], and the head of the Polish Jews and other great Jews. I had a long and animated controversy with Irving and Leighton as to the theatrical children, in which we went over the whole ground—οὐδὲν προσανέθεντο μοί[3].

As we came out of the tent, or tabernacle rather, the trees, the moon, the sea, the brilliant stars in the soft night, the lights on the headland made a strange enchanting picture. Irving's face is striking—it suggests Hamlet of itself. God guide us in this strange world.

It is amusing to note that in the *Mirror* for Aug. 19, 1889, appeared a highly imaginary report of the conversation which took place between my father and Sir Henry Irving about Church and Stage and the employment of children in theatres. This account, supplied by an eye-witness—"One who was privileged to hear and take part in the discussion"—is fastened into my father's extract book covered with queries and notes of exclamation in his hand. At the top is a picture of the two arguing; my father is represented in a long buttoned coat with black gloves—against this is written in his hand, "Buttoned! never! Gloves! never!" He is also represented as wearing gaiters which show the buckles of his shoes. This is also commented on fiercely at the side. This article concludes by quoting the usual figment about Mr F. R. Benson the actor being the Archbishop's nephew.

[1] Who died in 1885, aged 100.
[2] Hermann Adler, D.D., Chief Rabbi.
[3] "They added nothing to me," Gal. ii. 6.

A large number of extracts about this date are similarly furnished with comments, though I cannot conceive when he found time to do it.

On August 11th he writes at Addington:—

Two excellent sermons from my good chaplains—Baynes and Donaldson—and a perfect walk with my Maggie. Air very soft. Read Geo. Herbert's "Sacrifice" and commented much on it together—as we visited ponies, sheep with their bells, swans and goldfish in this dear lovely place. There are workmen not worthy of their hire. May I dare rather to put it, How great and true ought to be the work which such "hire" of nature's wealth as we looked on from the ridges over the pool engages a man to. It never can be done.

Re-started again a little Cyprian—Ritschl's odious style.

On the 13th he writes:—

Mr Spurgeon came to tea and we had with us Canon Mason, and Tindall[1] of Ashford and Clowes[2] of Hayes who were here to consult on the Church Society and its chances; which, after much work, is now ready to appear. It is simple and strong, I hope, in manliness and womanliness and in the love of Christ our Head and His work and ours.

Mr Spurgeon is certainly uglier than I had believed. But no one could doubt his power who heard him talk for ten minutes, his great sense, his hearty readiness, his brisk and appropriate expression, and his good feeling. He would appeal to the best qualities of middle-class minds; and his speculations are such as they would follow and enjoy. It is impossible to imagine what place he could have taken in the Church of England—he illustrates absolutely the "*raison d'être*" of Nonconformist association. His memory is evidently most vivid: such numbers of good stories, pointed and pious, poured accurately out without pause, half pathetic, half humorous. Stories of himself, his early life, his grandfather a Congregational Minister at Topfield, Essex, the black silk stockings and buckles of him and of the squire and rector. The Monday Evening Tea and churchwarden pipes of the three—stories of how people came to him and implored him "not to tell," believing that he had described them in his sermon—the million copies of one of his books circulating in Russia, the "Resti-

[1] Rev. P. F. Tindall. [2] Rev. George Clowes.

tution" which he preached and the many instances in which he had moved consciences to make restitution for old frauds or wrongs, his own inability to remember any wrong done to him. He said he was beginning to think that every "Church" organisation had its classes of society or people to which it was adapted, that God's Spirit was large and worked thro' all—"God sends us Bishops whether we want them or not, and sends us Nonconformists whether we like them or not." The sects bear their testimony, and when their point is carried into the Church their use ceases—"The Quakers have no more place, no reason for existing—their witness is worked into all minds, like that of the Chartists into all politics." "Have you a Diocese as well as the Primacy? What is it?" "Reverence is gone, there is none. Lawlessness is everywhere. The High Church have this great merit; they make all their people reverent." "The Baptist form of Church government is the worst there is. It suits me. My deacons take all committees, all trouble off my hands—they manage all finance—they pass all resolutions 'with the sanction of the pastor.' If I don't approve I draw my pen through them. But that doesn't suit little men in little places, it becomes tyranny. Mine is a benevolent autocracy resting on absolute democracy. It had taken no little tact and trouble to keep a democracy straight 38 years. Americans always come to me. They go to three places, Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, and the Tabernacle." "There are some heathen that won't give in to anything but the Word—it takes ingenuity to find the Word that will convince them. It's not the real meaning of the passage that affects them. It's the applicability of the words themselves to their particular case." So he talked on, the Antiquus Ego was ever before his eyes. But he made us all like him very much, and respect the Ego which he respected, and feel that he had a very definite call by the help of it to win souls for Christ, or rather to help those souls to Christ who were sure to come one way or other. "I'm a very bad Calvinist, quite a Calvinist—I look on to the time when the Elect will be all the world." This I don't understand, I fear. He stayed nearly two hours, interesting us all much, and he drove away in a very nice brougham with two very nice *light* chestnuts, almost cream-coloured, and his coachman had a very shabby hat.

In *Pall Mall Gazette* X—— gives an account of *my conversation* with Irving! God forgive him!

Geo. Trevelyan recommended me the other day, *La Jeunesse de*

Madame d'Épinay. No romance could be contrived to develop the Pre-revolution Life in memoirs half so artificially. It wrings one's spirit to see a weakish, most clever, charming, innocent, virtuously-set soul of a girl driven, like a queen at chess into a corner, into situations where nothing but sin seemed humanly possible. Nothing has ever before shown me the absolute perversion of every rank, more and more, as higher and higher, with immoral turpitude. "La Messe," "Les Vêpres" came in from time to time. A good Confessor and apparently uncorrupt is always to the fore. Yet no sense of religion seems to exist in any mind, either to condemn or to comfort. But I see London Society the last five years lurching in this direction at any rate. Nevertheless there is a sound core in every rank.

On the 20th he says:—

Spurgeon told me the other day that Lord Shaftesbury had said to him, "You will see the streets of London swim with blood." Spurgeon had said in answer, "I think not," and he remarked on the armies of people who in some form or other are trying to do good.

There is abundant evil among rich people of rank—enough to bring a revolution if it stood alone—and they are not much worse than some other classes. But the difference is that in Paris it did stand alone. The piety of the pious did not touch it—the dévots were looked on as nearly idiotic. And the poor suffered horrors unapproached. Nevertheless—we must be up and doing more than fringe-work, which is where we are now.

On the 22nd he started for Switzerland. He writes:—

Left dear Addington looking so fresh and refreshing. But we are strange creatures, and the last fortnight has only driven the London tiredness more over the system so that I cannot work hard however hard I try, and I shall not until I have been iced for a month. This is one of the goads by which God in our nature drives us about. Else how much more contentedly should I stay here than see the finest things elsewhere. But I know I shall come back braced and shall in the meantime have written, if God pleases, five charges, or a charge in five pieces, and the Congress sermon—while here I cannot put ideas or words together for the moment.

On the 24th he writes at Zermatt:—

For Saturday and Sunday nights we occupy as a salon, with a screen for my bed, the room in which Maggie had her three weeks' illness—while wife was kept at home with Hughie's illness. There was so much anxiety, and such fear of news—and the sad death of Devas[1] on the Riffel, and the other painful accidents —that strange *dark* light always hangs over that time which had been devoted to rest and pleasure. We venture on the same quest once more thinking that we need it. Through God's goodness, the same party all well, all bright, except our Hughie — and with Amy[2] added. If it please Him to give it us in brightness —may He have first thought. If He unexpectedly shadow it— may He have first thought still. I must think much and pray much for Wales, it must be a constant thought. I declare that I feel *less* the dread of Wales being hostile to the Church and all that might come of this, than I do of sorrow and shame that it remains *unwon* to the Church. τί γένοιτο[3];

On the 25th he went up to the Riffel Alp Hotel. He writes:—

Aug. 26th.—Monday a good hour's read in the beautiful heat under one or two rocks in the meadows behind the hotel. First Epistle of St Peter.—The Christian Church is to be built out of neglected elements; in its every stage and story morals and character are the substantial work of it; morals and character can only be elevated (after a certain point long since reached) by the knowledge of God and the Gift of God, both possible only in Christ.

Walked with the Lytteltons[4] yesterday to the Gorges and with Arthur, Tatham[5] and Inge[6]. —— much exercised by the Book of Job—and convinced that in twenty years we shall all believe that prophetic knowledge of facts is in quite another region from prophetic wisdom—and possibly impossible.

To-day the flowery fields rich in purple crocuses—the peaks all salted with snow in perfect purity s'élançant with a perfect

[1] Killed on the Gorner Glacier. [2] Miss Hutchinson.
[3] What will happen? [4] Mr and Mrs Edward Lyttelton.
[5] H. F. W. Tatham, Master at Eton.
[6] Rev. W. R. Inge, Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford.

blue—much conversation with a friendly spider who had lost a leg—after early luncheon walked up to the Riffel without the least fatigue, and the pain in chest ceasing gradually to reproduce itself after delicious halts. These wicked peasants kill the finest firs by hacking them that they may carry away the trees when they are dead; this the Commune allows them to do.

The text, if one may call it so, of the Charge he was now writing was the First Epistle of St Peter—a "concentrated treatise" "showing how and why the Church was to be constructed." The Principles given by St Peter he applied to the problems before the Church of the day. "Answerably to these three points of St Peter are the three points of the England of the day." "1. The problem of the Poor.... 2. The Gratification of Desire...by which they...are now engaged in unmaking the world nearly as fast as it is made. 3. The production of Good...." His own line of study was not specially in these directions, but he felt that the Church must deal with these problems, not only in a spirit of "well-meaningness excited by religion," but "scientifically and constructively," for "the times in which Christ lived are not past. These are Christ's times. He is working on us as much as on the Galilean masses." With the Charge he published his Sermon at Cardiff on "The Church's Oneness—Wales."

On Aug. 27th he says in his Diary:—

Wonderfully soothing all the great sights are. They attempt nothing, they force nothing. There the peaks climb the sky and fence the world, and they fence you and bid you climb without a word to you, and their strong beauty puts all small thoughts to a quiet death—you feel as if you had passed something and were on the other side.

On the 28th he writes:—

A good morning at St Peter, Haddan and Stubbs[1]—while

[1] *Ecclesiastical Documents*, pub. by S.P.C.K.

Maggie, sitting with me, got through six pages of Hegel. Evening Princesse de Ligne. Inge walked with me; thinks party spirit high in Oxford, the High Churchmen the most influential, Paget and Gore, and the High Church parish, St Barnabas, the best worked and most effective. But in spite of all a gradual alienation of intellect in progress, from ritualistic school.

I see in this school what Newman speaks of as "higher tints of summer past," a gaudy autumnal colouring which has nothing but winter to follow it. It will not leave such laymen as both Arnold and Newman left behind them, who have no successors.

I believe the "hard work" of the ritualists to be such as is brought out by any and every party enthusiasm for a time—and do not believe that the churches are filled by their ritual, but only as a consequence of that very good work—which other watchwords would equally evoke.

On Sept. 2nd he writes:—

With wife, N., M., and A., and a handsome old guide to the glacier and walked on it with fresh delight. A great blessing of advancing years that everything looks larger, more beautiful and more mysterious year after year. The eleventh fine and sixth glorious day. No change in the majesty of sky or variety of cloud, until at evening the light of dim gold along the velvety slopes tempered with shadows of clouds was just as if the sun felt he could cope with these mountains no longer—it was impossible to give them all the light they needed, and then out came the moon with a thin veil and made the streams from the Matterhorn give light too. The delight of the girls at the seracs with their light blue clefts. We could gather Edelweiss on the way. Tosswill[1] and Fred and their guides crossed us swinging along for the Matterhorn, and at the same time Arthur and Tatham were setting off for the Rothhorn. To have two boys going up two such places the same moment, and a girl setting off to meet one of them at the Schwarze See early to-morrow. Getting on very fairly with my charge.

In the evening lost my signet till a good lady, a stranger in the hotel, restored it to me.

The Strike of the Dock Labourers continues. The Sweating Committee brought out that the casual labourers at the Dock

[1] Assistant-master at Harrow School.

Gates are no real labourers, but men who have rendered or found every better position or work in life impossible for themselves. It is not here that the seriousness of the thing lies; but in the well-paid regular men never out of employment joining with them, and well-to-do artisans, unconcerned in the whole thing, with *them*. This, and the fact that they are ready to starve for the cause is what shows that the movement is social; not a matter of wages alone. Manning, as his wont is, appears on the scene, drives through the crowd, enters the Committee Room; all that passes is to be confidential; reappears, drops (as if he didn't intend it) the word that "he hopes he has done some good," is loudly applauded by the crowd, drives off. Those who know the man, and his resourceless brain, his character and knowledge of dramatic effect, will not be deceived. All others will [1].

The Church, which is really working heart and soul, mind and body, without flaunting and without screeching, for the good of these poor victims at once of social pressure and of base orators, is at present nothing in common talk but "the Parsons." Perhaps it is good for us that it should for a time so continue.

On Sept. 13th he writes:—

By 7.40 a.m. we were watching our two children[2] with their guides seated on the highest point of the Rothhorn, the sun shining full on them, and a brilliant white bank of snow behind them evidently shielding them perfectly from the wind which was blowing quietly from the north. Through the powerful telescope they were waving to us as they promised and shaking hands with their guides. It was delicious to see them at the end of their climb through the night so triumphant and happy as we knew they must be.

It was too close, too large a parable of others whom we cannot see. We only saw them begin their journey, and cannot see either their own seeming happiness or their interest in us.

In the afternoon C. B. H. and I walked down and met them by the Chapel at Winkelmatten, in which the old priest was praying alone.

[1] It will be seen from the entry below on Sept. 17 that the Archbishop thought very differently of Cardinal Manning's intervention a few days later.

[2] My sister Nelly and my brother Fred.

On Sept. 16th he writes:—

Quite early quite clear—a little later strange spongy brown clouds veiled the feet of the Matterhorn—a little later and it and the Dent Blanche and all the rest were covered with deep *silent* (why silent?), yes, silent masses of mist—and it became intensely cold. But as we turned down there was the most beautiful sight—all but the side and peak of the centre Gabelhorn wrapped with the wildest, most wreathed and swept about, and overhanging and drooping, sheets of falling snow, which, as it shot out into the warmer air of the valley below our feet, seemed to melt on it and be dissolved in it and not fall at all—while it was whitening the upper mountain slopes. *But* in the centre of all this snow and snowy vapour shone palely the peak and sides of the mountain, in every shade of pearly grey and soft yellowy greens—the tints innumerable with only these colours on the falling slopes, and buttresses and parapets—and, below just this side vision into the darkening peak above, all was vapour again.

If only these heavenly sights were recoverable at will. They come in moments suddenly just between sleeping and waking, and over a drowsy page sometimes, and in a moment in a dull debate—but not when one's *will* is active. What does that mean in our nature?

On the 17th he notes:—

Cardinal Manning has done well in London. But why has my dear Bishop of London gone back and left it to him? Are the dockers on strike Roman Catholics all? must be I think. The Committee acknowledges the assistance they have received from the Bishop of London and others though the negociations have fallen chiefly to the three, Manning, Lord Mayor, and Sydney Buxton. M. in his final little speech says he should have been guilty of dereliction of duty if he had not tried to do what his position demanded. Whatever that may be he has done it well and with deserved honour.

On the 18th he says:—

Wife and Maggie to Schwarze See. I walked to the Lower Théodule hut with Fred and with Amy Hutchinson; the circle of mountains with their so diverse characters most beautiful and most solemn—I hope I carry away something of the spirit of power and of calmer energy which is in this still scene—not a

particle of a glacier or of a rock which is not doing its work—not a particle fussing itself, or doing any other particle's work—and not a particle which is not in its due relation to the whole.

I confess that the weary waiting for that Tithe Bill when one was so tired already with London work and the disappointment about it, sent me here in a mood not keen to make the most of all. And here the very heavy work which I have brought with me and have not half got through has kept me backward in the spirit of thankfulness and resolution. This is the only off day I have had since my "holiday" began. The only off day since this time last year.

God give me grace to see something of His purpose in this slow and heavy pressure. It must be on many more. Perhaps it is a little like these glaciers themselves—driven forward by such pressure, but driven by an invisible slowness. Much modern life is like that. It comes from the whole world being too busy to move.

Farewell to the Riffel at 5 a.m. for ever.

On Sept. 29th he says:—

My Maggie has read over for me and with me my paper on Socialism. She has indeed a wide knowledge of the subject and its literature, is perfectly ready with illustrations, and the calmest judgment not only about the things but about the effect which any particular utterances are likely to have at present—and an excellent critic of expression.

On the 30th of Sept. he went to Llandaff to attend the Church Congress at Cardiff. He writes:—

Preached in St John's Cardiff to an immense congregation. My point was to illustrate the undividedness of the Church of Wales and England in its history, and they ask leave now to translate the thing into Welsh—a self-afflictive kind of compliment. I don't at all like what my dear mother would have called "trapesing" such an immense distance with hundreds of parti-coloured clergy and with a Primatial cross and train-bearer through banner-hung open streets amid vast numbers of people—all silent and respectful, but not, as a rule, salutatory. The Congress men in general say the sight of the procession of the Church will "do the people good"; "do the people good"—what good? I yearn over the troops and troops of young men—

in greasy pot hats and work-marked coats and pocketted hands, who lined the streets, more conspicuous than any other class of starers—perfectly well-behaved and rather (very rather) impressed anxious countenances—I don't think the Kingdom of God comes nearer to *these*.

Bishop's address was good, assigning all modern conciliar action to Church Congresses, as to a fountain. Then the readers and speakers, all good*ish* (on "the way of the Church to deal with increasing populations"), but all tending to the bland triumph of the parochial clergy and all fertile in rich schemes of which the only demerit was that the authors all went on the hypothesis that human nature in other people was very different from what it is (visibly) in themselves. At night a Welsh Service in the Cathedral and Welsh sermon by St Asaph. The hymns really a great act of worship—the whole crowded congregation sing in most perfect unbrokenness—very fine tunes with a wonderful lilt. The language is so melodious—it suits hymns so well—they have so large a repertory of hymns—hymns are so dear to the people—and the Church service sounds throughout so attractive in this tongue—that I certainly think that the language may be retained for some parts of the Service perhaps years after English has become the regular language (as it *must* do) of their common life—it was by some such process that Latin lingered on as the language of worship in the Roman Church. It must have felt monstrous to give it up for *barbarian* idioms and perversions, yet they ought to have done it even then.

His sister Eleanor, Mrs Hare, was at this time ill of a mortal illness. He wrote on Oct. 8th :—

Went to Gosbury Hill to see my dear sister Eleanor—she knows she will never rise from her bed, and that the end is near—but she is quite easy and quiet and full of thought and direction for everyone—and looks well and handsomer than ever. There the people all now are in despair. Mr Hare is almost silent—looks very old and very strong in mind—pathetic indeed to see the nicely ordered house—the fine trees, the beautiful flowers, all the house in order and sweetness—and to see the soul of it all stricken in such full vigour.

She has some troubles over her faith—but her comfort is in Christ—she likes to receive the Sacrament and to be spoken to

about *Him*—she has been a busy servant. Our uncle Alfred[1] has come from Edgbaston to see her—he had no hope.

To Professor Westcott.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
17*th Oct.* 1889.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

Thank you for your kind but sad letter—I am so deeply sorry yet thankful that you cut off some of your work.

Really doing that with vigour may soon—I trust—restore the vigour you long for.

But I know that that Wonderful Hand which from time to time just presses us back—"Lie down—be quiet—never mind—you are not to do it—never mind why," and all the rest of Its simple repressives, which we cannot in the least make head against, mysterious as it seems, is the kindest Hand our lives know. What a blessing to those whose very existence is Δυνάμεθα[2], to find a better existence just below that mark.

But you see that I am only learning what you know, so I had better be silent of that.

Thank you for your word of cheer. I am going straight on, by His grace, without breaking down, though I never feel at night that it may not have come before morning. Pressure *is* strong—ἰπούμενος[3]—and the attitudes of churchmen so—? fantastic?

But if you can put a few sentences on paper to tell me *what* this Cambridge Protest[4] is in importance—or *what* the dear Bishop of Lincoln himself is—in relation to one's duty and the view of it from the outside and from above—I should value it much.

One seems now to go on, not daring to guess the end, not knowing whether it is a scene in a drama—or an isolated tale.

I trust to hear better news of yourself before long.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 22nd of October he delivered his Charge to the Diocese of Canterbury, beginning his Visitation in

[1] Alfred Baker, a surgeon.
[2] We are able.
[3] Grievously weighed down. Aesch. *Pr.* 365.
[4] See p. 350.

Canterbury Cathedral. This was afterwards published under the title of "Christ and His Times."

On November 7th he writes :—

At 12 gave Benediction at All Saints Sisterhood to three sisters professed earlier in the day wearing their white wreaths still, and two others and two lay sisters—and addressed the Community. Had interview with Father Benson who desires new Statutes and to be "Warden" instead of Chaplain, and with the Mother who will sign no new Statutes. An interview with Lord Grimthorpe at Lambeth—refused to agree to his proposed Bill substituting Deprivation for Imprisonment, without previous consultation with the Bishops. He was agreeable, but the interview terminated with a minacious "very well" from him.

To the Dean of Windsor.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Nov. 11th, 1889.

MY DEAREST DEAN,

I had a good talk with Grimthorpe on Thursday. I pointed out that it was an act of war to alter only clerical imprisonment for contumacy, imprisonment for other contumacy remaining. He went away to look up Lord Selborne's Bill which he had forgotten. He says Lord Salisbury had said to Halifax, "If that bill passes it will *dish* you." I said Gladstone wouldn't let it pass in the Commons, but he said his power was waning, and the Commons would pass it with a rush if a Protestant feeling was awakening (as it is said to be in the North). Meetings were going to be held everywhere. I told him I could do nothing without the opinion of the Bishops, and he went away with a kind of minacious "Very well!" But he was on the whole pleasant. He said people said, "Bishops will do nothing, and if anyone else does, the Bishops won't help."

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 22nd of Nov. he went to stay at Sevenoaks with Lord and Lady Hillingdon :—

In the afternoon a longish S.P.G. meeting at Sevenoaks in which Dr Codrington, Tucker, self and others spoke lovingly and

interested the people who won't come ordinarily. Lord Hillingdon and Lord Stanhope set a good example to the laymen, which was not followed. It is next to impossible to represent to the ordinary unimaginative, work-and-rest and don't-bother-me Englishman of the day a notion of what is meant by mission work, what romance and power and influence on the future underlies it. I spoke tamely, I don't know why.

A good walk and sensible talk about work and poverty with Lady ——. She told me that Mr X—— (a scientist) would not talk to her of matters of religion. "You must not ask me. I do not know. I trust, but I cannot prove anything—I do not know that there has been an eternity in the past, and I do not know that there will be an eternity in the future." If this is correctly represented, is it not in so nice a man a perfect instance (1) of scientific ignorance as to the nature of faith—and (2) of absolute scientific coxcombry?

About this time he had an interview with an ambitious clergyman; he details the substance of the conversation, adding: "He has the manners of Daniel's he-goat and like him pushes towards the east and towards the south."

The President of the Church Association wrote to the Archbishop to complain of the high ritual used in the church of St Mary's, Cardiff, when the Bishop of Derry preached at the opening of the Church Congress.

The Archbishop in the course of his reply said,

Since you deplore what you describe as the "destruction of all hopes of reunion at home," I take leave to say that it is hard to realise what sort of hopes of reunion are dear to associations, on whichever side engaged, to whom their own uncompromising opinion is the only endurable law.

Men who seek the "peace of Jerusalem" will detach themselves from factions within.

On Dec. 6th he says:—

In rebuking the Church Association I used to Capt. Cobham words implying that both sides had their factions which people ought to keep out of. Denison[1] wrote me an amusing fury of an

[1] Archdeacon of Taunton.

epistle in which he says I must mean the E.C.U., and proceeds to enlighten me on the history of the E.C.U., which, says he, was established to protect us against godless Education Acts. So it was, and *has* as much to do with them as *Dean* with *ten*[1]. I wrote a lemon-like letter and all the energies of all my friends have been devoted for a week to getting it sweet—and at last a watery note has gone against my convictions.

Went over to see my dear Eleanor; visibly dying—still more cheerful than any creature—lamenting that in a sick room there is no time to read, think or do anything—simply because with undiminished energy she insists on being the centre of all work. Very anxious that all people should know that they must be devout and religious while they are well, because they will have neither inclination nor time for it when they are ill. She is as beautiful as ever—her more delicate colour increases it. We had a quiet peaceful talk about holiness and how πραότης[2] however, difficult for her and me, is the characteristic of "Christ's Religion."

On Dec. 8th he writes:—

Went with Lucy Tait and Baynes.

Confirmed at X—— 19 girls and 4 boys, of whom 2 were ours from here. Is this the fruit of a year's high church work? The seats all new—the people in crowds—every light low.

Afterward by the pond, under the old elms, the ground powdered with snow, the church windows shining and lights gleaming from the Court, dear village groups forming in parties in the falling twilight.

On Dec. 9th he wrote:—

Light low. Rode to the old Archbishop's Palace at Croydon and saw the Kilburn Sisters' new school; Sister Elizabeth and another just establishing themselves with a school, between the Elementary and the High School. A "ninepenny school" much wanted there—curious to see the old guardroom with its palatial proportions clustered with fair bright children and nuns. Hall too ruinous—vast space to spare—height and mighty walls.

Then on to Selhurst to see Mr Paterson and the schools and Church squeezed into the very inches that lie between the railway embankment and the thronged tramroad.

[1] *Decanus* is derived from *decem*.

[2] Meekness.

Writing to the Bishop of Durham on Dec. 11th about the illness of his sister he says:—

What a strange short thing this life of ours is—strange that so much should tumble it. The Incarnation is the only thing which seems to draw music out of its fretting wires.

Bishop Lightfoot's last letter.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH.
Dec. 14th, 1889.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

Under any other circumstances I should at once have acquiesced in such a request coming from the Bishops[1]; though indeed I should have nothing to offer but counsels of patience. There is nothing so dangerous on such a topic as the desire to make everything right and tight. I do not know whether it is that my mind is not logical, but I find that my faith suffers nothing by leaving a thousand questions open, so long as I am convinced on two or three main lines.

But I dare not undertake the paper. Though I may be said in many respects to be better, and though I seem to have a large reserve of strength to draw from, I *know* myself that the thread might snap at any moment. I do not tell people so, because I look so well that they would not believe me and because there is no object in distressing others. Moreover, they would try to cheer me up, and bid me not be desponding. This I am not; but I see no gain in ignoring facts. Meanwhile I am happy enough, if I am permitted day by day to do a little more work, and await the end—shall we say the beginning? be it far or near. By the way, I have been working at your old subject—Hippolytus—as an Appendix to the second edition of my Clement, and find it full of interest. Recent Archaeological discovery throws much light on the legendary history. It is a perfect delight to have such a guide as De Rossi, who is a true genius—wise, learned and penetrative.

You must take my opinion of my state of health for what it is worth. Of course I am not the best judge. Meanwhile I am not without hope that early in the year—January or February—I may

[1] That he would write a paper on the teaching of the Church in relation to recent views of Inspiration of Scripture, for the Bishops.

get to the Riviera—Bordighera seems the most likely place—and see whether really warm weather will produce any effect.

I am grieved to hear about your sister, though I confess I did not expect a better account from what I had heard. How strangely it brings back memories of boyhood.

Perhaps you had better say nothing about what I have said of myself—I dread the spread of alarmist news. But I did not think it right to conceal from *you* what is passing through my mind.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. B. DUNELM.

On Dec. 21st the Bishop died. The Archbishop wrote:—

A telegram from Eden at Bournemouth that my dearest and oldest friend passed away peacefully at 3.45 this afternoon. Forty-seven years of a friendship which never had one hour's interruption and of which every hour was uplifting. He was right then in that last beautiful letter: though I thought the doctors must be right.

There never was a life taken before the Throne more charged with perfect service—as unselfish as it was solid. And he laid it daily and hourly before God as the ἀνωφελές[1] thing which he was privileged to present because it was his best—but his best was better than all our best.

To think that I have been allowed to have this man for my bosom friend since I was 14—I have had the thought of him always as part of myself in whatever I thought and whatever I had to do; even when there was no talking or writing about it. I think the thing which I care for almost most in life as a token of blessing is that he told the men at the great King Edward School dinner that I was "praecordialissimus" to himself always.

I recollect M. S. once told me that when her eldest son was born she thought how evil-hearted she was because she had no inclination to "joy because a man was born into the world"; her joy was that he was born to herself.

All the people keep writing to me to tell me that he is a loss to Christendom, to the Church, to the world, and so he is; but I cannot rise to be sorry for *them*. Τί ῥέξω, γενοίμαν[2];

[1] Unprofitable.

[2] Probably freely quoted from Aesch. *Eum.* 789, Τί ῥέξω, γένωμαι; "What am I to do, what can become of me?"

On the 26th he went to attend the funeral at Durham :—

The rites at Durham and Auckland most beautiful. Late yestreen he was brought and laid eastward in the middle of the Chapel of the Nine Altars with tapers at head and foot, and the red Cross overlying him on the purple pall. Clergy watched through the night in relays. Next morning the choir perfectly filled with clergy and the nave with people. I was on North side of Sanctuary and his coffin now before the Altar. It was borne by Auckland students in relays. The great people of the County and all manner of "representatives" followed him—and poor miners are getting confirmed because "he told them and they didn't mind, but now he is gone they must."

There is no class of men which this scholar has not touched. The simple, sincere, unpretending heart of him was greater than his great criticism.

At Auckland the Chapel with its reredos and beautiful windows seemed reborn through him. He *loved* it, and the last time I was here he went round dwelling on the force and teaching and art of each window. Now they shine on the flowers which heap his grave. He lies between Cosin[1] and the Altar. I read the last collect which we so often read together in our boyish "Commemoration."

Westcott threw the earth "upon the body." His faith is such that his face is quite bright.

Took luncheon at the Dean's, who is full of anxieties, the Archbishop of York threatening to issue himself the Commission to Bishop Sandford to ordain etc.—the old privilege of the Chapter. Lord Ravensworth, Talbot, all in trouble; and the vast church reprovingly calm and grand over the aching.

I left Durham with Davidson and Mason at 4.16 p.m. and reached Addington before 1 a.m.

On the last day of the year he wrote :—

There is something wonderful in Robert Browning being buried the last day of the year—a very complete life in its way.

Life wears apace, when I think how I remember Browning beginning, and all the world finding him too new-fangled for anything and queer beyond endurance—and that I have seen him

[1] Bishop of Durham from 1660 to 1672.

laid to rest in Poets' Corner. I wonder whether I have anywhere put down a walk with Bradley and Tennyson. Bradley had been reading me *The Grammarian's Funeral*—and he said, "We'll ask Tennyson whether Browning's writing at large is poetry or no." Tennyson's answer was "I'll think about it." In a walk a week later apropos of nothing he observed, "I have thought, and it is." We had no idea for a moment as to what he spoke of. In my last talk with Browning himself I said, "What all want is some more Men and Women, not so many riddles of language." He said, quite with surprise, "Men and Women! I've got *thousands* of such things in my portfolios." I hope we may now taste them. He has been a noble Doctor all in all.

It was interesting to see what I think we should scarce see out of England—the President of the Royal Academy, of the College of Music[1] and other such-like men, many in number, joining with most sympathetic looks to sing a Hymn and its Amen. I could not help watching Sir F. Leighton's lips moving with

> "Be Thou our Guide while troubles last,
> And our Eternal Home. Amen."

A—— told me that he stood by Browning at a late funeral in the Abbey—and that Browning said, "When the Lord's Prayer began I looked at Huxley and grinned—I said to myself, 'That means something to me! and to you it's nothing.'" Browning's *work* will last on that elemental account more than on others of which he was more *conscious*.

My father and mother went to the funeral, my father not in robes, but as a private mourner. He had a tempered admiration for Browning as a poet, but believed him to be a great teacher; I imagine that in this respect he rather took Browning's greatness for granted on the authority of Bishop Westcott, who was an ardent reader of Browning; my father read Browning, but always aloud and not to himself; the poems he read most often were those of a mediaeval character; Browning's dramatic realisation of Mediaevalism formed the chief attraction for my father, though *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Saul*, *Christmas Eve and Easter*

[1] Sir George Grove.

Day were great favourites of his. For Browning as an artist he had the feeling half-admiring, half-hostile that two rhetoricians of very marked individuality, with rugged mannerisms that they justified to themselves, would be likely to have for each other. At the funeral the Archbishop sat in the stall next the Dean's, and shared a hymn-book with Sir F. Leighton at the grave: the day was cold, and I remember seeing my father in a very thick coat, pale with emotion, his hair very silvery on his shoulders, his eyes full of tears: but it was an impersonal emotion, "hysterica passio," for he had no depth of friendship with Browning, and with regard to his later writings, he considered that though the fountain still played, it was vital no longer.

The Queen to the Archbishop.

OSBORNE.
Jan. 3rd, 1890.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

The great amount of letters and telegrams which I have received and had to write during the last few days will, I hope, be understood as the cause of my not sooner answering your kind letter and thanking you for it and for the volume of your Charges.

I deeply regret the death of the Bishop of Durham, whom I knew well in former days—and who was a man of such knowledge and power and of such use in his position; and I entirely agree with you in the immense importance of the Selection for Bishoprics. It is a great anxiety and the men to be chosen *must* not be taken with reference to satisfying one or the other *Party* in the *Church* or with reference to any political party—but for their *real worth*. We want people who can be firm and conciliating, else the Church cannot be maintained.

We want large broad views—or the difficulties will become insurmountable.

I have understood that you consider Canon Westcott as the fittest successor to Bishop Lightfoot?

A few days must elapse before much can be done, as Lord Salisbury, though much better, is still ordered to keep quiet.

In conclusion, pray accept my best wishes for a happy and bright New Year to yourself and your family and believe me always,

Yours truly,

V. R. I.

To Professor Westcott.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
18 *Jan.* 1890.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

Before it grows too late I want to write to you about some points connected with the Ordination Examinations of men not able to enter for the Preliminary.

1. I send you a very dismal indictment from Dr Wace[1], who has, as you see, taken great pains in looking over papers. Of course it is not a new thing. I fear that this kind of man is not able to digest and afraid to cope with the solidity of the Bible either as to bulk, or as to detail. There seems to be no want of general intelligence in the men in conversation, but their uncritical and equally unhistorical minds seem to want "helps undergirding" them in order to voyaging rightly.

In Church History they seem to be no less unable to assimilate matter through which they have in a way eaten onwards.

2. Then again the men show the most wonderful unconsciousness of either ignorance, or inability, through want of thinking power, to pronounce opinions on the most difficult modern or ancient ecclesiastical questions, or questions which really are philosophical. They do not seem to understand that either knowledge or practised thought are ingredients necessary to the formation of judgments. Two of my young priests and two of my young deacons this Advent, had signed declarations of regret that I had not summoned a Synod for the Trial of the Bishop of Lincoln—and modestly considered that they were right in doing so. There is no fault to find with their *general* temper, only they have no sense of humility, because they do not know that there is everything to be *known* or any difficulty in

[1] Then Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop. Now Rector of St Michael's, Cornhill.

drawing conclusions. I have begun to think that Hooker and Butler were good for them in this direction. They did them dreadfully badly. But at any rate they did not think they did it well. They did realise that there was a *knowing* and a *thinking* which far overreached themselves. It does not require much of either author to infuse the suspicion that it is so.

3. I ventured to say in the little book[1] (I am quite *delighted* that you like the title) that our clergy are dropping quite behind their ordinary Laity in notions of Industrial Economics. I don't hesitate to say that the views of *Charity* entertained by the Rector and curates at A——, and lately in Bethnal Green by X—— were and are a corrupting and depressing force among our swarms of poor, and that the *principle* on which Poor Breakfasts are given (not the Breakfasts *per se*) is working woe in Southwark. It seems to me that we *must* get some Industrial ideas into the minds of the Clergy, or they will assume in the minds of the really thoughtful workful laity, the position of Friars and Seminarists.

I have been talking to H. Sidgwick about it, and have asked him to talk with you about our talk, and to see whether anything can be done. It seems to me that even a small book, or the attendance on a brief set of lectures taking such points as Arnold Toynbee handled so well, would do good, and that we might *require* men to take in *either* that or Hebrew—make the Voluntariness consist in the Choice.

And now I do not think you will be displeased, even if you think any of these notions too crude or too unideal, that I tell you the yeasty, and I will say troubled and yearning, cares about these poor fellows in whose interests you are always thinking and labouring for their own and the Church's sake.

You know what persuasive weight belongs to all you are kind enough to say to me—and I dare not delay at any rate to put this before you.

Yours ever affectionately,

Edw. Cantuar.

[1] Probably *Christ and His Times*. He says on this subject for example, "Knowledge itself would restrain the clergyman without political or economic experience from intermeddling in questions which require both, and from interposing his weight of character where equal discussion alone can determine a fair issue. But knowledge would show him where he could and ought to intervene." p. 71.

On the 21st there was a great meeting in Birmingham on behalf of the project to create a Bishopric of Birmingham. At this meeting, which was held in the Birmingham Town Hall and was presided over by Bishop (Philpott) of Worcester, there were present Lord Norton, Professor Westcott, Canon Bowlby and other important local clergy and laymen.

The Archbishop was the principal speaker, and after some reminiscences of his dear friend Bishop Lightfoot, so lately dead, he went on to sketch the kind of man required for the position of Bishop of Birmingham, illustrating what he meant by mentioning the name of Bishop Fraser.

"You want," he said, "to place among yourselves a citizen, a ruler, a citizen with the interest of the city, the life of the city, and the passion of the city at heart. You want to place here a servant of God, to whom God is all in all. You want a prophet—I say advisedly—a *prophet*—a man who can speak plain things both to rich and poor.....and last of all.....he is to be a humble disciple of Jesus Christ....."

He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and his speech was one of his most successful. It was a matter of constant regret to him that neither then, nor in his lifetime, was its object ever accomplished.

On the 8th of February he went, as was his custom, to Winchester to keep the anniversary of his son Martin's death :—

Went with Nellie to keep our anniversary of Sorrow and Love and Hope at Winton. The 9th being Sunday. The cloister greensward and grey beauty of stone more perfect than ever in the sunlight—laid our cross there—and had Cornish's beautiful poem[1] and our prayers.

[1] The Rev. George James Cornish, the friend of Keble, died 1849, formerly Vicar of Kenwyn ; he lost a son at Winchester, who was buried in the College

Writing about this time to Professor Westcott on the question of Arbitration, he says:—

America is really a discouraging experience as to arbitration because they have a judicature to settle disputes between states. But when their only serious difficulty came all was set aside and war was the only thing which they could *work*.

If a European state made an arbitration alliance with America, America could easily do without a standing army of any sort or kind, but the European state would have an army proportioned to its supposed dangers in Europe—then, if an arbitration were disputed, the two states would not be on equal terms—and so arbitration ultimately seems to involve the construction of some central power, supreme and sufficiently strong by the aid of all, to enforce its decrees.

On the 14th of February he writes:—

The Bishop of London, tenderest-hearted, most self-denying, most enduring and patient, most laborious of men, has no credit in this blind London for anything, simply because he will not say or do one thing with the idea that men should think well of him. He, alas, is going blind—will not spare himself one toil or hour—and London will not see till he has lost his sight and they have lost him.

On Feb. 16th Lambeth was visited by the Radical Club: he writes:—

Yesterday afternoon lectured the "Liberal and Radical Club" of Lambeth in the Chapel upon its history—and on the continuity, indestructibility, and comprehensiveness of the Church, as set forth in its list of Archbishops, the third revival of the glass, and the consecration of Parker, with other relics. After I said, "all this secular interest has only clustered about unearthly interests—we must not forget this is a *church*. Shall we pray together?" they all knelt on the floor and I prayed. They kept ejaculating "Amen, amen" afterwards in all directions—an elderly man came up and said, whispering as he shook my hand, "You've saved 20 men this afternoon."

Cloister. This event he commemorated in a poem "His saltem," of which my father was very fond. See *Sermons and Poetical Remains of G. J. Cornish*, London, J. and C. Mozley, 1850, p. 377.

On the 22nd his sister Eleanor died. He writes of her:—

Alas! and χάρις τῷ Θεῷ[1] in one breath. My dear sister was released from her protracted suffering this morning at 6.30 quite quietly. Her high spirit could not sustain itself, and there was a long dreary period. At last there came on a very quiet time in which she was much asleep, and when awake, wandering. But at intervals there were bright gleams. She just murmured "peace—it is all peaceful. I am quite happy now. Tell Edward it is all peace."

To Professor Westcott he adds:—

So what began last July has ended in a sense of resumed quiet just now—and her husband is such a noble old man in spirit and lovingness that even he comes out in new lights of reverent unity with God's will. If the Church at large could be to mankind what some souls are to those about them, the work of God would soon be done. But she has to represent the slow-rising average.

To Professor Westcott.

(*Lux Mundi.*)

Lambeth Palace.
2 *March*, 1890.

My dear Westcott,

The Bishop of Oxford was telling me how strongly feeling is again running in Oxford. Gore's Essay seems to be lashing up the whole Liddonian power—except, I suppose, the strong fragment of it which sails the same boat with Gore. He seemed to think it quite likely that he may be dismissed the "Puseium." This means the banding of a large force together who are already imbued deeply with Radical views which are "Socialistic"—whatever that may, in this case, denote. The same and a yet wider body has been absolutely captived to Home-Rule by Mr Gladstone in his late visit. So that a very large school has been rather suddenly formed who may by the *exploding* of Gore from the same become an important faction in full activity and follow him —wherever he goes. And if his foes cut his anchors he must be expected to go.

[1] Thanks be to God.

I am very diffident of saying to you what I feel about the Essay itself, and am prepared to be corrected. But it seems to me that while I do not think that thought on this subject will ultimately take the shape he thinks it may, yet there is no harm but good in having it stated by such a person in such a time. And that when we come to deal with *very early* history the question must be put and answered sooner or later, "how far can a myth be inspired?" "How far can Inspiration *use* a myth?" like a poem—or a Paean—or a fable. Quite irrespectively of any answer, the question comes. And it seems to me that we (or if necessary I, though in all possible respects but one, unsuited to it) ought to make in good time a firm stand against any repetition of the injurious and destructive action of our early memories.

You remember, may be, our talks about the *uncertainty* of "believers'" faith just now. I have had a remarkable instance of it. A lady, the head of the society of her neighbourhood, had formed a Browning Society. They got tired—and proposed to make themselves under her into a Bible Reading Society. She undertook to do her best, not very well qualified to head such an enterprise, but a fairly well-read churchwoman. The first were all apparently quite orthodox churchwomen. She was first startled by one or two objecting to their beginning with prayer. She did, however, and found most of them approved—but the clergyman's wife *not*. Rather rashly she began with St John—(rashly, only as it turned out—she had read your book carefully and I daresay knew it (in an unexamineable sort of way), and *felt* tolerably armed, though the armour was much too good for her previous erudition and training). She then found (with one exception) *all* these churchwomen most dubious as to the reality of the narrative, clear (I think) that it was not written by St John, very uncertain as to whether we really *knew* anything of the life of Christ, and absolutely convinced against the Personality of the Holy Ghost. She does not even yet realise where she is, and wants a book out of which to answer all their doubts!

But I am persuaded that this is not untypical. And all our time and most of our thought taken up with these dreadful lights and ablutions!

As to this latter—I feel now very acutely the great peril we stand in—the disunion has become so very great. Irreconcileableness seems to pervade such masses of the people. To-day an excellent modest man has been preaching to us in Lambeth

Church about "Mediaeval superstitions happily expelled 250 years being revived, at the same time with philosophies expelled 2500 years ago" (I don't quite catch the history), while my children come back from X——'s church, where candles were lighted at the Communion Service.

It is impossible to forecast the effect of any decision—and the decision itself (to which my Assessors may come) is quite unknown to me and undivinable so far.

I have just come in from preaching to 2000 people—mostly men, at the Victoria Theatre! That *looked* hopeful—very attentive—very reverent—and mostly very poor.

Do pardon so long a letter—yours need not detain you so long. But most welcome will be any words from you as to the Gore controversy, prospect or duty—and any light you can cast on the Judgment.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Pray tell me how you are.

On March 4th he gives an account of his work:—

A good specimen of this gallingly distracting life. I have had to do as best I can the following pieces of work, some of them requiring intense and all of them considerable labour and thought—and all should be done and some must, with all the speed I can command—and with much consultation.

Judgment in the Bishop of Lincoln's case—that is *one*.
A Clergy Discipline Bill.
An Ecclesiastical Procedure Bill—cases other than ritual.
A Church Patronage Bill.
A share in the Report of the Sweating Committee.
Every Wednesday an hour's lecture in Chapel on the Acts.
To proceed with Cyprian.
To write a careful paper on Oaths.
Besides Sermons—at St Margaret's, Westminster.
„ „ at St Pancras.
„ an Address at the Oxford House.
„ „ at the Regent St. Polytechnic.
„ Sermon to the Medical Association at Birmingham.
„ Sermon at Coventry and Speech for the Birmingham Bishopric.
„ Sermon before University of Cambridge.

Well—to-day from 9.45 to 12.15 I was occupied by an uninterrupted succession of comers. Had to go to House of Lords, and this evening 1½ hour's interview with the Dean of Windsor on Bishoprics and on other Church matters.

The rest of the hours were my leisure for the general work.

On the 5th of March he writes about the See of Durham:—

The Bishopric of Durham is to be offered to B. F. W., I have written to him that *no consideration* is to make him refuse.

Westcott's letter to me this same morning on Inspiration was a volume of thought in itself. The Northerners wish for him and no man living beside ought to succeed or can succeed Lightfoot.

To Professor Westcott.

Private.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
March 5th, 1890.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I have this moment heard that the Bishopric of Durham will be offered to you. I THANK GOD.

It is of course of utmost importance that this should be quite secret until the fact comes to you in the usual way.

But I am constrained to write to you to say that you must not *upon any consideration whatever* decline the call.

The position in Church and State alike requires you there—and requires Sacrifice. The flock there no less.

But I know your loyalty and obedience, better than anyone, for have you not taught it me? I say that *no* consideration must interfere—deliberately and full of prayer. I do thank GOD for His mercy and lovingkindness.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 14th of March he writes:—

Last Saturday my Dean and Chapter made a conspiracy and broke burglariously into a tomb and sacrilegiously plundered it. They had before their scholarly eyes the determination of so important a question as whether Stephen Langton or Hubert Walter or nobody was buried in it. And having found the most beautiful

things which have yet been found in a tomb, they know no more than they did and have put the things in their museum.

To his sons and brothers in the most sacred part of the Church the Archbishop commended himself for ever and had laid with him the loveliest symbols of his earthly work. They, breaking all honour, reverence and grace, plunder him. They wonder people are bent on breaking up cathedrals and think little of their worship. The people see little fruit of the Spirit "they are of."

To his daughter Margaret, then away in the Riviera.

LAMBETH PALACE.
19 *March*, 1890.

DEAREST MARGARET,

I wish you were here—Wednesday, you know. We are just out of Chapel, and all my golden words run away and are not caught in your golden cup[1]! But it isn't for that. Only I want you to stay away till you are quite soaked in sunshine—which you will give out amid Doulton's vapours and Thamesine fogs—like pounded oyster-shell.

Canon Whyley was a dear old friend—much beloved by Mr Martin—he used to play and sing beautifully—I remember an excellent sermon of his at Rydal where we used to row lazily about in very hot weather and watch the herons come dropping over the hills and at last settling on the fir-tree tops on the stony little islands.

It is glorious about Dr Westcott[2]. He will make such a successor. Would they could have been Bishops together! I always hoped in the course of time and change, for J. B. D. to become J. B. Ebor.

I AM so sick of Hebbert v. Purchas[3], and Lights and Before the Table and Mackonochie[4] and Phillimore and all! But if extract of Peace can be distilled from such dry leaves it will be all well.

Ever your loving father,

EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] My sister used to take notes of his addresses.
[2] He was my sister's Godfather.
[3] The Ritual Lawsuit.
[4] Rev. A. H. Mackonochie of St Alban's, Holborn.

On the 30th March he writes:—

Preached at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, to 1400 or 1500 young men. They were very attentive, especially to certain parts. But it was hard to think they were not versed in either church or chapel or both. The habit of hymn-singing in chorus has weakened the sense of truth. If these people are what they are said to be, and not what they look like, they *ought not* to sing "Jesu, Lover of my soul" with full voice-power.

The committee were to all appearance of a certain type; all kindly and unchurchly looking people. The idea is that it is a net that catches fish that would otherwise be uncaught—to me it looks as if there were many from church and chapel choirs and other good places.

On the 4th April, Good Friday, he notes:—

Went with Hugh from Addington to St Paul's where, on the first three days of the week, I had heard the Bp of London preach. To-day he preached the "three hours" to a congregation which entirely filled the space under the dome and much of the transepts. His treatment was nobler than I have ever heard. He touched the physical suffering of the Lord only as a great man could who was himself ready to bear the will of his Father. But the mental suffering and the spiritual power of Forgiveness—only first given to those who were nearest in causing the death we all cause—of embracing the soul which turns—the intensity of Mother Love, the power of loving at least someone, if love to God and man is cold—then the "thirsting" for the cup against which He had prayed in his submission—and much more were handled in a subtle heroic way—and with a breaking out of manly eloquence more than I have heard yet. It was letting people a little see *what* he is, in spite of his perpetual struggle μὴ δοκεῖν[1]—carried too far sometimes to be good for others. The vast concourse were chiefly men. My Hugh was greatly impressed.

On the 11th April his dear friend and coadjutor, Bishop Parry, of Dover, died. He writes, April 15th:—

Went to Canterbury to the funeral of the Bp of Dover—the thousands of people, the military lining the course of the streets from the Cathedral to St Martin's—the closed city—made it the most impressive ecclesiastical funeral I should think in memory.

[1] "Not to *seem* to be," in contrast with εἶναι, "to be."

He said days before—he had been a sailor in boyhood, and always had the spirit of his father in all his ways,—"I know the tide will draw me out with it," and he died at 4 a.m., the tide at the lowest, the day dawning. He was the man that Englishmen most like—generous and kind and open—not quite gracious enough in manner, not much of a churchman or a preacher, not learned and somewhat lacking in unction,—but he feared God always, and was a man.

To the Dean of Windsor.

19 *April*, 1890.

I do not quite know what to think of B. F. W.'s consecration service as to my dear self.

There seems no instance of Canterbury's having assisted York ever in consecrating for the Northern Province—plenty of course of Y. assisting C.

I suppose a technical doubt might rise as to which of the two was the real consecrator—and thence as to oath. There must be some reason for the absolute absence of precedent. *Et puis, que faire?* London and the Assessors all cried out "dress in scarlet train and sit by altar." But what do you think? I see there are objections to black gown and stall which I proposed but which they all shrieked at. But I'm not going to stop away.

You know they propose to suspend, i.e. suppress a canonry at Westminster for the Fabric. It would be a fatal step I think to the Cathedrals. I persuaded them at Gloucester not to do it—and they have gone on gallantly.

All the Cathedrals would say, "*We* could do with three Canons as well as four," for it would save many pockets—though not so at Westminster.

And it would then be a blow and an effective one at all Church life and Church work which is not merely parochial. I am sure of it.

Bradley won't hear of the Abbey appealing to the public—I think it would be a great success. But I have wondered whether some of us could not appeal for a Capital sum equal to the capitation value of a Canonry to be presented to the Chapter by subscription to do the work the Canonry would pay for at once—I suppose £25,000. If this suppression step had been taken some time since there would have been no Barry and no Westcott there—work which has certainly brought them home to "The people."

To the Dean of Windsor.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
26 *April*, 1890[1].

DEAREST DEAN,

I thank you most affectionately for your affectionate and too kind card. All that I have to look back upon is the goodness of God and the kindness of His Men. And in this part, to be thankful for nothing more than for your constant helpful friendship. To me the "thirteen years" divides itself into two very different epochs. The irksomeness (to me) of parts, perhaps the most important, of the functions of this great office must weaken the impression for good in these days of molten wax.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 27th he writes:—

Spoke at Oxford House to about 400 men, which was, they said, a large attendance. They were attentive—and afterwards they asked weakish questions. Ingram said they were mostly the same questions Sunday after Sunday—often by the same men. One of them afterwards said to Ingram, "he liked it, but he could not see why the Abp of C. should have £15,000 a year. Now, I'll be bound, Sir" (he said to Ingram), "*you* don't get above £2000."

Another time Eden (?) told me that he had preached to them on the Being of God. One of the men, who had always a crotchet to say something against "Theology," thanked him publicly for "a lecture to which he had listened with great satisfaction because there was no Theology in it."

I am afraid the stronger heads of the men have ceased to come. If not, they aren't strong in heads.

On May 1st the Archbishop wrote:—

Westcott was consecrated in Westminster to be yet a greater blessing than he has been to the Church of God. He stood before the consecrator in his rochet the very image of humility and gentleness, while his "I am so persuaded and determined" rolled like a quiet thunder of water. The Abbey was full lit of heavenly light.

[1] St Mark's Day, 25th April, was the day of his consecration.

(I could not take part in the consecration—no precedent for a thousand years; and doubts stirred, if I had done so. So with my two domestic chaplains, I sat begowned in stall by Dean's stall.)

In the evening we received all Westcott's and my school-fellows who could come, at Lambeth—about 80, some had not seen each other for forty years and were friends still. C. B. H. has organised all for me beautifully. Westcott full of life. Proposes soon as possible to take his seat "to show that he is interested" in House of Lords.

May 4. B. F. W. here for long talk after Abbey. Full of heart, and his eyes as bright as lights.

On the 3rd May he writes:—

Royal Academy dinner. Salisbury a speech full of bitterness. The view of life on these occasions is as materialistic as can be: and it was John Morley, I think, who ended his speech by declaring that "man doth not live by bread alone"—I suppose he would have added—"but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of man." Westcott was there and declared that to dine once at the Academy had been a dream from boyhood—but he would not dine twice.

May 19. Dined at Sir J. Pender's to meet Stanley[1] the Explorer. Determined face, not hard, burnt out of biscuit into a greyness like his hair, sagacious and with one eye a little cast outward and upward too, so that he looks as if he were watching himself from above. It was a distinguished company but he was rather silent and looked as if he had earned and appreciated a change. I told him how glad I was he had said a strong word or two for which Germans derided him as a believer. He told Sir J. P. he was quite clear on that point and "had *evidence* of God's help, if it were wanted."

The subject of Sisterhoods and their Canonical obedience continued to occupy his thoughts; he writes on May 22nd:—

I have had a letter from A—— expressing gratitude on behalf of Sisterhoods for the kindliness of the Bishops towards them. But saying that they do not consider themselves as Diocesan but as

[1] Who had returned from the Emin Pasha relief expedition.

"Church-wide." The Bishop of the Diocese has no relation to them, only that Bishop whom they elect Visitor and he only as Visitor. The Bishop of the Diocese may license their Clergy, but I think the old man really implies that if he does not, it does not matter.

The old monastic bodies would have lasted till now if they had not been exempt from Diocesan jurisdiction so that they had no friends when the covetousness arose. But as regards themselves they were at least under discipline to the Pope; these are under no one but their chaplains, so that a presbyterian system has started up in the heart of episcopacy, and if the Bishops pressed them hard there would be not much hesitation in adhering to the Church of Rome. I believe this secret practice to savour much of Rome.

May 23.—Yesterday I presented to the Church House council their corporation seal which they had commissioned me to get engraved at a cost of £75, to my own design, by Wyon[1]. Westcott had been very strong that the Church should somehow appear as Rock unmoveable. I have placed, standing on a great rock, out of which flow the four rivers of Paradise into a sea, our Lord, the figure taken from Fra Angelico's Transfiguration—below on his right is St Aidan in Celtic vestments (so far as we can discover them), his chasuble hooded and in Celtic tonsure—on his left Augustine taller, gaunter, and with his crozier. Both look to the Lord and He is despatching them to preach. This is to represent the Apostolicity by both descents and the extension of the English Church. Westcott not only thinks that this Transfiguration is the one way in which the Crucifixion should be indicated, but that in design and execution it is the best modern seal he knows. I think the draperies and attitudes are really very perfect, and by much conversation I do believe I have prevailed on Wyon to depart much from mechanicality of touch.

On June 1st he writes:—

Came yesterday to Canterbury for the ordination to-day. It was very solemn—the music really religious. The priests are a remarkably good set—of the deacons all are good and sincere, I think, but intellectually not well fortified. Blore[2] preached and in

[1] Of Regent Street, firm of seal-engravers to the Queen.

[2] Hon. Canon, afterwards Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop.

the afternoon the Dean. After afternoon service I went alone into Trinity Chapel behind the High Altar and read, sitting sometimes in the corner and then against the Black Prince, and the Evening Service and Sermon beginning in the choir and sounding more unearthly because the singers were quite invisible. I had of course many strange and distressing thoughts of my smallness and insufficiency as against such great predecessors, such men of affairs, such pillars of the State, such friends of kings and counsellors, men of so great a scale, and really, take them one by one, men who had the Kingdom of God in their hearts, and a view more or less right of what it was to do for men. The world was so much smaller, the church so much stronger—Why did the church lose so much ground so fast? If it was her own fault, why? Why should she have so mistaken?

On June 9th he spoke in the House of Lords on the Sweating Committee Report; he notes:—

My own speaking is a matter of constant regret to me. Why did I not *learn* to speak young? As it is, I am interested in the first half of my speech, then I suddenly think other people are bored, and then οὐδὲν ἰσχύω[1] the rest of the time.

This cold audience, which weighs *every* man, and weighs them by their words and their knowledge of the world and their temper, is the most formidable audience man can have.

On the 29th June he heard of the death of Lord Carnarvon, a man for whom he had a great admiration and reverence, and whose friendship he had gratefully enjoyed. The Diary says:—

On Saturday died Lord Carnarvon—fine scholar, pure statesman, a loving son (not a "friend[2]") of the Church. He had taken me into such happy confidences that I looked on him as a sure stand-by, and in the cold quarters of the House of Lords, as a warmth and breath of air. That Highclere Sunday one of the sweetest days. Those dear princely eyed and mouthed little sons, will they lose their *all* as so many do in losing their father, or will the thought of him keep feet from wandering?

How I owe *both* to the thought of *mine*.

[1] I am of no avail.

[2] My father had a suspicion of a certain type of patronising layman, the *soi-disant* "friend of the Church."

July 3rd.—Went with Duke of Edinburgh and Lord and Lady Radnor to open Folkestone Hospital—a very long way for a very little work. Conversation to be sustained for four hours in saloon carriage—lunch in public—an hour's progress in open carriage with them among shouts and banners and Druids and Oddfellows and bands—three minutes of prayer were the climax.

Seems a wasted day. Yet the enthusiasm was worth something, and the prayer—may it be answered and then all will be well.

My father goes on to mention with much interest that the Duke said he himself was never half a minute late, and this gave him a leisurely feel all day, while "five minutes late at breakfast" was never recovered.

On July 14th, his birthday, he went to a Garden Party at Marlborough House:—

At Marlborough House Manning, who has been very ill, and looks so, congratulated me on my health. I said, "Well, and this is my birthday—wish me many happy returns of it." "I do," he said, "with my whole heart. But how old are you?" I told him, and he said, "But I'm afraid you don't realise how much farther on I am than you. To-morrow is *my* birthday." So I said, "What a happy touch. This evening the first Vespers of your day are the second Vespers of my birthday." He told me he was 82. So he was of age the day after I was born. He said he was a sad Radical and would pay all schools out of rates—and let voluntary schools have one manager elected by ratepayers.

On the 17th he dined with Lord Herschell and met Mr and Mrs Gladstone; he writes:—

Mrs Gladstone is a miracle more than her husband of vivacity—a faithful woman. Her desire is that her husband should be in right relations with all men; other women desire their husband's advancement that they may shine by it. Her view has been before her through her whole life and is as strong as ever in her wonderful old age.

On the 26th he writes:—

The Queen opened the new Deep Water Docks at Southampton and I blessed them in the name of the Lord. A vast luncheon and vast in speechification. The dock is 18 acres of water, 26

feet deep at lowest spring tides. It was a pretty sight to see the Queen's yacht approach from the Solent and "cut the riband" stretched across the harbour's mouth. A sailor on board with a boat-hook then threw the two ends up into the air and the Queen on her sea throne went round among thousands and thousands of subjects and was slowly sided up to the quay, close to the dais from which I read my prayer. But this manœuvre was very slow, it was said because there were so many admirals on board and on shore each giving directions, and each being obeyed by different navigators. It was a striking sight to see the Princes and officers all stand saluting the whole of the Benediction itself. I had to hurry off with a special railway carriage without going on board—on Monday the Queen telegraphed to ask me if I was tired.

On the 29th he went to preach before the British Medical Association in St Martin's church, Birmingham, where he was baptised; he stayed with his uncle, Dr Alfred Baker: he writes of the church:—

Fancy the change since Prince Lee sat in a scarlet square pew in a gallery in the point of an arch on the south, and the choir sang in a west gallery and old F—— raved at Papists in the top of a gigantic three-decker, sometimes scuttling his papers into the bottom of the pulpit, and going on preaching as he ducked down after them, with a wildly waving arm sticking up above the velvet cushion.

When I was five years old there we were so deep in a square pew that I fancied the clergyman was blind and had to be told what to say by the clerk in the Confession and Lord's Prayer—reversing the speakers—and was puzzled to adapt my theory to the rest of the Service.

In August we went to Switzerland, and stayed at a little hotel above the Aletsch Glacier, opposite the Bel Alp, called the Rieder Furca. My father was ill and depressed, and the weather was horrible. Professor J. R. Seeley of Cambridge was staying at the same hotel, and the Archbishop had much interesting talk with him: he also made the acquaintance of Professor Tyndall, whom he "took to" as he said from the first moment of seeing him, partly

owing to the Professor's wonderful charm, and also to his remarkable likeness to his own father. He writes on August 21st:—

A most delightful afternoon on the glacier with the Bp of Gloucester and Bristol, Prof. and Mrs Tyndall, a kindly attractive lady, and Miss Hall and Miss Akers and others. Tyndall charming, assiduous anxiety for a supposed stranger to ice and endless interesting talk. He was really moved at seeing Hutchinson so frail and so disabled, with whom he had the fearful accident he has described so well.

He told me that thirty years ago when he came here he could spring from the ice of the Aletsch Glacier on to the Green. Now there is a half mile nearly of dusty and stony moraine between—so rapidly are glaciers shrinking. He is not sure of cycles of return.

He sleeps ill and says his days are ruined by it. He said he wished to make Science the handmaid of her elder sister Theology. This was perhaps his pleasant vein. But the other evening he closed a long discussion with G. and B. by saying "Well—on one thing we are quite agreed. It is that the Judge of all the earth will do right."

Why should a man be despaired of who honestly has reached Abraham's position and honestly cannot get further yet? I fear such a man may easily have seen in Christendom things *more* disadvantageous to *faith* than Abraham in a heathen world. There is so much among us of *past* illumination which now *ἀδύνατον ἀνακαινίζειν*[1].

He was full of observation of little things. On August 27th he says:—

Coming down from the slopes of the Bel Alp we met a great pig walking faithfully after a girl, like a dog, up the narrow stony path. He had socks tied on, to save his feet. He had come from the Rieder Alp up and down the Furca and the steep descent through the forest over the moraine and the glaciers and with a most human expression of eye was still following the girl close. It must have taken them hours. He was toiling up to his death at the Bel Alp. (Nellie had seen Piggie lower down and mourned

[1] It is impossible to renew. Heb. vi. 4, 6.

for his faithfulness—we were much charmed afterwards to find it was not so tragic. They take the pig with them when they go from lower to higher pastures and back.)

He visited Professor Tyndall on Sept. 3rd :—

Walked with Nellie and Amy to the glacier, crossed it and went up to Bel Alp. No sooner had we lunched than Tyndall carried us off to tea. The most delightful large cottage on a little rocky plateau formed 300 feet above the hotel into a wonderful view and foreground—Fletscher Horn, Mischabel etc. The moment we arrived Mrs Tyndall had darted up to order scones for us—and delightful they were and tea with a huge jug of cream. He has a charming affectionate manner and that scientific look of observation which always reminds me of my father. His interest in the people with their rather grasping and jealous ways is as great as the interest in the names and ways of the place, and of course his having thought out all the problems of the ways of the glaciers and hills and knowing the limitations of knowledge makes him excellent company with that most winning manner of his. They two came down with us and crossed the glacier to see us safe—and we parted with most affectionate thoughts of each other, I feel *sure*.

On the 8th he went off early with Miss Hutchinson and my two brothers for a walk to the Eggischorn: he alarmed us all by not returning till eleven o'clock at night: he writes :—

Amy and I went leisurely up Eggischorn, and on the peak had a perfect view—cloudless and with shadows as deep as the lights were bright. The whiteness and pure majesty of the mountains gave one a passing touch of the armies in white linen filling heaven and all the road down from it in infinite mass. On the top English humanity a little tickled at a vivacious clergyman who informed me that I had had a great loss in Bishop Parry, and that the Dean of Canterbury was a very learned man. He had with him a boy who screamed the names of the mountains without a touch of reverence—and a nice young round red fellow besides. We did not reach the Hotel again till half past six, having come down quietly through the sunset, and then it was nearly dark. We telegraphed to Rieder F. we should not be there till 10.15,

and as it now got quite dark we took a man and lantern to lead us over the stony ups and downs and quags and wood and meadows which we never could have threaded. Stars bright as morn—a rather romantic walk for the young lady and man and me—as we got near, once or twice fierce-looking gentle shepherds suddenly shone out of the dark and talked awful patois and disappeared again to send messages on. It was eleven o'clock when we reached our home and found all alight and anxious, for our telegram had never been delivered. We had been walking just twelve hours and were all the better for it and not tired. The only whole holiday I have had and a glorious one.

He adds about his holiday reading:—

Have read through the *Odyssey* since I came, all but a fragment which I shall finish on the road. Its teaching is so high that the occasional sins of the Gods are inexplicable to me. The preservation of the unity of the smaller characters is a great argument for the unity of the writer. In separate ballads they could scarce grow up all alike.

Penelope on the other hand seems an argument for divorce writers. Wherever she comes in it is weeping, she cannot sit still except weeping, she weeps herself to sleep at the end of every story of her. This would be natural in different ballads in each of which she appears once. But it is disagreeable in the long narrative.

All through this year he had, not only the unceasing anxiety of the Lincoln case, but great sorrows. His oldest and dearest friend had died at the end of 1889, his sister had passed away after a lingering illness in the summer of this year, and in the autumn when he returned to Addington a yet heavier sorrow fell upon him.

There were some few cases of diphtheria in the neighbourhood and in some way, which could never be traced, my eldest sister caught it about the middle of October. During the whole time of the illness my father was overwhelmed with work on the Bishop of Lincoln's case, for the Judgment was to be delivered at the end of October.

To the Rev. C. B. Hutchinson.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Saturday, Oct. 25th, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have more on hand than the minutes suffice for. Unless you think it unwise to come to the house (the doctors say there is no fear, but if you have for anyone's sake the slightest doubtfulness, *don't* come)—I would ask you to come over with the brougham that brings this—to correct proofs for me.

Our dearest one is in critical condition—they think that she is "not worse" to-day.

Pray God her sweet and serviceable life may be granted us.

Your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

There was an apparent rally after he had written this, but on the morning of the 27th, strongly and hopefully as she had lived, she passed away.

On the day after her death he wrote to Bishop Eden of Dover:—

Oct. 28th, 1890.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

You will know now why I have seemed so neglectful. The pressure was so absolute day and night because I was *obliged* to go on working with the Judgment, not knowing how the illness would turn, and hoping, hoping always—and yet the terrible anxiety upon one too—that I could not write.

I wish you and Mrs Eden had known her. I dare not say what, not now but always, I felt as to her life before God. Her passing was as sweet and serviceable as all her days. But, though she was the *bond* of love to her brothers and all, we are learning to say "O Quanta Qualia"—without shrinking.

Thank you for your kindest dear letter of the 20th[1]. It was indeed a most blessed day. The undivided prayers of the people for you—and the presence of *Durham* and *Rochester*—and the

[1] The Bishop had been consecrated on the 18th.

almost audible voices of witnesses from chapel to chapel of the great past.

Would we could make our times in the least to compare with those for greatness of work.

I do rejoice in your joy.

Your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To Canon C. B. Hutchinson.

28th Oct. 1890.

DEAREST FRIEND,

If you would take part in our Dedication of her to The Resurrection, at the Church, to-morrow (3 p.m.) we should all love it. She so loved you and was so grateful to you.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

He writes, Oct. 29th, the day of her funeral:—

My Nellie to the earth of Addington—Nay! The width of the love manifested to her—by every creature. Sacrament in the chapel—servants—men.

Deep as was my father's grief, constantly as he missed her, it was not the same dark and almost desperate grief that he felt at my brother's death: it was a "nearer hope," as he said to me once by her grave. He used to be able to talk easily and lovingly of her from the first days of her death.

To Canon Mason.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
All Hallowe'en, 1890.
(May your Name Feast be blessed to us all.)

AGAPIT,

Thank you dearly for your loving helpful letter. *This* time I have not even felt that initial rebellion which requires to be subdued. It becomes too plain that He must work His will, and that it is All good. I do marvel at Him a little for

"leaving me to serve alone" in *those* things in which she could serve with me like no one else. But she would not have marvelled and I won't. "I *do* wonder what it will be like?" was the last wonder with her, and work is of course nothing when we have not chosen, but been called by Him "to sit at His feet and hear."

Your loving grateful,

EDW. CANTUAR.

My sister had been preparing a little book of studies suggested by her experiences among the Lambeth poor. This she had decided not to publish but my father had it privately printed and prefixed to it a brief memoir which he wrote.

In the early days of November my father's next brother died at Wiesbaden. My father went out to the funeral: he writes, Nov. 10th:—

Saw Chris—looks like a noble soldier. The affection of everybody as touching as it is deserved. The Church, his work, very beautiful. It has been a grand life—great knowledge, great energy, in a frame which at eight years old was not supposed to be good for five years—and has gone on till 54—and such a noble boy before his accident.

The Empress and the Princess Christian both sent touching telegrams.

To Lady Tavistock.

WIESBADEN.
10th Nov. 1890.

MY DEAR LADY,

You will forgive this long silence, or rather will not have needed to forgive. Beyond the difficulties of writing there was a kind of selfishness in liking to have your letter still to answer.

Yes—I will not forget—it *is* only a thin νεφέλη[1] which hides her as it ὑπέλαβεν Him ἀπὸ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν[2] only. It is not presumptuous is it at this moment to say "her"—you know I

[1] Cloud. [2] Received Him out of the sight. Acts i. 9.

mean among *them*? But she was to me really such an unobtrusive instance of a little saintly spirit using *all* its capabilities to help others and to love us with the most daughterly dearness. A piece of self seems gone from this world, for no one *can* be what *she* was. I remember her startling me when she was but eight years old, when I said to her something about the poor, by answering, "I do think so much about the poor—they *suffer* so." I felt then what I have realised since that there was something at work in her spirit behind, which I had nothing to do with, but to look at it. And I have seen it *bear*.

You will know that I am here for a stroke no less sudden and unexpected—(for though my brother was very delicate, the machine which had served him so long seemed likely to serve him still)—and strangely no less of a break up of good work. He was a true Lay Son of the Church, devoted to it—both material and spiritual. The last touch of improvements is wet on the wall, and since he passed away some beautiful panels he had ordered had come from Florence. And in the town every kind help to poor English and lonely English has been his doing and his stimulating.

I can run on to you—because you will sympathize with my feeling of the strangeness that two such losses to affection should be, so far as we can see, such losses to God's orderly work among us. He stops not only the demonstration of love, but the demonstration of service.

Your affectionate and grateful,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Rev. F. H. Fisher.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
12th Nov. 1890.

MY DEAR FISHER,

Your kind letter came with many strong sweet memories. No promise you ever made me has been kept better than by God's great grace your promise for your God-daughter was—and she was ever mindful that you had spoken for her.

How we shall all get on without her who was an integral great portion of the life of each, entering into and helping us all, as it seemed to us, essentially in our several ways, while to

the few and all who needed her she was "such a rock" as one says. God only knows. There are other places too which seem hopelessly empty.

Yours ever affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Except for this journey to Wiesbaden my father and mother stayed quietly at Addington until the delivery of the Lincoln Judgment which had been necessarily postponed until the end of November. Even after this he was loth to leave Addington with its associations of sorrow and peace, but the rest was needed and the change refreshed his spirit.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LINCOLN TRIAL.

"Admonitos autem nos scias ut Traditio servetur, neque aliquid fiat a nobis quam quod pro nobis Dominus prior fecit."
S. CYPRIAN.

THE Lincoln Judgment was indubitably the most important contribution to Ecclesiastical History—of the History that can be written in chapters—in my father's life. The points at issue seem, it is true, to those who are outside ecclesiastical circles and not in connection with the electrical circuit of ecclesiastical sympathy, to be almost pitifully unimportant. But even the amateurish historian will recognise that the fiercest controversies often rage about the most apparently insignificant questions. It is not within the scope or congenial to the purpose of this biography to follow the subject into its ramifications, but a brief sketch of the events connected with it must be given. The strength, it may be said, of the Judgment lay in this; that while it frankly recognised that in religious matters toleration and unity were precious beyond any precise scheme of ritual observance, yet the Judge was in no way impatient of minute points, but rather entered into them with a microscopic eagerness, which betrayed that they possessed a remarkable attractiveness, antiquarian and aesthetic, for his mind. But while he thus manifested an acquaintance with

the theory and practice of ritual, which threw the laborious but temporarily acquired knowledge of acute special pleaders quite into the shade, he made it no less evident that far from regarding such points as of religious value, he found something deeply and painfully opposed to religion in the party spirit which made these things a battle cry; that although as Judge his concern must be the law of them, not their expediency, as overseer of the Church of God he declared that there was nothing in such matters which could justify either side in endangering the peace of the Church, and dissipating in party warfare the forces which should spread Christ's kingdom.

It may be briefly premised that Ritual Prosecutions practically came to an end at the close of the seventies. The Funds of the Church Association declined. After carrying on a somewhat desultory warfare for several years, they decided to institute a suit against a Diocesan Bishop for illegal practices. Several members, especially the late Mr Allcroft, expressed their willingness to subscribe, and the Association creditably and courageously chose Bishop King of Lincoln to proceed against as a test case. They were fully aware that the Bishop's character and influence would deprive them of the sympathy of all but their most thoroughgoing supporters. They went to work in a most business-like way, sending delegates to attend services at which the Bishop officiated, as ordinary worshippers, and, however inconsistent it may appear, to attend (not however as communicants) at the celebration of the Sacrament of Christian Unity.

The original acts complained of by the prosecution took place in 1887 in Lincoln Cathedral and in the Parish Church of St Peter-at-Gowts, Lincoln, on the 4th and 18th of Dec. 1887, being the Second and Fourth Sundays in Advent. On June 2nd, 1888, a petition was presented by

the Church Association to the Archbishop, stating that the Bishop had been guilty of certain ritual acts and practices that had been declared illegal, and requesting him in virtue of his office to cite and try his Suffragan.

The Archiepiscopal Court, to which the Church Association had appealed, was of a questionable authority. There had been but one case of its jurisdiction since the Reformation had done away with the Legatine authority of the Archbishop. This case (Lucy *v.* Bishop Watson of St David's[1]) was utterly different in point of charges, for the Bishop was deprived for Simony, and as he was a zealous Jacobite, the case was not without suspicion of political bias. Even if the jurisdiction were established, the precedents about the mode of procedure were still thought by competent advisers to be doubtful.

Under these circumstances came pressure from all sides, advice asked or unasked, that the Archbishop should deny his jurisdiction, or should veto the case.

Between these two points the Archbishop himself, though not always his counsellors, distinguished clearly. If he declined jurisdiction he might, conceivably, be compelled by a mandamus from the Queen's Bench, to exercise it. If he exercised discretionary power and used it to veto the case, he was assuming that he possessed jurisdiction, and this might on appeal be denied.

It seemed to many impossible to escape from the dilemma. The Archbishop on his own part was anxious

[1] In 1699; the arguments and decision as to the Jurisdiction are reported by Lord Raymond, vol. I. pp. 447, 539. A useful summary of the proceedings will be found in 14 Probate Division, 130. For a readable account of the whole case see 14 Howell's *State Trials*, 447. Tenison, then Archbishop, passed sentence of deprivation. Burnet (one of the assessors) wrote: "I went further, and thought that the Bishop ought to be excommunicated. He was one of the worst men, in all respects, that I ever knew in Holy Orders: passionate, covetous and false in the blackest instances; without any one virtue or good quality, to balance his many bad ones."

neither to deny jurisdiction (seeing it was a purely spiritual court) if he possessed it; nor to assume it if he did not possess it; nor, if it was affirmed that he had jurisdiction, did he wish to deny his possession of a discretionary power; though he was far from assured that the best use of discretionary power would be its only apparent exercise, that is, in vetoing the case.

While he was anxious to preserve these prerogatives and liberties of the Church, many who were concerned to preserve a more apparent if smaller liberty,—a liberty of Church ceremonial—pressed from many points of view and for many reasons that he should in some way stop the case. Few were thoroughly in accord with the Archbishop throughout this time. Bishop Lightfoot and Dr Westcott were in accord with him on the main issues; Dean Davidson was in this matter, as in so many, his intimate friend and counsellor. Sir James Parker Deane, his Vicar-General, was his chief legal adviser; Lord Selborne and later Sir Richard Webster were continually ready with help and counsel as often as he asked it.

Lord Selborne now urged that the Archbishop was hardly bound, on a contentious precedent which would give little light as to mode of procedure, and on the ground of frivolous charges, to assert his jurisdiction against one of his provincial Bishops. Mr Gladstone urged that merely as the inculpated party the Bishop had a right to every point that could be given in his favour,—that the discretionary power was one such point. Another high political authority declared that no court would compel the Archbishop to hear the case, and even if it did it was better to hear it under compulsion than spontaneously. A great authority in the Church argued that the whole precedent being doubtful, the issue was uncertain; that the Archbishop might find himself, if not now, at a later stage, in

collision with the secular Courts; or might be compelled to put the Bishop into a position of which the only issue was resignation, and that the peace of the Church was to be considered above strict legality. Dean Church of St Paul's called the authority of the court "altogether nebulous." The Archbishop's own friendship and admiration for the Bishop cannot naturally be reckoned as part of the pressure, but must have greatly increased the painfulness of the difficulty; and on the other hand, how threatening was the attitude of certain parties in the Church may be seen from the following letter of Canon Liddon to Bishop Lightfoot:—

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.
June 25th, 1888.

...The Archbishop is presumably approached, quâ Archbishop, and presumably as having a large discretionary jurisdiction, not necessarily controlled by recent legal decisions. It is most earnestly to be hoped that he may exercise this by dismissing the charges as "frivolous." That such a person as the Bishop of Lincoln should be exposed to the vexation of legal proceedings is a serious misfortune to the Church—much more serious than to the Bishop himself, who would probably regard it simply as an opportunity for growth in Christian graces. But, as a consequence of his rare and rich gift of spiritual sympathy, the number of people in all classes of society who look up to him with a strong personal respect and affection, is probably quite unrivalled in the case of any other prominent churchman of the same type, and the mere apprehension of his being attacked is already creating widespread disquietude. Anything like a condemnation would be followed by consequences which I do not venture to anticipate.

I am writing to ask you if you could appeal to the Archbishop to decline to entertain the charges on the ground that to do so at all would be in a very high degree prejudicial to the well-being and peace of the Church....

The reply is so characteristic of Bishop Lightfoot, so full of the spirit of the great and generous trust existing between him and my father, that it cannot be omitted.

AUCKLAND CASTLE,
BISHOP AUCKLAND.

MY DEAR LIDDON,

I have not had any conversation with the Archbishop on the subject, but I hope to see him in a few days. I cannot doubt, however, that he sees the aspect of the question which you put forward as strongly as you or I do—probably more strongly, as the responsibilities of his position are greater; and whatever line he may feel it his duty to take, the decision will not be made without giving due weight to those considerations.

At the same time I think that the Bishop of Lincoln's intimate friends ought to represent strongly to him that this power of spiritual sympathy which draws men round him involves great public responsibilities, and that it would be perilous to the Church if men in his position came to view questions of this kind from a merely personal point of view, as a moral discipline and training for themselves....

Yours affectionately,

J. B. DUNELM.

The position was doubly serious from the fact that if the jurisdiction was affirmed and exercised, the dilemma already indicated would only expand into others. Did the Archbishop affirm the judgments of the Privy Council?—the attitude of the High Church party threatened disruption. Did he go against them?—appeal was inevitable. If his judgment were reversed, he himself would be in collision with the secular Courts; and disruption threatened from another side.

On June 8th, 1888, the Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

Lord Selborne came kindly to Lambeth this busy day, that I might consult him privately about Bp of Lincoln's case. He says this will give him a good excuse for declining to sit on Judicial Committee if I am appealed against. Says the two Societies, English Church Union and Church Association, are "set on the destruction of the Church of England, and perhaps they will succeed." Well, we must stop them. Three of the articles against Bishop of Lincoln he thinks serious—the rest shameful and

frivolous. The three are Lighted Candles when there is no need of them—such a posture as to hide the Manual Acts—and the ceremonial mixing of Water and Wine. The decisions of the Courts on these must stand, he thinks, but not so Penzance's decision against using mixed cup at all. He sees the advantage of a Court so purely spiritual as the Archbishop with five suffragans (as in Watson's case), thinking that the high churchmen could never appeal against such a Court. [But (Sunday, June 10) the Bp of A—— declares that even though he might appeal *from* this Court *on the ground* that it was relying on judgments of secular Courts, he should feel no difficulty in appealing to those identical secular Courts on the mere ground of his using every effort within his reach to avoid "an unjust sentence." This is strangely warped, yet I am sure the majority of good *high* churchmen would be with him, and this is worse than any prosecution. The old times were straighter.] He advises me to go strictly by opinion of Sir James Deane, and if I *doubt* the jurisdiction of myself, then to let Queen's Bench know that I shall not exercise it without a mandamus.

On the 16th of June, 1888, he wrote in his Diary :—

The Bishop of Lincoln's point apparently is that he extends liberty by breaking the law—very sad! I wish he would lay to heart, holy man that he is, what the Prayer Book says "of ceremonies."

The Archbishop then proceeds to note down a series of points which he thought that those who sympathised with the Bishop of Lincoln would do well to consider :—

1. That our Church of England was free to make her own orders as to rites and ceremonies, and that she had made them; that they commanded our obedience and were not to be altered into conformity with the usages of another Church; that her dignity and our loyalty were engaged; that we are free to use other means, argument, preaching and writing, to get the law altered; that this freedom was especially English, but liberty to break the law was not real liberty, nor an English habit.

2. That obedience did bring with it distinct spiritual blessings, which were forfeited by disobedience.

3. That (the idea of obtaining liberty by disobedience) was

bad in point of policy; for that if an ecclesiastical tribunal (which this one is indeed) should decide that any of the points, not only those three, were illegal, they were estopped for ever, as I presumed the Bishop would not think of appealing to Privy Council. It was better from the Bishop's own point of view for one man to concede.

The Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

June 22nd. Talbot[1] came to report a conversation with Mr Gladstone and one with Lord ——, recorded elsewhere. Neither of the great men see this: if I exercise "discretion," as they recommend, and refuse to hear the case against the Bp of Lincoln, vetoing it, then follows an application to Queen's Bench for a mandamus to make me hear it. It would probably be either granted, in which case I should have to hear it; or if refused would be refused on the ground that I have not the jurisdiction. In this case I should be put in the position of having claimed a jurisdiction I had no right to, and the position of the Church would be weakened by my having asserted it groundlessly. "Sacerdotal pretension etc." And a jurisdiction spiritual might be swept away, which may have a real though shadowy existence. I sent him back to tell them so.

Saturday, a letter to say he had done so and they both were aware they had made an oversight.

Saw Lord Selborne for a half hour sitting tranquilly in my room at the House and talking with such brightness and cleverness. He had been working away well at the case for me, gave me a short memorandum and some very good advice on the case.

After much consultation, especially with the Dean of Windsor, the Archbishop took a line which neither denied nor assumed jurisdiction.

A letter was sent on June 26th to the petitioners' solicitors, stating that the Archbishop had "failed to satisfy himself that he had jurisdiction in the case, and was unable to proceed to exercise such jurisdiction without some instruction being produced from a competent Court that the

[1] Now Bishop of Rochester.

jurisdiction referred to in the case of Lucy *v.* The Bishop of St David's was applicable."

June 23rd. Drafted a letter to Wainwright[1], Solicitor for Prosecution of Bishop of Lincoln by Church Association—that I was not clear as to the jurisdiction etc.—one case in 300 years not sufficient to establish it clearly. That I did not feel called on to exercise such coercive jurisdiction merely because they informed me that I possessed it, but that they must be prepared to show me that some Court of authority on such a point held that I possessed it. This throws the burden on them—civilly of course.

June 24th. The Dean of St Paul's: I privately explained to him the line which I thought I should take with the Prosecutors. It fully commended itself to him. He pleaded for liberty to modify and alter services in church: deprecating litigation, in which I heartily concur: but I do not really follow him or the Bp of Lincoln when they talk of this liberty as something different from license for everyone to do as they like.

June 25th. Drafted my answer to the prosecutors into its final shape. Lee[2] will turn it into third person and sign it from Solicitors to Solicitors. Showed it Lord Selborne who wished as I do to make the last words more elegant, and to express that I waited for a competent Court to declare it "my duty" to exercise jurisdiction. I explained that while I am quite willing to obey lawful Courts I do not feel called on to say so, and that if I say it in this document I draw the whole fire of the high church party on to the question of obedience to secular Courts, while I really want to help them to the plain issue. Are *they* sincere in wishing for a *spiritual* jurisdiction? If so, let them show their readiness to accept the decisions *whatever they are.* Phillimore urges Bishop of Lincoln to "reserve his right" to object to my jurisdiction! It is better that if the Courts are going to object to it, they should do so before I exercise it, and not make me appear to pretend to a power I have not, by setting the jurisdiction aside *after* it is exercised. If they will maintain it, let them say so *before* and my position will be so much the stronger. The line I have taken will have these effects—if the prosecutors apply for a mandamus.

[1] Of the firm of Messrs Wainwright and Baillie. The proctors for the Bishop were Messrs Brooks, Jenkins and Co.

[2] The Archbishop's legal secretary.

Lord Selborne distinctly fears the issue. "One party in church defies Act of Uniformity. The other party to that Act, the State, will not agree to let them." By a slight confusion of metaphor he says forcibly, "They drive their heads against a wall which will fall on the people who are on the other side the wall."

The petitioners appealed to the Privy Council, and on August 3rd the case was heard before the Judicial Committee.

The Committee "were of opinion that the Archbishop had jurisdiction in the case. They were also of opinion that the abstaining by the Archbishop from entertaining the suit was a matter of appeal to Her Majesty. They desired to express no opinion whatever whether the Archbishop had or had not a discretion as to whether he would issue the citation. Accordingly, their lordships would humbly advise Her Majesty to remit the case to the Archbishop to be dealt with according to law."

The Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

August 3rd. The Judicial Committee of Privy Council sat to-day, five judges[1] with five episcopal assessors[2]. The prosecutors tried to treat my answer about the Bp of Lincoln as if it had been a refusal to hear the case. But the Lord Chancellor had made it clear last hearing that I merely desired to be instructed by a competent Court that I really possessed the doubtful-looking jurisdiction to which they appealed. Sir Horace Davey[3] was their counsel. Of course I did not appear,—to prove I had no jurisdiction,—nor did the Bp of Lincoln appear. He wrote a letter, which was not considered a proper way of appearing. All the judges gave their opinions successively and unanimously. The Bishops were then asked their opinions as assessors, and unanimously agreed with the judges[4]. "Here is the culprit," said the Lord Chancellor to me as I passed the Woolsack in the House of Lords just after, and

[1] The Lord Chancellor (Halsbury), Lords Hobhouse, Herschell and Macnaghten and Sir Barnes Peacock.

[2] The Bishops of London, Salisbury, Ely, Manchester, and Sodor and Man.

[3] Now Lord Davey.

[4] Reported in 13 Prob. Div. 221.

he gave me, sitting by him, this account, viz. that they had agreed on four points:

1. That the Archbishop had jurisdiction over his Suffragan Bishops; that he ought to exercise it in person. It is not proper that he should merely remit it to his judge the Vicar-General *propter dignitatem* of the Bishops.

2. That my letter constituted an "appealable grievance," i.e. that the Prosecutors were right in coming before Privy Council—were not bound to apply to Queen's Bench for a mandamus.

3. They deliberately expressed no opinion as to whether I was bound to issue citation or not—whether I had a discretion.

4. They advise Her Majesty to remit the case to the Archbishop to be dealt with according to law.

It is good that the Church should have such and so spiritual a jurisdiction—but it is a painful and terrible case to try it upon.

The next point of consideration was whether the discretionary power thus left open, could or should be used in vetoing the case.

On August 5th he wrote:—

Sunday, a long talk with Dean Church and Canon Westcott on the exercise of the jurisdiction which the Privy Council declared to belong to the Archbishop. Westcott maintained that the Church Association *has* a case: that the aggrieved feelings are unconsidered of persons conscientiously afraid of Rome—and that on the other hand this is the first and unique opportunity which the High Church party have had of explaining their case for Eucharistic vestments and the rest, as *they* conscientiously could not plead before the Queen's courts. He thinks they probably have fresh matter to produce, and that they would obey a "spiritual" decision. The Dean of St Paul's says the ritualists *would* obey, that Liddon has just told him that he and his friends, though sorry to think of decision going against themselves, would certainly obey.

The same day he wrote to the Dean of Windsor:—

It would be an ugly chapter of Church History if it should run thus in the heading—Abp declines to admit his own jurisdiction—Privy Council decides that Abp's jurisdiction is undoubted—Abp in exercise of his jurisdiction declines to hear

the case—Privy Council again applied to, to compel Abp to hear case—Privy Council decides that Abp should hear the case—Abp hears accordingly and decides in two particulars against plaintiffs—Privy Council applied to, to reverse judgment of Abp—Privy Council reverses it.

Postscript by the Archbishop :—

Of course nothing can stop *this*—they *would* apply.

On Sept. 3rd he wrote from a friend's house in Scotland again to the Dean :—

Webster is here and I have had long talks with him about the King prosecution. He says that as a general rule it is most undesirable for courts of limited jurisdiction to decline cases brought before them. The cases ought to be heard on their merits, and not shirked by any technical exception, nor ought any point fairly included to be left undecided by them ; the shirking promotes appeals, and when the cases come before the Court of Appeal (as this certainly would) it lays the Judge open to animadversions of the Court which are always undesirable and in ecclesiastical cases must produce a very bad effect.

Post is going—but shortly he is very strong that this case should be heard on its merits. Thinks it a good thing for the Church that such a Court should have been discovered.

On the same day he writes in his Diary:—

In this case the Archbishop would place himself in a very false position if he were to follow up his alleged doubts in the existence of his own jurisdiction by refusing, after the Privy Council has declared that it does exist, to hear the parties. To dismiss it on any technical ground such as unworthiness of witnesses, method of getting up the case, etc. The unworthiness of the witnesses, or the mode of getting it up might very well come within the merits. They may cast suspicion on the trustworthiness of the evidence, but if the evidence appears to be true, it cannot be rejected simply on the ground of the character of the witness or his probable unconcern in the facts, or on account of his prejudices, or of the motives of the prosecutors. All these may be taken into account in weighing the evidence but not used *a priori* to refuse to receive it.

If the origin of the Archbishop's Court is independent of the

Privy Council, it may not be at all necessary that the judgment of the Privy Council (e.g. on the question of lights) should be taken into account as settling the law.

On the 7th Nov. he writes:—

Two things to-day which may be of moment to the Church of England and its history. A long consultation with Sir James Deane and H. W. Lee ending in the confirmation of the judgment that it is best to hear the case of the Bishop of Lincoln. The High Church party have long refused to hear the secular Courts; now a spiritual Court of undeniable authority is invoked, it will not do for the spiritual Court to refuse to hear. At the same time it is remarkable that it should be invoked by Low Church party.

The missive of the Privy Council runs that the Queen "authorises and commands" me to hear the case. I object to this; the authority *exists*, and the P. C. in their conversation and judgment expressly declared that they could not and did not "*order*." I see Lord Chancellor in the morning—also Lee, and Hassard proposed that the proceedings should be described as "In the office of Vicar-General." I have desired that it should be "In the Court of the Abp of C.," the only true description of this ancient jurisdiction.

On the 8th he adds:—

Conversation with Lord Chancellor shows me we made a mistake yesterday. Chancellor points out that it does not "authorise and command" me to *hear the case*, but "to resume the cause into my own hands" and "freely to proceed therein." This seems plain enough now—"to resume it into my own hands" is to go on just as I should have done, if I had never doubted of my having jurisdiction. "You doubted of your jurisdiction," he said, "whether you had it. This assures you that you have, and bids you go on *as* having it. It does not in the least suggest how you should use the discretion which you have."

Lord Chancellor agreed that it would be for the peace of the Church to hear the case—said it could not be refused because the promoters were unsatisfactory. That when the High Church party had refused to attend to temporal Courts, the spiritual Court could not well say "You will have no hearing from us"—"But you are in for a long stay if you do, and as it is certain to be

appealed, whichever way you decide, we are in for a long stay too."

I told him I heard Bp of Lincoln intended to appear himself and not by counsel—and he agreed that this was ill-advised. I said we did not want Ridley and Latimer scenes over again, bishops hearing bishops personally. "However," he said, "we know your Grace will not *go about* with the bishop as some of the judges did in those days."

A few days afterwards he wrote to Canon Westcott:—

November 13th, 1888.

Davidson gathers that the whole party are ominously banded to frustrate the Lincoln Case.

I have drawn up a brief memorandum on why it is necessary to go on—which D. thinks conclusive. I would send it to you but that all the arguments are more present to you than to me.

It is said that, if it go on at all, Bp Linc. would not appear by counsel but by himself. This *would* ruin it. He would plead only for *tolerance* and be posed as the martyr. Whereas what is wanted is a clear lucid statement and arguments of all that is to be said on that side as to the practices. Of course the Court could not find arguments for either side.

Bp of Sarum is coming here. He is bitterly against a hearing.

The memorandum to which reference is made is probably the following, which is dated Nov. 10, and headed "The duty of the Archbishop's Court to entertain the Cause."

1. Defendants in ritual cases have refused hitherto to appear or answer because the Court into which the cause was introduced was not a spiritual Court.

2. In this instance for the first time of late, a spiritual Court is petitioned to hear a case.

3. The plaintiffs to this spiritual Court are a party who were least expected to resort to it.

4. This Court is one of the most ancient known, is not founded on any statute, nor have any later statutes modified or meddled with it.

(It has been objected to Clergy Discipline Bills that they dealt with Clerks alone, leaving Bishops without any discipline over themselves. This Court's existence is the answer to the objection.)

5. Courts of "limited jurisdiction," i.e. limited to some particular class of cases, are held bound to do their duty by honest hearings and complete judgments. If they discharge this duty, experience shows them to be commonly upheld by Courts of Appeal. [This is a Court which a Court of Appeal would not willingly overthrow.] If Courts of limited jurisdiction decline, neglect or shirk their special function, severe notice is usually taken of their conduct on appeal. This is a Court which should not expose itself to such censure.

6. It is not held just to refuse a hearing to promoters whose motives or objects may be unsatisfactory. The judge has no right to presume this, or privately investigate beforehand, or listen to representations out of Court. That question forms one of the merits of the case, and it is fully handled when the case is taken for hearing. The promoters may be factitious, but they are technical substitutes to meet cases in which the parties who feel themselves aggrieved are not allowed to be parties to the suit. If they are not proper representatives, this will appear in the process.

7. If this Court refuses to hear the case, the cause will be carried forward either (1) by appeal to the Privy Council, in which case the fault will lie wholly with the Church, of throwing a spiritual matter into a temporal Court; or (2) by mandamus of Queen's Bench, to which the Archbishop would have subjected himself with every appearance of contending (although being a Court) on party lines, by first doubting of his jurisdiction, and secondly, when it was established, refusing to exercise it.

And the spiritual Court will henceforth be ignored as having shown itself unwilling even to hear a complaint.

8. It has been always asserted, and widely accepted, that the practices complained of have sufficient and absolute justification by the history, law, and usage of the Church, to convince the minds of those who adopt them that they are correct. This is not only an opportunity for these devout, presumably honest, and studious persons to produce the arguments before a Court whose authority they do not dispute: the whole Church looks to them to do this, and cannot but be permanently affected by their conduct in frankly doing this, or in avoiding the issue. (It appears to be the duty of a Court like this not to set aside the opportunity.)

9. It is of essential importance, therefore, that the accused should be represented by very learned and accurate counsel, who

would follow the grounds on which their contention rests into its minutiae. A general plea for toleration would not touch the merits of the case and would virtually leave it undefended. The Court could not supply any defects of argument on either side, but would go by what was established in argument before it. Similarly the plaintiffs may be expected to maintain their contentions in detail.

The above reasons are directed solely to the point of what the duty of the Court is as to entertaining the charges, irrespectively of any protests which might be raised, when the Court is open, which if received would be impartially heard on their own grounds.

With this is another memorandum docketed "Note on the effect which would be produced if Bishop of Lincoln appealed to a Court Temporal," which runs as follows :—

The claim of the so-called Ritualistic party to spiritual influence, to lead England to deeper faith in Christ's presence in the Church, has been visibly expressed and supported by their determination not to allow spiritual causes to be brought into temporal Courts, either by taking others there, or by consenting to appear there.

They have, since they adopted this course, consistently maintained it—suffered for it—won adherents by it—been respected for it by those who did not agree with them.

They are now in a "Court Christian," one of the most ancient, which no secular statute has established or meddled with at any time. To remove their cause from it to [blank] is to reverse their action, and to disown their spiritual claims at the critical point. It does not help their position if they act thus on the advice of others *who have never set up the same claims, nor recognised the right of the party to be regarded as vindicating spiritual truth in a spiritual manner* by that past policy. That those advisers are spiritual men, or even Bishops, cannot cover such a revolt against their own characteristic standard of action. These advisers would at any time in the past have recommended them to enter the temporal Courts, when they would not. Now that they want to have that advice from them they consult them for the first time.

If they go to those temporal Courts they must resign their

claim to be "anti-erastian," for it rests on their having refused to acknowledge these Courts. Their position as faithful believers in Christ's spiritual promise to rule and guide His Church within herself would be falsified at once. They would show that they do not believe in the permanence of such gifts.

They would open their doors to the unanswerable accusation that their past plea has been special, and insincere,—a policy to avoid a feared difficulty.

It might be unfair to them to infer that the course is due to a real failure of confidence in the historical and ecclesiastical soundness of their liturgical practice. They have constantly asserted that it is sound. They have the opportunity which they appealed for so long as they could not have it, of establishing the fact before a spiritual Court. If there were any unfairness in this inference it arises only from their apparent willingness to have the question tried by Convocation. But again, whatever be the authority of the "Court of Convocation," it is certain that it has no authority in such suits.

It may be true that, at least to a great extent, they would be able to justify their practice. But to evade an opportunity is to lose honour.

But all other considerations (even the first surrender of their spiritual position) are subordinate, from a really spiritual point of view, to the clear issue that they yield to a great temptation. In the last resort, when it is convenient, when the crucial question is, "Have you faith in your spiritual position?" they prefer the temporal safeguards: or the *chances* of them.

Is it credible that they do not see the hollowness of seeking advice from principles which are opposite to their own? that they do not foresee the ruin of their position by any paltering about its foundations?

After a few days he wrote again:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
17 *Nov.* 1888.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

Bishop of Sarum was here all morning;—and he will at any rate as honestly as he can place many points before his party quietly—and in action he will support me.

He (Sarum) was anxious that I should write him some outline which he might use. But I said I could not do that. I find

myself in perpetual risks of forgetting what a curtailment of one's privileges is any expectation of having to act judicially. But I did venture to say that I thought you would write to him and put the matter in the light in which I knew you viewed it. The unworthiness of the accuser, the dignity of Bp King, the fact that the accuser did not go first to Bp King (which would have been of course singular), tell upon him—and he thought that "strength," an attribute which he covets for me, required that I should *dismiss* the charge—he fancied I shall be *weak* if I allowed them to plead—and that I was in some lawyer's hands who informed me that I was *obliged* to hear the case. This view is very like the *Church Quarterly* and *Guardian*, who in the Jerusalem matter, informed the Church that I showed a "want of backbone" in not complying with *their* bidding. But pardon so much of the declension of the pronoun *I*—it is only in explanation of his view. I do indeed desire to leave my own wishes and feelings utterly out of sight and to do that which is purely honest and straight and strong with strength "Pro Ecclesia Dei," as Whitgift has been teaching us from his tomb.

Halifax says that, if I hear the case, a schism is certain—according to the decision, one side or the other will depart. I think the Dean of Windsor has modified his (H——'s) private views—but perhaps not his utterances.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

The jurisdiction question being decided, there was a great desire now, not only among the extreme but also among the moderate High Churchmen, that he should exercise the veto.

"All are agreed," one of his chief friends wrote, "on the gravity of the issue—on the ground that if the Archbishop's judgment should agree with previous Privy Council rulings there would be a great disruption, if it should disagree a long step would have been taken in the direction of disestablishment." Many thoughtful Churchmen still urged that the Case should be dismissed as being not frivolous

but vexatious,—the technical complainants not being really "aggrieved parishioners."

Among such grave and weighty considerations my father must have amused himself by drawing up the following table of reasons urged upon him.

I am to dismiss the case because the complainants are unworthy of consideration.

I am to dismiss the case in order to use my "discretion."

I am to dismiss it because otherwise my Suffragans will be embarrassed by many complaints.

I am to dismiss it to save my reputation as a strong Archbishop.

— To dismiss it because the complainants went straight to my Court instead of going first to persuade the Bp of Lincoln.

— To dismiss it because I shall be thought to be influenced by lawyers.

— To dismiss it because the lawyers all think I ought to hear it.

— To dismiss it because it is an indignity to the Bp of Lincoln to hear it.

— To dismiss it because he himself will not plead if accused by such persons.

— To dismiss it because the Bp of Oxford refused to hear the case against Mr Carter and his discretion was upheld.

— To dismiss it because all the High Church party will rally round me if I do.

All this time meetings were being held to protest against the Case, petitions were circulated, public and private appeals made, and a few weeks before the Case came on an effort was made at a private meeting of eminent ecclesiastics and laymen representing every shade of opinion to arrange matters. The Archbishop wrote:—

To-day (I think) was the meeting in Jerusalem Chamber to see whether leaders of the two parties could agree on any such terms as to get the prosecution of Bp of Lincoln withdrawn. They might as well have attempted to combine on one of the horns of the great he-goat. The English Church Union and the Church Association have scorned the offer equally of ——; who could not see why they should not both embrace his little scheme. Westcott,

I hear, spoke magnificently, "he could not believe that the sense of authority was dead"—"and if not, the most spiritually constituted Court in the world was certain to be obeyed."

It was at this time that Dean Church wrote:—

Feb. 3rd, 1889.

Of course the difficulty of both sides is the strength of their tails; it is the difficulty of all parties; from Corcyra to the Jacobins and the Parnellites. And the strength of the tails arises from the fear and distrust of each party towards the other, which makes them unwilling to lose the support of the tails, even when the main body dislikes the violence of the tails. And so the fatal circle goes on....

What really shelters [such things] is the practical impunity which the legal prosecution of innocent and right things has brought about. Men talk defiantly because law has been so strained against the eastward position, and vestments, and the mixed Chalice, that it has broken down under the strain. Law, strange to say, in England, has gradually broken down under the over-strain. No one cares to observe it, because, though half-a-dozen men, perhaps, are made to suffer, no one feels that it has the authority which Law ought to have, as the real voice of either Christ or nation, and it is notoriously disregarded far and wide by both sides[1].

On Jan. 4th, 1889, the Bishop was cited to appear; a week before the day fixed for the opening of the Court the Archbishop wrote:—

Feb. 7th. Lincoln Case. Discipline. (Discussed whether) the Vicar-General should sit alone the first time, when the Bishop is called to enter an appearance; he says the proceedings will be purely formal, and he will adjourn them if they are to be more. I think that, especially as the Bishop's Lawyers express their desire that I should be there in person, I will be, and have the Assessors.

(Decided) that I should sit myself on the 12th and my advisers backed me with arguments. The High Church Party desire now nothing more than that the Court should be tainted with "secularism" as they call it, and the sitting of a lawyer would charm them. I summoned the Assessors by telegram and letter.

[1] *Life and Letters of Dean Church*, part III. p. 335.

Again he wrote to the Dean of Windsor, Feb. 1889:—

When a horse bolts downhill it's safer to guide than to stop him. Especially by getting in front of him. Would it had never begun! But that is such a different thing!!

The day before the Trial he writes:—

Feb. 11*th.*—Went from Bournemouth to London. Met Webster at his request at the Athenaeum. He was just as strong and hopeful as he was before. He was quite sure that if a strong clear judgment should be given in which some new evidence or considerations were introduced, the Privy Council would not hold blindly to former judgments. They were obliged to go by the merest letter of the Book of Common Prayer, as if they were printers—but a Court of the nature of this would be expected to go to Historical and Theological lights and side lights, and to acquaint itself even with the *mens* of such a student and compiler as Cranmer. I told him what I thought I had discovered as to his texts and the banishing of the mingling itself from the Canon of the Mass, and to such facts as those he said I should direct the attention of the Court, but not too early in the hearing. I asked him also as to the side light of "addens aquam" and the note in his common-place book *In Eucharistia aqua miscenda est* etc. and such as these he said I should introduce in the judgment itself. I asked him whether in reality the lawyers on the Judicial Committee were the least likely to take such broad large views as he did in respect of former judgments, and the right handling for this Court. He said he was sure of it!

He entered with great pleasure into the opinion which Parliament gave of the first book of Edward VI., when it enacted the second. He is of course not versed in the particular subject, but has great power of mastering any subject widely.

On Feb. 12th the proceedings in the Lincoln Case began. He wrote in his Diary:—

Feb. 12. Drove up to Lambeth at 10 to open the Court at 11. The Assessors were there all but the Bishop of Rochester who is at Java just now. Hassard[1] came to tell us that the Bishop wished to make a statement before the Trial; so I with Vicar-General went to Guard Room to meet Bishop of Lincoln with his Counsel

[1] Sir John Hassard, K.C.B., Registrar of the Province of Canterbury.

—Phillimore—to ask whether it was a Protest. They said it was a statement ending with a kind of Protest. I proposed therefore that it should be heard after Court was opened, but he pressed so strongly that it might be before, that holding it of no consequence, I allowed it[1]. There was no reason why it should not have been put in after opening the Court. It was to the effect that he wished to be tried before all the Bishops of the Province, whether as Judges or Assessors he did not explain. However, I must silence all preconceived ideas and hear the arguments with an open mind. I gave them a week at their request to extend their Protest and appointed a month hence to hear it argued.

The point thus raised by the Bishop had already been receiving deep attention from my father. As has been already mentioned, the precedent of the Watson case with regard to Assessors was not so clear as to render such consideration unnecessary. The Archbishop had already been besieged with suggestions, or demands that he should make the Court practically a Synod; should sit with Convocation as jury, or as assessors, or should at the least have assessors elected by Convocation. A memorandum addressed to Lord Selborne, who had reported to him some such suggestions, gives most clearly his reasons against such a Court.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Jan. 30*th*, 1889.

MY DEAR LORD SELBORNE,

I am most grateful to you for your great and thoughtful kindness in bringing before my mind several considerations bearing on the appointment of Assessors. I have wished to see the matter from all sides, and have had many talks with Sir James Deane, whose opinion I think you thought I should follow about Assessors—keeping as close as I could to the last precedent. Of course, relief from the responsibility of choice would be very inviting. I had written to the Bishop of Southwell before I heard

[1] This was construed, in a disagreeable letter to the *Times*, into a friendly meeting, and it was hinted that the Archbishop had thus transgressed his duties as a Judge. By common advice this was left unanswered as being beneath notice.

from your Lordship, and perhaps you will allow me to write fully, with many apologies to you for what I fear will be the length of this letter.

It seems to me very essential, in order to have clear advice, which is what I want from Assessors, that the different ways of looking at the subject which exist in the Church of England should be brought fairly before the mind of the Judge and of each Assessor—and that for this purpose the persons must be *selected*. If one looks at the whole list of the Bishops, one observes that one school is much more largely represented than the others—that in fact it more than equals the two others—even allowing four as not assignable to any of the three schools. In other periods of our history the over-balance would have been still greater—at different times a great majority of "Latitudinarian" or "High" or "Low." With so large a body it would be impossible for the Archbishop to have a fair chance against a large majority so formed. He *might* decide even against overwhelming pressure and decide rightly, but it would be very difficult, since he would not claim any more of infallibility than each of them, and afterwards his position would be untenable: a new party would have been formed. What he needs is calm impartial statement of different views if they exist, but a combination would in the whole body be inevitable—the Bishops being human—as they are steadily reminded.

Sir A. Gordon gives two reasons for his recommendation of a Quasi-Synod, (1) The terrors it would have for the Court of Appeal—which your Lordship, I am sure rightly, sweeps away. (2) The more probable obedience of the Bishop of Lincoln. I am sorry for this argument. I cannot believe that he would disobey what even the most wilful do not deny to be a true Court of this Church. This is, as your Lordship has said, an undoubted advantage, and if no Court is obeyed there is indeed an end.

Your Lordship spoke to me very early and frequently of the difficulties which would attend the nomination of Assessors. But you mentioned to me here the other class of difficulties surrounding a summoning of the whole body of Comprovincial Bishops to Lambeth, as composing virtually a Synod, and after much consideration I came to the conclusion that (even setting the precedent aside) the objections to the latter course were more serious by far. I laid them before the Vicar-General some days since, and he fully agrees with me.

I have already mentioned one—the difficulty arising from the number of voices, the preponderance of well-known opinions, and the change of parties from time to time. They naturally would wish each point to be decided by majorities among themselves, and make it extremely difficult to have any other mode of decision, and thus they, and not the Archbishop, would really be the Court. Their views would be known out of doors, and cause faction in the Church. They are believed to have prepossessions, and number always rapidly diminishes the responsibility of each several man for his vote on each particular.

There are twenty-three of them—such a body would be practically unmanageable on such minute details, and the pressure out of doors would create a kind of disunion within which has no existence now.

All would have to be summoned; it would be strange indeed if two or three did not say that they so entirely disapproved of legal proceedings and of this prosecution in particular, that they could not sit. It would certainly happen. This would be the beginning of a new party or section of a party which would refuse submission to this Court exactly as they have done to the Privy Council, and I think that would be the final schism.

When they were met, they would be personally identical with the Upper House of Convocation. There are, of course, always absentees. There is one notable instance of one of the ablest of our Bishops who never has attended Convocation because he disapproves of its deliberating.

These same individuals are not capable of interpreting the Prayer Book and fixing the sense of Rubrics *as* the Upper House without license from the Crown: and the Vicar-General is of opinion that if that body attempted under some other name—of "Jury," or even under the name of "Assessors," or as a "Quasi-Synod"—to do the same thing (which they would do by voting or by resolving), it would go hard with them to avoid the penalties. They would not at all discharge the function of a Jury—the facts would undoubtedly be admitted, and their sole business would be to settle the sense of the Book of Common Prayer.

By way of illustration only, it may perhaps be worth while to consider how like the action of Convocation the action of this Quasi-Synod would be. While in Court the Archbishop alone is the Judge or Court, in Convocation the vote of the majority or of

the whole body is null unless the Archbishop is on the side of the majority. I should then be myself conferring a new function on that body under another name, summoning the whole together as individuals, and to them as a Quasi-Synod appointing work and power which does not belong to the Synod itself.

And equally so if I called on them to elect Assessors to the Court, it would be giving them a stage in a judicial process which never has belonged to them. It would alter the character of the Assessorship which I take to originate in, and to be what is most useful in such a case. The elected persons would represent the school of Churchmanship which happened to be strongest at any given time among the prelates.

The Court is not compellable, as you pointed out to me, to have Assessors: but the Archbishop (as any one in his position would) wishes to have advice and assistance. And while it would not comport with the dignity of the order to which the accused belongs to choose any from outside it, he ought to be able to have that help from such members of it as he believes can best and most fairly assist him.

Burnet, in his account of Bishop Watson's case, describes this exactly (Vol. IV. p. 405, Edit. 1823), "By the law and custom of this Church, the Archbishop is the only judge of a Bishop, but *upon such occasions he calls for* the assistance of *some of the* Bishops; I was one of them." It is the Archbishop who *calls* in their assistance—they are not assigned to him. And they are "*some* of the Bishops whom he calls"—not all, for naturally, considering their different merits and the different reasons for which they are appointed, all are not equally suited to this particular enquiry.

If fairness of purpose were ever in question (I fully understand that there is no such question raised at present) still it seems that it is of no use *not* to trust the Archbishop to choose his Assessors fairly. If he is the Court he has to be trusted in more important particulars. And if he were not a fair-minded man and he had Assessors assigned him whom he did not like, he is not bound by them. Conscience and public opinion would seem to be still the only corrective.

Once more, I cannot thank you enough for the [blank] which you wished me to consider, and for your comments on them.

E. C.

Again he noted on a letter from Sir James Parker Deane:—

I fully agree with you that the decision must be on the facts of the Rubric and most learnedly and critically argued. This is why I am most anxious to have five not twenty-three people to assess. Five will feel the responsibility, twenty-three would dilute it and be unable to resist the pressure to *combine* and manage which certain powers will put on them. And this is why *some* (not Lord Selborne) will press for twenty-three.

Feb. 19th. Letter from Lord Carnarvon expressing fullest confidence in my sense of duty, but intending to ask question of Government in House of Lords whether they can do nothing to stop proceedings against Bishop of Lincoln. Sounds a parlous flight in these days for Government to meddle with anything judicial, even if it be only ecclesiastical. He feels certain that the issue of the trial will be disastrous—*whatever* it be! I have given him the benefit of my notes.

Feb. 20th. Webster came in at 7 after his heavy work all day. His brightness and strength a great example.

He fully believes the enquiry in the Lincoln Case is neither more nor less than a great opportunity such as an Archbishop will not have again for centuries.

Towards the end of February the Archbishop writes:—

I had a long talk in the Library with Lord Carnarvon. Nothing sweeter or kinder or graver in aim than he is, and he often laid hold of my hand assuring me how much he trusted me and would regard my wishes more than anyone's. But he really desired to stop this suit, and did not seem to see that which must lie behind the interfering of Government in a cause begun—said there were precedents! Lincoln he thought was sure to be *condemned*, sure not to obey, and the other party sure also not to obey. I told him he could not stop suit without impossible tyranny. That of his three woes I believed none except partially the last. All he could get by his question in this case was to discredit the Court (which he vehemently disclaimed) and to make world believe that the High Church party was afraid of enquiry and had no real ground to show, that Lincoln's Counsel were wasting their time in technicalities instead of grappling with the substance of the charges. My own studies showed me that there

was a vast mass of evidence never yet produced on most of the points which he had maintained, the Chalice, the Agnus Dei, the Lights, etc., and that Privy Council itself would welcome the historical and theological enquiry into these points in a higher mode than had been possible for them when the ritualists refuse to plead: that great lawyers thought it a great opportunity: that if a maximum and minimum ritual was allowed even this would be a gain. He was quite delightful, promised to think all over well, and about ten minutes after we entered the House he went and gave the notice [i.e. of his proposed question] to the clerk at the Table[1].

After the sitting I went to the Lord Chancellor. He had seen Lord Carnarvon and told him that he must not expect Lord Salisbury to promote interference with a suit begun. The precedents for stopping were no precedents for such a case as this, this Court was the most ancient Court of inherent jurisdiction existing in England probably; the Archbishop beyond doubt had heard and decided cases thus long before the Pope claimed Jurisdiction in England and arranged that the person to whom the suit belonged should be the same person as his representative by the fiction of *legatus natus*. It might perhaps hereafter be desirable that the consent of the Head of the Church should be required before litigation could be taken upon such matters, but meantime (though he did not hope much from it and was glad I did) this suit ought to go on.

The Government are much pressed by not having a majority of their own in the House of Commons—but they plainly do not look on the Church as a power to be reckoned with.

This has been a full day—full of anxieties—if full of interest—and my sense of being far from well makes all go rather heavily.

But surely God's purposes to the English Church are not purposes of ill-will to Zion—nor yet towards the poor man whom He has put here.

On the next day he adds:—

Feb. 22nd. Lord A— told me that he could not comprehend Lord Carnarvon's tactics at all, or the motive of them. How

[1] Lord Carnarvon subsequently wrote to express his great sorrow at differing from the Archbishop, and to say that he had "slightly altered" the question in a direction which was rather more consistent with the Archbishop's view.

could he bring it to the House of Lords except he considered the House a Court of appeal on the subject?—and that was the very thing which rendered an application to it now most improper. The lawyers, he said, were all doubting whether there was any appeal at all from the Archbishop. Lord Carnarvon asked his question in the House with the utmost tenderness and indiscretion combined. He assumed that the Archbishop had no option left him by the Privy Council not to hear the case. He assumed that the Bishop if condemned by the Court would disobey it and incur suspension and deprivation. He assumed that if the other side were defeated they could appeal to Privy Council, and they would appeal to effect a collision of Privy Council with Archbishop, because Privy Council *must* support its former judgments. He assumed that the High Church party would secede with an enormous following and make a disruption of the Church, like the great schism of Scotland. He exhorted Government to look at precedents and see if they could not stop the suit in process before me, to avoid such overwhelming catastrophe.

Certainly his assumptions are unwarrantable. As to disruption —a Presbyterian Church may split itself into sections and each be a Kirk as good as any other—but an Episcopal Church is not so disruptible, but in our one Episcopal secession the Bishops refused to continue the succession and the schism.

Lord Salisbury answered gravely and well. There was no hope that the House of Lords would pass a Bill intermeddling with jurisdiction declared by Privy Council and actually in course of being exercised. Still less hope of House of Commons. It would be contrary to all principles of jurisprudence and justice.

On the 1st of March there is an entry in the Diary to the effect that he had heard that the Bishop of Lincoln

had not realised that the acceding to his protest, if the Court determines to do so, can have no effect but to make Horace Davey appeal to Queen's Bench for a prohibition.

The Archbishop adds that he had further gathered that the Bishop himself

much prefers the Court as it is, but thought he ought to do something on behalf of primitive custom. That side does not seem to know that Metropolitans and Primates were introduced because Synods were so factious and unjust.

On Saturday, May 11th, the Archbishop delivered judgment with reference to the constitution of the Court. It took an hour and a half to deliver, the Archbishop stating that this judgment, which concerned his jurisdiction only, was his own judgment and not to be looked upon as that of the Episcopal Assessors.

As he himself said elsewhere:—

> The Assessors are appointed to hear the case on its merits, and not to determine on the protest whether they should have been appointed in larger numbers or with other powers.

The Judgment concluded as follows:—

> The Court finds that from the most ancient times of the Church the Archiepiscopal jurisdiction in the case of Suffragans has existed; that in the Church of England it has been from time to time continuously exercised in various forms; that nothing has occurred in the Church to modify that jurisdiction; and that, even if such jurisdiction could be used in Convocation for the trial of a Bishop, consistently with the ancient principle that in a synod bishops could hear such a cause, it nevertheless remains clear that the Metropolitan has regularly exercised that jurisdiction both alone and with Assessors....There is no form of the exercise of the jurisdiction in this country which has been more examined into and is better attested and confirmed....
>
> This Court decides that it has jurisdiction in the Case and therefore overrules the protest[1].

The 23rd of July, 1889, was fixed for hearing the case. In the interval he wrote to the Dean of Windsor:—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
23 *June*, 1889.

DEAREST DEAN,

One thing is evident. They cannot contemplate going into the question really. It would take me two days to argue *most* of them on either side. It seems plain to me that one side will say "Privy Council is Law" and the other

[1] Reported in 14 Prob. Div. 88.

"Ornaments Rubric is Law"—and so leave it. If so, God means the Established Church to end and does it as He overthrew the Persians and Pisistratids each in their time. ἧσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν[1].

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

The Archbishop was assisted by the Bishops of London[2], Oxford[3], Rochester[4], Salisbury[5], and Hereford[6], the latter taking the place of the Bishop of Winchester[7] owing to the enforced absence of the latter from ill-health.

The counsel engaged were, for the Church Association, Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., Dr Tristram, Q.C. and Mr Danckwerts—for the Bishop of Lincoln, Sir Walter Phillimore[8], Mr Jeune, Q.C. and Mr A. B. Kempe.

The Archbishop had taken the utmost care that the "ritual" of the proceedings should be dignified and impressive. He had himself been to the Library before the Case was opened to see that the semi-circular table at which the Bishops sat and which had been designed by him, should be put up exactly as he wished, on a dais at one end of the great hall,—his seat in the middle was a little raised above the rest. His manner as a judge was singularly impressive: throughout the proceedings he had a grasp of the subject down to the minutest details, which was fairly astonishing. Thus he frequently supplied to counsel names and dates which had escaped them, and pointed out possible constructions of statements and facts, which displayed a rare legal acumen.

The first preliminary point taken was that the word

[1] By their own presumptuous sin.
[2] Frederick Temple.
[3] William Stubbs.
[4] Anthony W. Thorold.
[5] John Wordsworth.
[6] James Atlay.
[7] Edward Harold Browne.
[8] Sir Walter Phillimore was not a Queen's Counsel, but took precedence of Mr Jeune, in virtue of a patent granted him in 1883.

"Minister" in the rubrics to the Communion Service did not include a Bishop.

The Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

July 23rd. Trial of Bishop of Lincoln in Lambeth Library. Bishop of Hereford had taken the place of Bishop of Winton. I would not allow Promoters to alter the Articles by inserting "or Minister" after "officiating as Bishop." If immaterial, there is no ground for the alteration; if material, they must not make the Articles differ from the Citation. Phillimore argued wordily that a Bishop was not within the Act of Uniformity, was not a "Minister" according to the Rubrics, and therefore not bound by Rubrics affecting Ministers; that he was to direct ritual, if he so pleased, of the churches in his diocese (though Ministers who obeyed him against the law were liable to writ), but was not himself bound by the Rubrics beyond what he found of general guidance in them. (The Bishop of —— then may omit Cross in Baptism, and another may have a Latin Mass. And all the orders of Bishops which Ritualists have consistently set at nought ought to have been obeyed.)

Sir H. Davey came in not knowing difference between 1st and 2nd Books of Edward VI. or much else of his brief. But he picked up quickly what he ought to say and said it incisively.

July 24th. The Trial continued. Davey improved his arguments a little and Phillimore worsened his. At a quarter to 11 retired with Vicar-General and Assessors and we had a very difficult conversation until three—when we went back and I delivered the judgment we had come to[1].

The judgment on this point concluded:—

The Court is of opinion that when a Bishop ministers in any office prescribed by the Prayer Book he is a Minister bound to observe the directions given to the Minister in the Rubrics of such offices.

The Bishop of Salisbury alone dissented from this conclusion.

The Diary continues:—

The country would have been indignant if we had found a Bishop not to be a Minister—to be "outside the law," to

[1] Reported in 14 Prob. Div. 148.

be so free in Liturgies that "when a Bishop comes to one of his own churches, *anything* may happen," which was Phillimore's actual phrase; some new Act of Parliament would have put them under a Lay Court with deprivation etc. at once—but without the least regard to consequences. All are convinced that a Bishop must do a Minister's function according to the Rubrics and that by law. Sarum imagines that because there are no penalties fixed there is no crime. I do not think a single layman (who is not a fanatic high or low) cares the least about this trial or this part of it—and this is the sadness of it. It makes the laity think that the whole clergy are wrapt up in these trivial questions, and that if such is the condition and character of the Church it is not worth saving—and a day or two later "my Archiepiscopal Blessing" is petitioned for by a Society whose daily collect begins with "Blessing God for marking this age by the advance of His Glory and by the power and honour of St Osmund." And this is England. Something that the laity will care about! wanted!

On the 10th of October he notes:—

The parochial clergy of Cambridge have started a protest and got it largely signed by clergy of Ely Diocese, and are agitating all over England—or southern province—to get it signed, against "the Archbishop's claim"!—treating me as having made a personal *claim* to try Bishop of Lincoln by myself instead of by a Synod.

That a certain *Court* was appealed to—that the question was raised before it of its jurisdiction, and had been previously raised before Privy Council;—that Privy Council had decided that Court to be a valid Court—that the Episcopal Assessors were clear that the Court was valid—this the Protest which styles itself "the Cambridge Protest" throws on one side as unworthy of mention, and strikes at me as the author of a tyrannical and unheard of *claim*. One gets a glimpse of how not only fashion but history is made.

On the 11th he wrote to the Dean of Windsor:—

I am thankful you are coming to-morrow—and hope you will be able to come in good time. I shall much want to know what you think of many things, especially that Ely Diocesan Protest and ——'s utterances and what they are likely to come to.

What do they suppose *can* be the outcome of their action? The Abp's Court, like the Privy Council, has declared that this is

a lawful Court. That is all. Are the Bishops to show that it isn't?—and how? It is scarcely enough to show that it *ought not* to be?

On Oct. 15th he writes:—

Bishop of Lincoln is reported in *Times* to-day as having charged at Grantham—to the effect that he bowed to my decision to hear him in my Court as Metropolitan, but regretted that I had not seen fit to grant his petition to be heard by me in a Synod of the Province. It is startling to find a confessor made of such stuff lending himself to a party so soon. His protest was not in form or in substance a petition. He was accused in a certain Court of mine: the highest judicial authority declared that the Court was recognised by the law of the land: I ascertained that it was recognised by the law of the Church, and gave judgment that it was. In a valid Court constituted in a valid form there is no such thing possible as that the judge should decide to hear the case in another kind of Court. I had not more power to say I would hear him in Synod of all the Bishops of the Province than any judge has to say he will not hear a case with a jury of 12 men but with a jury of 24 or any other number—or than the Judges of Privy Council themselves to say that they will go by the verdict of a jury and not by their own judgment.

On Nov. 1st he wrote again to the Dean, on the subject of a dignitary of the Church who had attended a notoriously Ritualistic function:—

Nov. 1, 1889.

I just spoke to Y—— and told him of the letter he would receive. He said "*he* did nothing illegal—whatever other people did it was not in his territory—under his jurisdiction. There was nothing to complain of. It was said they rang a bell during the Celebration; they did not—he believed the *outside* bell was tolled—parts of the function were rather ludicrous—e.g. the movements of the 3 priests at altar."

This was the *line* I expected.

I have heard of a violin at a fire.

On Nov. 2nd the Archbishop visited Lincoln to open an exhibition; he wrote previously to Mr Duncan McInnes,

secretary of the Cooperative Association, and a friend since Lincoln days :—

Private and Confidential.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
14 *Oct.* 1889.

MY DEAR MCINNES,

I have no doubt the Bishop of Lincoln is going to be with you on Nov 2nd.

But I just write to make sure as it is important for me under present circumstances (you will understand) not to visit Lincoln with any appearance of isolation from the Bishop.

You will insist on his being with us. You know he is my very old friend.

Yours sincerely, E. W. CANTUAR.

On Nov. 2nd he wrote to the Dean of Windsor :—

I could not telegraph because I have just returned (midnight) from Lincoln where I have been all day at a wonderful working men's demonstration. It was a worthy sight to see dear Lincoln and me sitting together in front of the working man's platform—no one else but working men—and going off together. He is adored there.

Again on the 11th :—

Ought not Denison's letter in the *Guardian* to have some answer? Was ever anything more gross? Is not his argument thus?

1. Some Bishops and Priests don't accept the Court as valid.

2. The Archbishop has not called a Synod to decide whether it *is*.

3. *Argal.* It is invalid.

Surely that is the fair statement of his quite brief "argument."

One ought to be able to command quite a *νέφος*[1] of people ready to expose such fallacies from various sides.

But while I myself am under a *νέφος*, that can't be expected.

And again next day :—

You are perfectly right in supposing that if all had to come over again about Bishop of Lincoln I should feel bound to do

[1] Cloud.

exactly what I have done. I have seen no reason to see how a single step could have been rightly varied. Thank God.

He writes again, Nov. 13th, 1889:—

The account in Roscoe's Report of the affair before the Privy Council is just as misleading in the *opposite* direction as it is in the Protest.

R. describes it as a decision of mine appealed against to Privy Council, "decided against me, and that I heard it, apparently to casual reader, under compulsion from Privy Council." The world is a stupid creature.

Again, Nov. 26th:—

Draper, G. Denman's son-in-law, writes from Shrewsbury that they are being "pestered" with requests to sign Protests and that "most men sign because they are asked."

To Bishop Magee of Peterborough, who had sent him his proposed reply to the Memorialists in his diocese, he wrote, Feb. 22nd, 1890:—

I must hope that the clear light you let in on more than one beloved fallacy may dissipate them, as it ought to be felt among other things from your words that the term "claim," so freely used, is not short of a condensed libel though it only flows from inattention to published facts;

and after fuller explanation:—

These are small matters, but anything is enough for either of the factions to fight about—God help us....However...I cannot but hope that good and not all evil may yet in some degree flow from it. God will not leave those who honestly trust Him.

On Feb. 5th the Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

The Lincoln Trial has records of its own and is too distasteful to me to have mine.

Feb. 6th. Unscrupulous protests, reckless of the divisions they may exhibit and of the shake they may give, have been sedulously pushed about and have not had great success. The first people were the students of the Theological College at Ely, who expressed their regret that the Archbishop should not have adopted a course more consonant with the principles of Church History. I ordained four of those little gentlemen at Advent, and

their knowledge of all the *rest* of Church History has yet to be acquired. Their luminosity on this one point is *electrical!*

With a bundle of newspaper cuttings of such protests he placed an extract he had taken from a letter of Mr Roscoe's, who had published the report and written to tell him that only two hundred copies had sold, and that those had gone to the bishops, and to "a few eminent clergy and laymen," and that, though the price had been purposely kept low, and it was in Mr Roscoe's opinion scarcely possible to really study the case from newspaper reports at the time, few clergy had bought the report.

The preliminaries over, the case proper had come on for trial on the 4th of February, 1890, no further objections being raised.

The actual charges, though nominally ten, were practically seven.

1. Mixing water with the sacramental wine during the service and subsequently consecrating the Mixed Cup.

2. Standing in the "Eastward position" during the first part of the Communion service.

3. Standing during the prayer of Consecration on the West side of the table, in such manner that the congregation could not see the manual acts performed.

4. Causing the hymn *Agnus Dei* to be sung after the Consecration prayer.

5. Pouring water and wine into the paten and chalice after the service and afterwards drinking such water and wine before the congregation.

6. The use of lighted candles on the Communion table or on the retable behind, during the Communion service, when not needed for the purpose of giving light.

7. During the Absolution and Benediction making the sign of the Cross with upraised hand facing the congregation.

On the 7th the Archbishop writes:—

The Court on the Bishop of Lincoln's case has sate its fourth day. Phillimore has done very well. He has kept very clear of the P. C. decisions while attacking P. C. reasoning and has made points.

On the 20th he writes:—

Phillimore is learned and quick, but delights to believe himself omnidoct and omnidocent. He has thrown away his case about the "north side" by urging us to accept a "non-natural" interpretation—that will have a bad effect on the controversy,—which however from first to last is naught and naughty. The only excuse for touching it is that a rational decision, *if one can be arrived at with such premises*, offers more prospect of peace than leaving all to be fought about daily.

The proceedings closed on Feb. 25th, the Archbishop reserving his judgment. He worked at it as far as he could in London, and it was astonishing how in the intervals of other work which could not slacken, he threw himself into this like a student who had little else to do. He had written an earlier memorandum:—

Read anything *general* to enable oneself to follow the arguments—but do not study concrete points until after having heard the arguments.

Now was the time for such study. Bishop Davidson describes how he would go into his dressing-room at Lambeth and find him surrounded with stacks of books, deep in Liturgiology, as if he had nothing else to do; having the Lambeth Library ransacked or making lists of references to be worked out in the British Museum[1].

But the work could not be finished in London, and he completed it at the Rieder Furca Hotel, near the Bel Alp, where he went in August.

[1] One of his friends of earlier years, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, son of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, gave him much valuable help in examining details and verifying references.

On September 12th he wrote in his Diary, at the Rieder Furca:—

Finished last night the conclusion and the Proem of the Judgment in the Lincoln Case, the whole of which I had finished here and packed off to the printer. It has occupied all my mornings rather sadly and laboriously, but I believe it to be true and the arguments sound.

He returned to England in the course of September; on Oct. 4th he finished and sent off the final proofs of the Lincoln Judgment: he writes:—

It has just struck midnight by my chimney clock and I have just finished and sent off to the printer my final proofs for reading to the Assessors of my Judgment on the Lincoln Case. It has been an immense labour. Reading, verifying, reasoning and writing and recriticising and correcting, and real exploration of a labyrinth. I have found the former Privy Council judgments very deficient in knowledge and with no breadth of view. But nothing will matter, if it only is itself a contribution, as I believe it ought to be, to the peace of the Church—and to a sounder, more scientific study of ritual. It has been grievously *pénible* to write, because the topics are so infinitesimal in comparison to others which ought to be uppermost in the minds of churchmen. Still, God has given it me to do, and what is to be done is to be done as well as one can do it. This has been the prayer within my heart unfailingly. I thank Him for allowing me to say that my one hope has been to be faithful—sure that out of faithfulness the only good that can come must come. Oratio pro sententia Lincoln:

> Ne vox una velit se fingere vel sibi fingi;
> Sub digito crescat syllaba quaeque Dei.

It is a very odd thing that one of the earliest *notes* I ever made, when I began to collect topics for a commonplace book, was an extract from Ed. VI. injunctions about Lights. I was about 13 then, and here I am 61 and at the same poor thing still. One of the first things I ever bought with my own money was Doctor Bisse's *Beauty of Holiness in the Common Prayer*—a nice old handsomely printed book which I sillily set to work not only to read but to rubricate! So far as I am concerned, what a penance

for a penchant! But the two years' hindrance to my Cyprian will be nothing, if only Peace should come to our troubled Church through it.

Dn̄e, qui dixisti Apostolis tuis,
"Pacem relinquo vobis,
Pacem meam do vobis,"
Ne respicias Dn̄e peccata mea,
Sed fidem ec̄cae Tuae,
Eamque secundum verbum tuum pacificare et coordinare digneris—
Qui vivis et regnas.

This extract brings into relief—what indeed must have been evident throughout—his feeling that, interesting as the subject was to him naturally, it was almost as a hobby, a "penchant" as he says, that he regarded it; and that, compared with the feelings it stirred, the weight which was given to it, the legal questions implied, and the interruption to the true work of the Church, the original contention was infinitely little. "It is agonising," he writes under the pressing fear of bereavement, "to be working at candles and ends with my Nelly so ill overhead."

In consequence of my sister's death, the delivery of the Judgment was postponed till Nov. 21st.

I came up to London to hear part of the Judgment delivered, and found my father in very serene and dignified spirits. He had had periods of very great anxiety and depression about the Trial, and as a matter of deliberate policy rather deferred than hastened the proceedings, that the sensation might have time to simmer down, and that no rash action might result from tension of feeling. What he feared was the ultimate issue of the Trial, the possibility of his decision increasing rather than diminishing the dissidence between the lay and the clerical views of religious worship; as to his own responsibility in the matter, he had no fear or doubt whatever. When once

his course was clear, and in discharge of a duty of great solemnity, he was calm and tranquil to a remarkable degree. Depression was with him the concomitant of a time of ease, not of a time of stress. Here too he was sustained by the knowledge that what had passed had deepened and intensified the mutual reverence and affection between himself and the Bishop for whose sympathy and heavenly-mindedness, as he called it, he had the greatest veneration. He was stimulated too by the consciousness that for once he was in a position, with regard to knowledge and erudition, which was simply unassailable. He had a few minutes' talk with me before the proceedings and described some of the ceremonial arrangements, devised by himself, such as the laying of the Metropolitical cross on the table beneath the judge to be a symbol of his spiritual jurisdiction, as the mace of secular authority.

The scene in the great library was very impressive. That vast room with its high timbered roof and the tall cases of books was a singularly striking setting for the solemn scene enacted. The Bishops sat in a semicircle, the Archbishop being in the centre with his seat raised, all in full episcopal robes; Sir James Parker Deane in a full-bottomed wig and scarlet Doctor's gown, gave a legal colouring to the assembly. The Hall was densely crowded, almost every eminent High Churchman being seen there at some stage of the proceedings.

The charges against the Bishop were all admitted, but the real question which was being still anxiously debated outside was whether the Archbishop would in his Judgment accept previous rulings of the Privy Council as absolute, or would disregard them, going *de novo* into the whole matter.

But the Archbishop's attitude was neither one of unquestioning obedience, nor of defiant disregard. He said:—

The Court has considered with the utmost carefulness and respect the various decisions which have been given in recent years upon some of the points at issue.... It cannot be necessary that the Court should express its sense of the importance attaching to such decisions, so far as they bear upon the present case, for the elucidation of these minute and complicated questions. Inasmuch, however, as the points raised in the suit before us are some of them novel, and all of them are raised under conditions differing from those of former suits: Inasmuch also as the researches of later students have brought much fresh observation to bear upon historical points admittedly obscure, the Court has not felt it right so to shelter itself under authority, as to evade the responsibility, or escape the labour of examining each of the points afresh, in the light of this ampler historical research, and of weighing once again all the reasons which may be advanced either for or against any of the actions or usages now under consideration.

In support of this view he referred to the words of Lord Chancellor Cairns in the Ridsdale Case in 1877.

I cannot do more than summarise the Judgment, giving in the briefest way the reasons and conclusions on each point.

The first article was the Mixing Water with Wine in the Service,—and here the Judgment concluded that though the administration of a Mixed Cup could not be condemned on the ground of "symbolic meaning" "unauthoritatively attached" to it; and that "the practice of mixing water with the wine apart from and before the service cannot be disallowed upon the ground that it was unknown to the Churches of East and West," yet that "the ceremonial mixture in the Service was omitted from our Book in accordance with the highest and widest liturgical precedents, and must in our Church be accounted as one 'of the accustomed ceremonies which be put away.'" Thus the Court decided against the defendant on this article.

The next charge dealt with was the Eastward Position in the first part of the Communion Service. The judgment on this point involved a long historical inquiry as to "the conditions which called for the introduction of the term 'north side,'" in which it was developed that "the north end became the generally used position and is beyond question a true liturgical use in the Church of England, formed as primitive uses were formed, not by enactment, but, as the word itself implies, by use." The argument of the Responsive Plea that "the northern part of the front" is "the north side of the Table as directed by the Rubric" was "held by the Court to be inconsistent with the continuous history of the Rubric." On the other hand, the plea that the "Eastward Position" has as a Sacrificial position "a special significance which at once makes the position itself important and condemns it," was entirely and strongly set aside.

There may be ill-informed recent maintainers of this position as essential, who may be found to have alleged something of the kind. If it were true it would apply more strongly by far to the Consecration Prayer, where such a position is admitted to be lawful, than to the beginning of the Service. But by whomsoever put forward, the statement is, in both cases, without foundation. Neither those who approve nor those who disapprove of an action which is recognised by authority can really invest it with any sense contrary to the sense of the authority which recognises.... The imputed sacrificial aspect of the Eastward Position is new and forced.

Thus the Court concluded that "the term 'north side' was introduced...to meet doubts which had arisen owing to a general change in the position of the Holy Tables"... and that "a second general change made under authority in the position of the Tables...made the north side direction impossible of fulfilment in the sense originally intended"... that the Court was therefore of opinion "that a certain liberty in the application of the term existed," and though

"this liberty was less and less exercised for a long time" "it does not appear to be lost by that fact or taken away." Thus the charge was dismissed.

With regard to the charge that the Bishop stood in such a way that the congregation could not see the Manual Acts, the Court concluded that the Minister "is bound to take care that the Manual Acts should not by his position be rendered invisible to the bulk of the congregation"; that no lack of openness necessarily follows upon the use of the Eastward Position. "The tenor of the Common Prayer is openness. The work of its framers was to bring out and recover the worship of the Christian congregation, and specially to replace the Eucharist in its character as the Communion of the whole Body of Christ." "The English Church as one of her special works in the history of the Catholic Church restored the ancient share and right of the people in the Divine Service."

The Bishop had pleaded that he had no wish or intention to hide the Acts, but the Court decided that "in the mind of the Minister there ought to be a wish and intention to do what has to be done, not merely no wish or intention not to do it"...and ruled therefore "that the Lord Bishop has mistaken the true interpretation of the Order of the Holy Communion in this particular."

The next charge dealt with was the singing of the *Agnus Dei* "immediately after the Prayer of Consecration." Here the Court concluded that the use of these words

> could only be condemned on the ground that any and every hymn at this place would be illegal, which cannot be maintained in the face of concurrent, continuous and sanctioned usage. To condemn the singing of that text here as unsound in doctrine would be contrary to the real force of Ridley's injunction: and to other unexceptionable Protestant teaching.

The charge of performing an illegal "ceremony of

ablution" was dismissed. The Court could not hold "that the Minister, who, after the Service was ended and the Benediction given, in order that no part of the Consecrated Elements should be carried out of the Church, cleansed the vessels of all remnants in a reverent way without ceremony or prayers before finally leaving the Holy Table, would have subjected himself to penal consequences by so doing. In this case, it would have been illegal to vary the Service by making the 'ceremony of ablution' charged in the articles, or the like, appear to be part of it, but the evidence does not show that this was done."

The next count "both charged and admitted, is that two lights in candlesticks on the Holy Table were alight from before the Communion Service began till after it was over." Here the Court found that

It would be contrary to the history and interpretation of the two lights on the Holy Table to connect them with erroneous and strange teaching as to the nature of the Sacrament. It is not likely that they will cease to be distasteful to many minds, and where that is the case, even in a small degree, charity and good sense ought not to be violated.

The lawfulness of lighting the candles in the course of the Service is not before us. But the Court does not find sufficient warrant for declaring that the law is broken by the mere fact of two lighted candles, when not wanted for the purpose of giving light, standing on the Holy Table continuously through the Service: nothing having been performed or done, which comes under the definition of a ceremony, by the presence of the two still lights alight before it begins and until after it ends.

One little incident which occurred about this point is perhaps worth mentioning to show the absence of all agitation in my father. It was afternoon, and the day being very dark and foggy, he became unable to decipher his Judgment. He turned, caught sight of me as I stood close behind him, and asked me to summon one of the chaplains, who came at once; he read a few more

words about the altar-lights, and then said in an undertone to the chaplain, with a smile, "*We* want lights—for practical purposes."

The last charges taken were those of signing the Cross in the Absolution and the Benediction.

Here the Court found that such crossing in each place was a "ceremony," "not retained since it had not previously existed," but "an innovation which must be discontinued."

So far there had been intense eagerness among the audience,—even through the long, minute and sometimes technical historical inquiry interest had flagged not a whit, held as it was by the vigour, the learning and the argument both subtle and forcible. At one point, on the outcome of which the listeners were peculiarly interested, applause broke out which was instantly and sternly hushed, my father declaring that if it were renewed the Court would be instantly cleared.

But nothing which concerned the charges themselves was so weighty and impressive as the words in which he concluded. Indeed, so eloquent were voice and manner, so full of dignity and of spirit, that it was difficult afterwards in looking at the printed page to believe that the words themselves had been so few and so restrained.

A Court constituted as is the present, having wider duties towards all parties concerned than those of other judges, duties inalienable from that position which makes its members judges, considers itself bound further to observe briefly in relation to this cause that,—

(1) Although religious people whose religious feelings really suffer might rightly feel constrained to come forward as witnesses in such a case, yet it is not decent for religious persons to hire witnesses to intrude on the worship of others for purposes of espial. In expressing this opinion the Court has no intention of criticizing the statements which were in this case given in evidence.

(2) The Court has not only felt deeply the incongruity of

minute questionings and disputations in great and sacred subjects, but desires to express its sense that time and attention are diverted thereby from the Church's real contest with evil and building up of good, both by those who give and by those who take offence unadvisedly in such matters.

(3) The Apostolic Judgment as to other matters of ritual has a proper reference to these; namely, that things which may necessarily be ruled to be lawful do not for that reason become expedient.

(4) Public worship is one of the Divine Institutions, which are the heritage of the Church, for the fraternal union of mankind.

The Church, therefore, has a right to ask that her congregations may not be divided either by needless pursuance or by exaggerated suspicion of practices not in themselves illegal. Either spirit is in painful contrast to the deep and wide desire which prevails for mutual understanding. The Clergy are the natural prompters and fosterers of the Divine instinct, "to follow after things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another[1]."

In the evening he banished the whole subject from his mind and talked with great enthusiasm on some literary question.

In the days that followed, when criticism was filling the papers, when the issue of the appeal was still uncertain, he was able in a singular manner to keep himself aloof from harassing doubts and anxieties. His part was done as sincerely as he could do it—although anxiety could not be absent—and in a spirit of calmness and faith; the sorrow too that he had lately endured had lifted him into a serener atmosphere free from the strife of tongues. Such record of his personal life we must leave to the diaries.

In summing up the general effect of the Judgment, it must be remembered how many parties were interested, and for how many reasons. Extremists on both sides were interested in particular points, but with the far larger bulk of moderate Churchmen any keenness about the

[1] The Judgment is reported in (1891) Probate, p. 9. It occupies, with the appendices, 99 pages of the Law Reports.

original questions had long since given way to anxiety as to the possible effects on the peace of the Church of any line which it seemed open to the Archbishop to take.

The first and most general feeling was undoubtedly one of amazement at the learning exhibited and at the freedom and courage with which the whole question was treated.

The *Guardian*, which the week before had stated :—

> It is hardly likely that the ceremonialists who have refused to recognise the secular Court, will be suddenly converted to obedience in the special Court in which the Archbishop has revived his Metropolitan Jurisdiction,

wrote as follows :—

> In its character and manner—let it be frankly and thankfully acknowledged—the Judgment leaves very little to be desired. It is a document which may hold a high place among the records of ecclesiastical judicature ; it is conceived and worked out in a way which brings new hope into the aspect of affairs. In an age when hesitation and faint-heartedness are apt to take the place of statesmanship, the Archbishop of Canterbury has done a more courageous thing than any prelate has even attempted for many years....In thorough and exact inquiry, in care for detail, in justice of thought, in clearness of statement, in candour and ability and force, it is a work of rare excellence ; while there is no room for reasonable doubt as to the reality of the freedom with which the evidence is examined and the verdict formed on each successive point.

Thus undoubtedly among the moderate party the general result was received with an unfeigned relief. The Judgment had not so gone against the High Church party as to threaten disruption, yet while allowing in the main the points to which they clung, the High Sacramental doctrine which was, by the extremists of both sides, associated with these points, was found to be an unauthorised and unjustified interpretation of the ritual.

So strongly indeed did all feel that the Judgment

made for peace, that indiscriminate appreciation, rightly condemned and utterly untrue, was inclined to attribute the result not to the acuteness of a judge but to the astuteness of the politician.

On the other hand, though it had been expected that any reversal of Privy Council rulings would threaten collision with the Secular Courts, the Judgment now proved to be so learned and so substantial that even pending the result of the appeal, of which notice had been given, anxiety was to a great extent set at rest, though the newspapers still expressed a cautious doubt as to the ultimate upshot.

For the High Church party of course the trial ended with the Archbishop's Judgment. There is no reason to speculate now on what would have happened if he had found differently, but the result being what it was, High Churchmen felt and said that they could look forward to the appeal with comparative indifference.

A correspondent, who prefers to remain anonymous, writes :—

You ask me to put into words the feelings of High Churchmen in general about the delivery of the Lincoln Judgment. It can confidently be said that, apart from this or that detail of the judgment, its delivery was received with acclaim by the High Church party. Before the judgment was given, opinions were, I imagine, somewhat divided. Many found great satisfaction in reflecting that at last a decision was going to be uttered on ritual questions by a court that could really claim to be spiritual. But in some quarters the Archbishop (who was already disappointing some of the expectations which extreme men had formed of him at his appointment) was criticized for not having refused altogether to hear the charges against his Suffragan: some few most unworthily credited him with the desire to enhance the influence of Lambeth, and even his own reputation. I heard him say himself that from the first he had no shadow of doubt as to his obligation to hear the case.

But when the judgment was actually given, even before men

had time or inclination to study its arguments and conclusions, the open declaration that the Court had not "felt it right to shelter itself under authority or to escape the labour of examining each of the points afresh"—the gathering too of the material for evidence from pre-Reformation and primitive times, which in itself was an assertion of "continuity"—all this gave great pleasure. Dean Church's often quoted words, written only a month or so before he died, expressed admirably both the antecedent anxiety and the eventual delight which most High Churchmen felt. "The only hope I have," he said, writing before the delivery of the judgment, "is that the Archbishop may have sagacity to see that the safest move is the boldest, and dare to reverse the Privy Council rulings. If not, the phrase 'finis Poloniae' comes constantly to my mind." Then later on, as you know, he wrote, "It is the most courageous thing that has come from Lambeth for the last 200 years[1]."

Of course the permission of lighted candles, of the use of a mixed Chalice, of the Eastward position, and the refusal to condemn the singing of the *Agnus Dei* were clear and substantial gains for High Churchmen. The requirement that the Manual Acts should be visible, and again the prohibition of ceremonial mixing of the Cup, were not, I fear, very sympathetically accepted—nor, it must be added, have these rulings largely modified the practice of the rank and file of High Churchmen. One prominent and learned ecclesiastic with whom I walked away from Lambeth after the memorable scene was over, declared that he should fulfil the first requirement by lifting the paten over his head: but I have never heard of this being actually done, and indeed it would not be very consistent with convenience or reverence.

The prohibition of the Sign of the Cross in the Absolution and the final Blessing attracted, I think, less notice than any other count.

Those who care intensely for the doctrinal significance of each

[1] He had watched with deep anxiety the trial....."This horrid Lambeth trial haunts me," he had written a year before to his son-in-law....

The delivery of the Archbishop's judgment took place in November, and its character and contents brought the Dean the last flash of happiness before the end. It seemed to come to him with a touch of re-assurance and confirmation in that steady trust in the English Church, which would not let itself be overthrown by the disasters of 1845.

Life and Letters of Dean Church, pp. 420, 421.

point of ritual were perhaps disappointed at the way in which the judgment evacuated the Eastward position and the still lights of any particular meaning, though, of course, it was no part of the Court's duty to bring this out. I am inclined to think (1) that the profound learning which underlay the arguments was not sufficiently appreciated, and (2) that it was not realized how completely the judgment was the Archbishop's own. Some suggested that Bishop Stubbs was the main author of its draft[1], and others spoke as if the Archbishop had got up the questions *ad hoc*, little knowing what a profound Ritualist he was, and how he had saturated himself in such studies from boyhood.

Then, as ever, there were not wanting those who called it, in an invidious sense, a compromise; not a few who hinted at a feeling—not loudly expressed—that the laity would no longer support a Church in which such services were authorised. Of such threats my father wrote later to Dean Davidson:—

> But if comprehension is not to be the policy henceforth, but uniformity, and if this uniformity only means sameness in external particulars, there must be a change of ministry I think.

There was a good deal of controversy in the papers; one gentleman asserted, with a delightful ambiguity of expression, that the Lincoln Judgment was the severest blow the Church of England had ever received since the glorious Reformation. An Evangelical writing in a Church periodical expressed a pious hope that "the Church Association would immediately appeal against the shameful Judgment delivered by the 'Successor of the martyred Laud.'" Another gentleman, with a taste for metaphor, wrote: "The dignitaries of our Church have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. At a crisis they have forsaken the truth; when a test was applied they proved to be impure metal."

It is difficult to define exactly how the Lincoln Judgment and its affirmation by the Privy Council were

[1] See p. 378.

received by the Evangelical party: there was naturally a certain outburst of alarmed Protestantism.

The *Record* (Nov. 28, 1890) candidly recognised that "until appealed from, and if appealed, then unless reversed, the Lambeth Judgment binds the Province of Canterbury and in a sense the Church of England." But it went on to express a deep anxiety that the ultimate finding of the Privy Council Court might not affirm the Judgment, and expressed an earnest hope that, with this possibility in view, the matter might be proceeded with and settled as speedily as possible.

At the same time, speaking of the Judgment respecting *Lights* and the *Agnus Dei*, it laid stress on the fact that the Archbishop's words were "profuse and emphatic in insisting that no un-Protestant meaning could logically or properly be attributed to either." "We receive these assurances," the article continues, "with respect and gratitude." "It will be some consolation," it adds, "to the very large body of Churchmen who view them with offence to remember that the very authority which has legalised them has done its best to deprive them of significance."

The more serious and moderate Evangelicals, though they could not feel or express approval of the ceremonies now legalised, manifested no sympathy with the Association that had provoked the controversy, but warmly and strongly welcomed a pronouncement so strong, so full of toleration —an Eirenicon as more than one called it—imbued with a spirit which reckoned Christian charity as so immeasurably greater than any precision of observance.

The feeling of relief was strongly expressed in letters to the Archbishop. Many wrote of the "all but universal satisfaction" which it had given. A Birmingham workingman, whose letter is carefully preserved, wrote, "I do not know any person, dissenter or churchman, that is against

your judgment." From Cambridge a friend wrote, "Everyone here, whether lay or cleric—and I have talked to a good many lay Fellows about it—is full of admiration for the learning and lucidity of the Judgment"; and his friend Lord Stanmore wrote of the attitude of the Ritualists, "I am glad to hear from every quarter what seems to me evidence of true and loyal obedience, not of mere grudging acquiescence." "Beyond all doubt," Canon Crowfoot wrote from Lincoln itself, "it is drawing all men together."

Sir Richard Webster had written:—

It is not only masterly, and to a fair-minded man conclusive, but the spirit of peace and Christian toleration which has been infused into its whole tone, cannot but have a vast influence for good in our Church.

The Archbishop replied:—

REIGATE, *Dec.* 4, 1890

MY DEAR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,

I am sure I need not tell you that your great kindness is most welcome and your approbation deeply valued by me at this time.

I was exceedingly anxious to know what you felt as to the execution of the formidable task which you above all encouraged me not to shrink from. And your words as to the "conclusiveness" to "a fair-minded man" are all I could desire. I can honestly say I have spared no pains, and that I desire to labour for peace—and with this you credit me.

One ought to have no undue anxiety as to appeal. But I fear that the Bishop of Lincoln's side will refuse to appear on appeal—just as they would not appear before the Privy Council on the jurisdiction.

In that case the Church Association will alone be heard, and the Privy Council will be justly annoyed; and I fear there is no other way in which the judgment can be defended before them against what is sure to be an unmeasured attack upon it.

Perhaps some day I may have a word with you on this. It would be as always a great strength to me.

Sincerely ever yours, and very gratefully,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On Dec. 12th the Bishop of Lincoln addressed a letter to his Archdeacons and Rural Deans loyally accepting the Judgment; and throughout the country the response made by the obedience of the Clergy was marked. The following pastoral address by the Archbishop to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans of his Diocese, who had asked him to assist them by guidance and advice as to the bearing of the Judgment, will be of interest:—

I ask the Clergy, then, to consider the disproportion between those points of ritual which have been contested and the grand characteristics in which all agree of our English Eucharistic Service—a liturgy scriptural, primitive, with Communion in both kinds, in the mother tongue, free from superstitious or doubtful devotions, most reverent yet truly "common," the humblest people sharing every prayer and every action. Beside this great Catholic and Reformed heritage the diversities are small indeed. And when these diversities and questionings are contrasted with the tremendous burden of duty to Christianity and mankind which this Age above all ages binds on the shoulders of our Church above all Churches, the overwhelming contrast casts a new light on Christ's searching saying, that the world itself has to suffer for the "stumbling-blocks" among ourselves (St Matt. xviii. 7).

I ask all to consider the vital importance of peace, charity, unity..... And peace and charity and unity are being visibly set at nought because we will not impose this essential on ourselves. Such Silence and Stillness about differences as make the peace of families, above all of the household of God.

I ask the clergy to consider the ruling principle of St Paul's life and counsel that all that is lawful is not expedient; that the feeding of the flock of Christ is the substance and evidence of expediency; that they who have insight (γνῶσις) enough to know and act safely on the knowledge that things which bordered on even heathen ceremonies (1 Cor. viii. 10, vi. 12; Rom. xiv.) were not really dangerous, but admissible when understood by Christian intelligence, were nevertheless bound by a wisdom higher than knowledge, and a law greater than that of the new freedom of the Church; bound, like himself, to limit choice by expediency; bound to abstain not only from the parade of their

convictions; but from the very use of them when surrounded by eyes that would be pained and spirits that would suffer at sight of what seemed their dangerous advance. I feel that to say so much as this gives to those who are uneasy the right to ask me, if I do not fear that men are in danger of being led to the Church of Rome. I answer, I do not. Considering how much wrong Christianity, in this country, suffered during the Roman domination, I do not wonder that fears arise. I lament the imperfect acquaintance with the subject, the unworthiness, the injustice to worshippers, with which the dignity and simplicity of the English use may anywhere be spoilt by imitation of past or foreign modes. But I do not think this will lead to Rome.

* * * * * *

The ancient Church of England is with us. I do not fear that the new Italian mission will make anything of our clergy or people. Again I entreat the clergy to reflect that there is no Church in the world in which parish priests or ministers have anything like the same independence, in or out of church, as our parochial clergy have.... We are trusted as Englishmen only trust: nothing but the sense of honour in many cases forbids our abuse of independence. What delicacy of considerateness ought to possess our spirit towards the thoughtful, troubled, even oversensitive, even prejudiced parishioners.

* * * * * *

Looking now to the conclusions of the Court, the accurate limits of those conclusions, and that which emerges from them, I would ask the clergy primarily to observe that each conclusion relies on the whole claim of the history of each observance, and on the fact that the English Church is a true faithful branch of the Church Catholic, enjoying the right of every branch to order its own rites and ceremonies, within the limits of Scripture, and of that "edification whereunto all things done in the Church ought to be referred"; and that our Church asserted in its Reformation and made use of this its authority, and specially by the restoration of primitive order and tone in the Holy Communion.

I would then ask you to observe generally that the conclusions reached are simply the decision that such or such an act is or is not, expressly or by necessary implication, forbidden by the law of our Church, is or is not, in immediate or ultimate consequence, actually penal by that law as it now stands. It is evident that decisions of this character are far from throwing the weight of the

Court's authority upon the side of any act which it does not find to be illegal.

We had not, as a Court, to allow or disallow anything on grounds of advisability or policy. Our sole duty was to ascertain whether existing Church-law forbade or did not forbid certain practices.

* * * * * *

As to particular observances which the judgment of the Court has found allowable, I feel confident the Clergy of the Diocese will be with me when I make it my own undoubting recommendation and earnest request, that the Clergy will make no changes in the direction of adopting any of them in their conduct of Divine Service, unless, at the least, they are first assured of the practical unanimity of their people in desiring such change.

And that, even if any do in accordance with the clear sentiment of their people make any change within the limits of the judgment, yet they will make it their bounden duty to provide at the most convenient hours, especially on the first Sunday of the month, and at the most frequent hour, administration of the Holy Communion which shall meet in all ways the desires of those parishioners whose sense of devotion seeks and feeds on the plain and quiet solemnities in which they have been reared, which they love, and in which their souls most perfectly "go in and out and find pasture."

Those simplest forms are liturgically true. The people have a right to them, and through them the true pastor will delight to be one with them, to break for them the bread of Heaven, to feast with them on its inmost spiritual realities. He will fear no loss when, like his Master, he girds himself to serve them and pay them all observance.

The Archbishop tried as far as possible to dismiss the subject from his mind, though in the interval which elapsed before the appeal was heard I often heard him speak with some anxiety about the results that would follow on a reversal.

On March 12th, 1891, he writes:—

I hear that Grimthorpe has published a furious letter, one Tomlinson a vituperative pamphlet pointing out my historical errors and determined perversions of fact, and Z——, Canon Z——! a

demonstration that I have departed from all precedent. None of these have I seen, and I mean not to see them until the appeal may make it necessary that I should—but if I were to read these I must read others and answers and counter-answers, and should have no peace—and should be much vexed into hastiness. X—— Y—— tells me he must confess he has made some mistakes in my "Lists." That is a pity! But, with such a mass of peddling facts, to avoid mistakes is impossible! I hope no error of principle. Westcott says I "need not be disquieted—the judgment" he says "was wise and just and true." God knows I laboured that it should be "just and true," and I think He would not fail me, for I sincerely had only Him to please by being true.

The appeal was heard in June and July, 1891, before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who delivered judgment on August 2nd, 1892, dismissing it. The Board was composed of the Lord Chancellor (Halsbury), Lord Hobhouse, Lord Esher (Master of the Rolls), Lord Herschell, Lord Hannen, Sir Richard Couch and Lord Shand,—the ecclesiastical assessors being the Bishops of Chichester[1], St David's[2] and Lichfield[3]. They sustained the Archbishop's judgment, thus dissenting from certain previous decisions given in the same Court on various points; they further stated that the promoters of the suit had no right to insist upon any sentence, even in the form of a monition, if, as they presumed to be the case, the Archbishop was satisfied that the offence would not be repeated —and they dismissed the appeal[4].

The Archbishop writes:—

August 2nd.—Telegram received to-day from Hassard, "Judgment delivered. Their Lordships uphold the decision of your Grace's Court in all its findings, and dismiss appeal on all points. Judgment unanimous."

Thank God for His merciful guidance. Met Sir John Lennard in our ride, who said, "It will guide the Church for centuries

[1] Richard Durnford.
[2] William Basil Jones.
[3] W. D. Maclagan.
[4] Reported (1892) Appeal Cases, 644.

and throughout the world." If the laymen take that view we have peace. "But," I said, "what if the fanatics think that now their affair is against a Church which takes such a line, no more against the individual?" With soldier-like promptitude he answered, "They will find themselves in a hole."

On the 3rd he adds :—

Received the text of the Privy Council Judgment. In one point it is weak. They do not decide whether burning lights are legal or illegal. I suspect that one member refused to concede the one, and another the other, and that the ingenious —— hit on the expedient of saying that the point had not arisen because the Bishop was not responsible for the lighting but the incumbent. I hold that whenever the Bishop is present in a church of his diocese the service is not the incumbent's but the Bishop's. It would be monstrous to say that the incumbent might perform any sort of vagary while the Bishop was saying the service and that the Bishop "had no power to forbid." Yet this is what they do say. They have left a loophole of trouble to come here. In the other points they decide rightly but had better have not felt bound to give their reasons. Three things which they lay down are more important than the ritual verdicts. (1) History admissible in interpretation of language and substance of rubric. (2) Privy Council's judgments reversible. (3) I was free and was right not to give a monition, "a monition is a penalty," when satisfied that my ruling would be obeyed.

"Deo sint gratiae qui rem nostram gubernavit; pax Ecclesiae. Amen. Pax Ecclesiae."

When the Judgment was affirmed by the Privy Council the feeling of relief was great. The *Times* (Aug. 3rd) said that it viewed the decision "as a legal victory for toleration and one which may work for peace," adding, "Neither the Church Association nor the English Church Union is the Church of England."

The *Record* of Friday, Dec. 5th, while mildly deploring the introduction of ceremonies alien to the spirit of simple Christian worship, dwelt with great satisfaction upon the unanimity of the Spiritual and Secular Courts. "It is an unmixed good," they said, "that Church and State should

thus, as it were, be once more brought into line...the unanimity of the two Courts in their decision goes far to reconcile us to its substance."

The majority of the papers, however, took it with a somewhat languid interest, for the keenness of expectation had diminished since the Archbishop's Judgment had been pronounced. Still it is probable that, as the *Church Times* (Aug. 5th) said, the decision "closed the epoch of ritual prosecutions."

The Rev. Samuel Bickersteth, Vicar of Lewisham, sends me an interesting account of a conversation he had with the Archbishop on the subject. He says:—

In the course of this conversation, which had turned upon the Lincoln Judgment and the reception it had met with, the Archbishop said that "two important points were brought out by that judgment, (1) It has established the impossibility of trying to find out the meaning and intention of the Prayer-Book merely by a study of the words used in it, without a prolonged and careful study of the history that lies behind the words, and of the experience which made up the life of those who first employed them, and (2) it has led the Privy Council to reverse their previous findings. As Lord Esher put it, he did not know why the Privy Council, of all bodies in the kingdom, if it found it had made a mistake, was bound to repeat the mistake."

A few fanatical persons felt themselves bound to be alienated from the Church of England by the Judgment; I select a characteristic specimen with the Archbishop's reply:—

Dec. 2, 1892.

My Lord Archbishop,

At the present time I am not holding a License in any diocese, but am resident in that of London. But, under the circumstances, I think it right to inform your Grace that I have ceased to minister in the Church of my ordination after thirty-seven years' service.

The occasion and in some measure the cause of my secession from the Church of England, as by law established, is the recent

most disastrous judgment in the Lincoln Case. It declares beyond hope of appeal that the English Church permits unscriptural and Romish acts in her worship.

I accept the judgment as final, at the terrible cost of learning that the Church which I leave is unfaithful to the Will and Word of God.

My future course is unknown, except that I shall submit myself to Baptism on my personal profession of faith, a course which, after long enquiry and years of uncertainty, I now clearly see to be in accordance with the mind of Christ and the teachings of His Word.

Believe me to be,

My Lord Archbishop,

Your Grace's very faithful servant,

X—— Y—— Z——.

P.S.—I may add that some months ago I resigned the Secretaryship of the A—— B—— Society and the Honorary Secretaryship of the C—— D—— which I had filled for 25 and 23 years respectively. I did this as anticipating the necessity of secession, and that my dear and honoured associates in those Societies might not be in any way implicated or injured by my present action.

The Archbishop replied:—

Dec. 6, 1892.

My dear Sir,

I beg to acknowledge your letter of Dec. 2 in which you inform me of your intention to deny your Baptism.

I can only say that I am very sorry for you.

No one can be surprised at your ceasing, although late, to minister in the Church of which you are not in heart a member. But you will not expect me to admit without hesitation the personal illumination which you claim for yourself. Your resignation of your secretaryships was a very proper proceeding, and I thank you for acquainting me with it.

Very faithfully yours,

Edw. Cantuar.

There was in certain quarters a disposition to belittle the Archbishop's work in the Lincoln case, by suggesting

that the learning shown in the judgment was really due to the learned Assessors—probably Bishop Stubbs was meant, perhaps others. This I was told by my uncle Professor Henry Sidgwick, who believed the facts to be otherwise, and recommended me to consult one of the Assessors in question. I accordingly wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, and received the following reply:—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON,
OXFORD.
Nov. 21, 1896.

MY DEAR MR BENSON,

All the Historical work done on the Lincoln Trial, saving of course what was done by the Counsel of the parties, was the work of the Archbishop himself, who collected the materials and drew up the judgment.

The Assessors, so far as I know—but I can only speak for myself—followed up the details and carefully criticised and talked over what was drafted, but no more. My contribution was the two words in the last clause of the judgment, "exaggerated suspicion."

I am amused at Mr Sidgwick's mention of an idea that I was likely to have had anything much to do with the "ritual" history. I did not know that I had ever been suspected; and indeed the fact was, as Lord Palmerston would have said, "rather the reverse."

The Archbishop's historical knowledge and critical power is shown not only in this little matter, but in his Articles in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* and elsewhere. But you know all that.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

Professor Sidgwick, commenting on the whole case, writes:—

I was impressed, on my visits during the two years when the Lincoln case was attracting public attention, with the cheerful serenity and unwavering confidence which your father always seemed to show with regard to his action in this difficult matter: as this seemed to contrast remarkably with the views that I heard almost uniformly expressed by my friends and acquaintances—especially

those of the legal profession—with regard to the probable issue of the trial. Every one seemed to think that in one way or another the affair was sure to do harm to the Church, for which the Archbishop would be blamed. As it was colloquially agreed "the poor Archbishop was in a hole";—the only difference of opinion being as to the depth of the hole, and the extent of his responsibility for his unfortunate position. It was not merely that this prosecution—like others—was thought certain to exasperate party strife within the Church, however the points at issue were decided: there seemed in this case to be a special and inevitable danger of conflict and collision. There was a widespread idea that in one at least of its previous decisions on ecclesiastical cases the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had gone wrong: but as my legal friends told me—it was quite impossible that it should admit this: such an admission would be contrary to the now established practice of the English judicature for a final Court of appeal, and would in fact impair throughout the empire the certainty of English law, as established by a series of judicial interpretations[1]. The Archbishop's Court therefore seemed to be in an inevitable dilemma: if it accepted and applied the wrong ruling of the Judicial Committee, the indignation of high Churchmen would know no bounds: in fact the "slavery to the State" would be presented in a peculiarly intolerable form, if the highest ecclesiastical authority were compelled by it to open-eyed injustice. If, on the contrary, it threw aside the ruling of the Committee, the novel scandal of opposition and conflict thus declared between the highest ecclesiastical and the highest secular judges, must severely strain the bonds of Church and State.

I speak of course from memory and probably with the imperfect accuracy of an outsider partly trying to give the views of lawyers: but something like what I have tried to express appeared to be the preponderant opinion equally of friends and foes of the establishment.

Well, when I talked to your father on the subject, reporting to some extent outside opinion as I had heard it, I found of course that he was aware of these difficulties and dangers; but somehow the matter did not seem to worry or disturb him at all in the way in which less important affairs sometimes did. I am inclined to think that what worried him was never merely the

[1] This principle was re-affirmed in the House of Lords in the Tramway Appeal, Apr. 25, 1898.

sense of responsibility,—he was always very fearless in taking responsibilities—but the necessity of having to make a decision without as full a knowledge of the data as he would have desired. He had been accustomed in all his previous work to make up his mind with full first-hand knowledge of the matter in hand; paying respect to the opinions of others, but never relying on them. With his indefatigable industry and great love of detail, this was not difficult for him at Wellington, Lincoln and Truro: but it was not always possible at Canterbury: he had to form a new habit of allowing himself to be sometimes guided by the judgment of other persons possessing a greater knowledge of the relevant facts than it was possible for him to acquire in the limited time at his disposal: and I think that—at first at any rate—his mind rather chafed at this necessity, and that he had anxieties and hesitations with regard to matters thus decided which he rarely had in any case in which he had been able to act with full personal knowledge.

Now in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln's trial he felt himself —if I may so say—on his own native heather: I mean he felt that his early and keen interest in the history of ecclesiastical ceremonial had adequately equipped him with the knowledge and habits of judgment required for dealing with the question. Hence he went forward to meet the difficulties with a cheerful sense of being at any rate in a position to do his best.

I remember that in one of the talks we had on the subject—I think it was at Lambeth early in 1890—I tried to give my idea of the practical conclusion to which the opinions I had gathered seemed to point. I explained that—according to my information—there was practically no chance of the Judicial Committee admitting that they were formally in the wrong: but that if the case was very clear they might go practically near to this by taking some distinction between the decided case and the new one, which would enable them to decide the latter differently, and I suggested to him that he should keep in view, in framing his judgment, the possibility of facilitating this mode of retreat for the supreme Court. In reply he explained to me his reasons for discarding all ideas of this kind: I cannot recall his words, but the substance was this. "It would," he thought, "be neither wise nor politic for him to try to do anything but give a simple straightforward judgment, guided only by common sense and a full impartial consideration of all the arguments and evidence attainable. Of

course his Court was in a sense subordinate to the Judicial Committee, as the final interpreter of the laws of the national Church: but it was not in the same relation to it as an inferior secular Court: it might be the duty of such a Court to apply a ruling which it thought wrong, but he could not regard that as his duty. He must trust that the Judicial Committee would do justice if appeal were made to it: and he must leave it entirely to them to find out the best technical method of doing this in view of their previous decision. It was not his business to help in this: and not being a legal expert he would certainly blunder if he tried."

I do not mean that he said this dogmatically, as closing the discussion; indeed he ended by saying that he would think over my suggestion, and referred to it once or twice in later talks: but I got the idea that there was no chance of the "breakers ahead" being avoided in this way.

The result was a series of surprises for me. First, when the judgment came out I was very favourably impressed by it,—I thought it would strike everybody as able, fearless and judicious—: but it seemed to me that the lawyers were inclined to turn up their noses at it with all the old contempt for ecclesiastical justice. "Altogether," sneered the *Law Quarterly*—after a brief, contemptuous criticism of the methods of the Archbishop's Court —"the judgment appears to us to have all the marks of entire spiritual validity." The Court of Appeal, it was freely prophesied, would make short work of the Archbishop's reasons for flying in the face of its decisions: and I heard again of the impossibility of its going back on previous judgments, on account of the disturbing effect that such a surrender would have on the whole body of law of which it was the final interpretation. Your father still seemed confident as to the result: but I thought him unduly optimistic. Well, as you know—to quote the *Law Quarterly* again —"the Church's logic prevailed," and the Judicial Committee submitted to "eat its own words and say that it was taking in new light." I confess I expected a general outcry from my legal friends at the shock given to the foundation of our judicial system; but on the contrary I seemed rather to hear expressions of satisfaction that the "superstition" as to the absolutely binding character of previous judicial decisions was now effectually dispelled! All's well that ends well: and it is perhaps a good thing that people do not always accurately remember in 1892 what they said in 1889.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIARIES AND LETTERS.

"*Quoniam zelus domus tuae comedit me; et opprobria exprobrantium tibi occiderunt super me.*"

PSALM LXIX.

AFTER the delivery of the Lincoln Judgment, my father and my mother went with my brother and sister to stay quietly at Windsor at the Deanery, and then to a cottage lent them by Lady Henry Somerset, at Reigate. My father writes:—

And here we are for another week, please God,—although who knows what a day may bring now—in Lady Henry Somerset's exquisite cottage—all old furniture, old prints, old china and perfect tints and shapes of everything—that taste which it takes generations to perfect—and which is moving on to *what*? Something—for there is something in it all which matches the finish Christus Creator has given to wings and to petals—doves, greyhounds, orchids—what *is* it all—what *is* it?... "I wonder what it will be like?"

And from here he wrote:—

THE COTTAGE, REIGATE.
4 *Dec.* 1890.

DEAREST DEAN,

I can scarcely realise what you and Edie have been to us all this week. You and your house and your surroundings form one perfect picture of soothingness and help, out of which again you start as the living hearts that give meaning to all the rest, and *are* all the rest too.

We did think of you in your night journey and the dreary morning, and the new witness of the ceaseless change which is taking all from us faster and faster till the day when all goes,

and we go as we came. May we *not* go "having toiled all the night and taken nothing." It *seems* as if little had been taken by all this past toil. Here they are with new rage and new victims. I have told —— how monstrous it is that nothing, if so be, will be before the Privy Council, except the appeal and whatever the legal advisers choose to add to it—with —— railing outside.

Just before the final pressure of the Judgment, and the bereavement which the year had brought him, the Bishopric of Rochester had been offered to the Dean of Windsor and accepted by him. The following letter was evidently written late at night for it is dated "Friday, now 27 Sep.":—

DEAREST DEAN,

I must not go to bed without telling you how I thank you wonderingly for giving no less fulness of attention to my affair, even at so critical a moment, than to your own—you take my *syllables* as peaceably as if you had nothing to dwell on, and nothing to feel. But what a momentous moment it is; and I only fear lest you should think *I* take it too quietly.

There is no doubt and there can be none that for your own spirit it is a tremendous change. I am praying earnestly that the call may be full of power. Do not fear that if you could change your μεγιστᾶνες[1] for πτωχοί[2] far more than you have the least chance of doing you would lose a tittle of influence in the Kingdom of God. *They* won't suffer you to drop them—yet it is a wonderful mark, that He should after all call you from those *slippery* associations to the poor of His People.

But He does. Now, for a time—and the time will be rich in the end.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

All the autumn he was writing very constantly to the Dean, who had not yet been consecrated Bishop.

Dec. 4, 1890.

I sent Baynes to see, and he reports Booth's shelters are very clean, and the people in them wholly uninterested in the addresses given them.

[1] "Great ones," Rev. vi. 15. [2] Poor.

6 *Dec.* 1890.

It is fearful to find how *slow* I have got and how inelastic as to writing—and how awfully ponderous my style has become.

I impute it to the Judgment—please use the lancet mercilessly wherever you see inflation!

To counsel you to work less and send you such work is hypocritical—so I say boldly work less for everybody but me.

Oh! what a week we had with you—It was too sweet and too good. We have our Fred with us for Sunday.

9 *Dec.* 1890.

While I have and enjoy so prudent a counsellor I fear I shall worry him.

I have amended the passage about "going over to Rome." But I want to ask you had it better stand at all. Will it quiet any fears, or help people to think that perhaps Church Association is going too far and makes bugbears? Which I believe and want them to believe.

Or will they think I have a Cardinal's hat in a bandbox?

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. C.

He wrote in his Diary:—

Dec. 8. Read again a good deal for Cyprian—but it fast slips away now—the hope of making a book that shall really serve the Church—yet, grant it, Lord—this old young hope.

The Archbishop spent the Christmas after the Judgment had been delivered quietly at Addington with relatives and children; it was a long frost-bound winter and the snow lay for many days; he used to walk out, as it was impossible to ride, to see us tobogganing from the high top of Fir Mount, a hill in the park; day after day he used to feed the birds with his own hands.

The year ended sadly; he wrote:—

To the Bishop of Durham.

Dec. 1890.

The dear Dean of St Paul's is gone—fruit ripens and falls fast this autumn. He is a beautiful figure taken from a great

niche of the world. Though I have seen but little of him for years I shall greatly miss the thought of him. I have had no long talk with him since the one with you that Sunday afternoon.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. C.

On Christmas Day Archbishop Thomson of York died after a short illness.

To the Dean of Windsor.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Xmas Day, 1890.

DEAREST DEAN,

I hear with sorrow from dear Lucy that you are not well, and full of the future. Do be discreet in sitting up and in exercise, and do not mind so much the duty of answering the long and incessant letters of selfish friends—especially one who oft reproaches himself and does not amend.

All will go well—never fear—diocese—house and all. All will work out. All will be blessed.

I received two telegrams from Wilfrid Thomson to-day telling me the *sad* fact and asking me to communicate it where it was necessary.

Zoë[1] had given me little hope; I telegraphed to Sir Henry Ponsonby, and telegraphed and wrote to Lord Salisbury. The Queen expresses deepest regret; and I only asked the latter[2] to accept my letter as the formal intimation to him on the part of the family. How the Abp is to be suitably replaced I cannot see, though I conjecture how it will be. But replacement is another thing. It is not only those great towns and their many men—but it is highly important that views like his should be held in the Church—and held with his sense and capacity and generous moderation. And no man was surer of Christ's Revelation.

I am deeply sorry for Lord Grimthorpe. He will feel it very deeply—such an old and close friend.

Our very dear love be with you and our Lucy and Edie, and things more precious than the dear loves of earth.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] Archbishop Thomson's daughter.

[2] I.e. Lord Salisbury.

On the 29th he went to York to Archbishop Thomson's funeral. I remember a most characteristic discussion on this point. He was very much pressed for time and had to return to London immediately after the funeral. He was anxious to allow plenty of time to get out to Bishopthorpe, and foresaw all kinds of possible delays and obstacles: but the return journey to York from Bishopthorpe, where he was anxious to stay as late as possible, was to take no time at all. It finally appeared that he was to take about two hours and a half to get out and twenty-four minutes to return. He writes:—

Dec. 30th.—Came to York last night about 11 p.m.—travelling with Glyn[1] and Lady Mary. They told me how the remaining Irvingite "Apostle" has a revelation that Irvingism is to be preached and pushed and no more lie quiet.

Robed at the Deanery and with Talbot and Fowler went to the West door of the Minster at 12. The great valves opened silently and standing close to it were the Dean and a long procession of the Northern Bishops and Great Chapter and Cathedral Body. The Dead March in Saul played mysteriously as we went up to the Altar through a vast congregation filling Nave and Choir. There was a beautiful and tenderly sung Service, ending with the Benediction. We lunched quietly at the Deanery and went to Bishopthorpe where the family received us affectionately, and I heard how the Abp had worked up to Saturday night, had then become drowsy on the Sunday and at last passed away in coma produced by the complaint which had been quiet so long and which in the greater alarm of the paralysis they had not thought of lately. Mrs Thomson desired me to tell Minnie that she was brave by her example. The respect, esteem and love in which the Abp has been held by all classes was very manifest everywhere. He did conciliate all these. We then had a very different and no less beautiful service in the little ugly parish church which was really beautiful with flowers, his seat and canopy and the organ as well as the coffin shining white with the lilies and lilies-of-the-valley and sweetnesses unknown by name to us. Most of the vast body of clergy who had been in the Minster came also to Bishopthorpe

[1] Now Bishop of Peterborough.

and I was placed next in front of the Body and again gave the Benediction. How little the sense of difference, and how strong my feeling of his power and solid sense—how little I care that he was wrong about the Discipline Bill, how much that he was so happy with us in the Summer; how much that he was, as all the family told me, so "devoted" to Nellie. As the Service at the grave was ending a little breeze—for the wind which roared in the trees and the intense cold of it were kept from us by them—swept a band of little hurrying brown withered leaves down into the gravel one by one among the wreaths, and a little snow fell in light tiny crystals.

The year 1891 began bravely and sadly; he notes:—

Thursday Jan. 1. When I looked out as an augur on the earliest weather of the year a hanging mist clothed the tree tops and all above them—the earth was iron-bound in frozen snows. There was a thin island of blue in the north-west and in it half a *moon* shining palely. I looked away and the moon was gone when I looked again. In the middle of the day the *sun* shone warm. Qui oculos habet, videat.

The tobogganing went on gloriously from the top of Fir Mount right over the path to the garden. And the Soul[1] which would have been the soul of all their enjoyment is somehow not far from us and knows she is not forgotten a moment.

He worked a good deal quietly at his Cyprian, but the impossibility of taking exercise depressed him; he writes:—

Jan. 13. To-morrow will be the seventh week since I have been able to ride. It has been the coldest, hardest, duskiest, and foggiest weather I ever remember. And day after day of the past fortnight the air has been dun with the smoke of London and the smell of London has been in our nostrils. All the snow here is now black, with the smuts of London. This is progress, for it was never so seen before.

I believe Grimthorpe has, in a month or so, refuted to his satisfaction the judgment of two years. As I shall have no opportunity of answering him I don't think I need take trouble to read him. The Liby-Phoenices are much more cheerful people.

[1] Mary Eleanor Benson.

To a Friend in great sorrow.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Jan. 1891.

DEAR LADY,

The Cross is heavy—and the Cross is sharp-edged. The weight and cutting seem to bear on your shoulders most bitterly now. But you know you have long prayed to bear whatever He wills—and He is not deserting you. If we are, *He* is much more "touched with the feeling." He is *really now* taking the weight, or you could not be what you are to others.

I scarcely know whether I ought to write amid all the terribleness of things—which is like looking into chasms through ice—but there *is* peace and Life. Remember "the Most Worthy Judge Eternal" only knows the allowances to be made upon every one of the myriad threads of which we are strung, and He knows them all—in others as well as ourselves.

May it be given you now to comfort the comfortless—that seems to be the *first task* with which He honours you.

The thought of you is always with us.

Yours affectionately, dear Lady,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 14th of January the Bishop of Truro (Wilkinson) came to tell him that he feared he must resign his See from ill-health; he heard too of the death of the Duke of Bedford[1]. There is a long and very sad entry in his Diary about these two events. To the Bishop of Truro he wrote later on this subject:—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
16*th April*, 1891.

DEAREST BISHOP,

Your sad pair of letters was my greeting on reaching this old home this morning and it was the climax to all I have been fearing and shaping this nine days. And yet The Lamb is King. Gentleness and Suffering reign.

The Master is leading you through very deep waters—but then, dearest Bishop, you always, when you were well, prayed,

[1] Francis Charles Hastings, K.G., 9th Duke.

hoped and strove that He should lead you whithersoever He would. He has taken many of us through waters we were obliged "to swim in"—but none has He led as He has you. You have shown Him that you keep back nothing from Him—not even the Crook and Keys He gave you. Ἀνερεύνητα τὰ βάθη[1].

We none of us know what He is about. But something very great and holy. And now you will go quietly forward from day to day, step by step—and we shall see. *All* feel the greatness of the step and manner of taking it. Friends, Laymen, Priests, Chapter, Strangers—all are sure that you could not, without being guided, so move onward,—for, be sure, *onward* is not backward. Nothing is *done* until you send me (Burch[2] will know how) a formal document. *It* will state the date on which you wish to resign—I accept it from that date. How full of pain are these hard words, but He will temper them. *We* have no strength to gain from them but by the sight of your firm walking—but you have to go from strength to strength by the door of ἀσθένεια[3] which He opens. Alas for my poor words—but you can fill them with meaning and can add thereto many like words of much more worth.

Your constant lover and true servant,

E. W. Cantuar.

To Canon Mason.

(*On the death of his father.*)

Addington Park, Croydon.
18*th Jan.* 1891.

You have been so close to us in our bitter troubles—and you know so well the sweetness of God infused into them, that I know a word, a sign, an "I understand" is enough—perhaps as much as is bearable.

But I do feel for you all, and yet feel it must be only like seeing him go into another room—or just out of the house—into the garden.

It is not much of an argument—that of Butler's—that the force and vivacity and keenness of interests just before death *shows* that death is not extinction. But when we *know* that death

[1] "The depths are unsearchable," Rom. xi. 33.

[2] Arthur Burch, Exeter, the Bishop's Principal Registrar.

[3] Weakness.

is not extinction, then it is a thing full of interest and power to realise that the things we know are taken onward. What it may mean to know all that Homer said, and to carry it to what Homer *is*, we cannot understand, but that makes it the more glorious to know *what* Christ *is* here and to take that onward to meet what Christ is there.

In *that*, at any rate, there is no break—nothing but passing out of the narrow seas into ἀπέραντον[1].

Your loving,

Edw. C.

On the 20th he heard that there was to be a protest made at the Confirmation of the new Bishop of Worcester (Perowne): he notes :—

Jan. 20.—One wretched set are going to protest against Bishop of Worcester at his Confirmation in Bow Church. I write to warn my Vicar General and to beg him not merely as in time past to silence those who make doctrinal objections on purely legal points, but to explain to them how stupid they are. [Confirmation is merely a public ascertainment of three things:—1. Age. 2. Mores. 3. Literatura sufficiens. Anyone able to contradict on those personal points, may. It is not a court of heresy.] And to say "no doubt they are acquainted with the limits of the protest." (They didn't do it.)

To Mr Skerritt (Signalman, London, Chatham, and Dover Railway).

(Replying to a letter of good wishes.)

Addington Park, Croydon.
Jan. 29th, 1891.

Dear Mr Skerritt,

It is not too late to wish you a Happy New Year, and to tell you that I much felt the sincerity and goodness of your good wishes for me and mine.

It has pleased God to lay burdens on me, as you truly say, since you wrote last, and to bear a grievous sacrifice.

But the Arm we have to lean upon never fails, whatever is imposed or taken away.

[1] The unlimited.

You will not forget that the Perils of the Church are met by the Prayers of the Church, and that unless we have a Praying Church we shall not have a Prevailing Church. I will tell you my motto for the year :—

"Day unto day uttereth knowledge"; that is enough, we cannot say, "Day unto next week"... and we need not.

Your faithful friend,

E. Cantuar.

On Feb. 20th he presided at the Confirmation of Archbishop Magee; he writes :—

Confirmed Abp of York at St Martin's in the Fields: I think no Abp of C. has done this duty in person since Abp Secker. It is a significant ceremony and ruined by the ridiculous dog-English employed, at which Grimthorpe says he can scarce keep his countenance—a large and interested congregation.

About this time he wrote to a friend :—

Never shall I forget the happy two and forty hours, full of peace and sweetness and (I hope) upwardness. Our two communions were strange—Dedications of each other—at least you would I think dedicate me to what you most wish for me—and I certainly "commended you to the Grace of God" as the Church did Paul, even on poor resolute sacrificed St Barnabas' Day. And strange in the grey morning uncertainties, with the blood-red hawthorns and chestnut flowers intermingling. All out and all in seemed to say "Sobrii estote et vigilate."

Thank you for the dear picture of the two demands on my life here. I shall be helped by remembering it. Generally I am like Alma Tadema's palette, and then you come and turn the muddy tints to alabastrine and onyx.

If you don't understand the wonderful sageness of that supreme remark I will explain it when we meet—which God grant it eftsoons.

The same day he heard of the death of Earl Beauchamp; he writes :—

To my great sorrow Lord Beauchamp died suddenly yesterday. A great loss to Church Legislation as he did the business of "whipping" and canvassing with ardour and success in Church

measures. People did not like his brusque straight address, as I did. Was a very smart bright man and a little chimerical—gaily dressed and brushed, and, beneath, a most loving son of the Church. A minority of one, and a recovery of one vote were his delight. Only two days ago the Queen's printers printed the rough manuscript notes I lent them in his handwriting for revision of C.P.B. as to notes, punctuation and distinct division.

On March 5th Archbishop Magee took his seat in the House of Lords for the first time as Archbishop of York: he was introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. The Archbishop of Canterbury then moved the second reading of the Clergy Discipline Bill in a practical speech which was warmly received; he was followed by the Abp of York in a speech of great eloquence and humour.

On the 6th of March he writes:—

Gave Morris[1], the instigator of the men in the Gas Strike, the living of St Ann's in the middle of them. This was a bold stroke. But he has immense influence with them and has begun to perceive that he acted too hastily—many of the best men have been out of work ever since. He is thoroughly humbled, without losing any of his devotion to working men's interests, as to the wisdom of his and their methods. He lives actually among them and with them in little rooms in a club he has founded for them adjoining the model dwellings in which many of them live. The men say to him, "We must not be so quick at striking, Sir, in future." It is far better that such a man should work out, and help them to work out, just solutions than to remove their leader and send someone who could not sympathise with them. I of course took my opportunity of piercing him for his mistake and one-sidedness, and he promised never to take this line again without *first* hearing the other side and conversing with the masters. All that has been gained would have been gained if he had done this, without suffering such as has happened. He is a fine romantic large-eyed young chartist-looking fellow, and I think he will make something of his life. He is a Birmingham man.

[1] The Rev. William Alexander Morris.

On the 12th of March he says:—

There has been no lack of interest since this pressure has become such that pen could not be put to diary, until at one o'clock a.m. day by day it struck work through drowsiness. But I have been sleeping too such short hours, that I have ended my work as soon as it would let me daily. The Tithe Bill has got on; the clergy frightened about Rating, though the practice has always been to rate them as, and at the same time as, other people. The case of Lamplough *v.* Norton[1] showed that the law literally exempted them till they had received their tithe. The Bill reverts to the practice. There would be general indignation if the till lately unknown letter of the law were kept so that the parson alone could refuse to pay when others paid.

I have conveyed to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury a small investment to provide an honorarium—just the travelling expenses—of the honorary canons preaching each in their turn in Canterbury Cathedral. It seems to me mournful that there should be 24 men chosen throughout the diocese for merit and activity and connected with the "Metropolitical Church" by so honorable a name whose voices were never heard in it, so I prevailed on the Chapter to assign to each of them a Sunday afternoon, letting me provide a guinea for each occasion. The D. and C. were most warm, and generously provided two furnished rooms in the Precinct so that each canon may spend the week there if he will.

He founded in accordance with the dying wish of his eldest daughter a "Mary Eleanor Benson Gift" for the parish of Lambeth; he writes:—

In dearest memory of our dearest Nellie we have founded with her £2000 what she would have delighted in. She spent most of her pocket money in helping poor respectable girls. She has told me the enormous difference made in the whole career of such girls by the fact of whether they had 3 months' training in a good home or were pitched head first into a "place" ignorant of every housework mystery; and of how they suffered at first in health both in houses and shops from the complete change of life and unused work. In her dying week she told her nurse that she should like her money to go to something at Lambeth—some

[1] In Feb. 1889.

charity or institution. Maggie suggested the way. So Pelham and I are Trustees and have appointed managers, Minnie, Mrs Pelham and Lucy Tait—and made the capital over to the Official Trustee of the Charity Commission! The Deed provides for the application of the income to the Training, Outfit, and Convalescence or holiday of poor girls. The first preference being given to her own Bible Class girls.

On the same day he writes of Bishop Temple, who had been speaking in the House of Lords the previous night on the Clergy Discipline Bill:—

It is painful, very painful to see the Lords always so unappreciative of the Bishop of London—the strongest man nearly in the House, the clearest, the highest toned, the most deeply sympathetic, the clearest in principle—yet because his voice is a little harsh, and his accent a little provincial (though of what province it is hard to say) and his figure square and his hair a little rough, and because all this sets off the idea of his independence, he is not listened to at all by these cold, kindly, worldly wise, gallant landowning powers. Some day his force and goodness *must* carry them.

All this time he was working at the Apocalypse in spare moments:—

A scrap of time daily on the Revelation—which can never be interpreted without its proper methodic, Dramatic and Choric arrangement and a clear sight of its Voices, Guides and Keys—I see it all—have it all in my head—but my fingers cannot find time to set it in visible order.

On the 18th of March a new Eagle Lectern was placed in Lambeth Chapel in memory of my sister. It was presented by the Duchess of Bedford, and others of my father's Class of ladies. He writes:—

My ladies saw the glorious Eagle Lectern in its place and I said a prayer for them and it. The chapel was full. My subject was mainly Eutychus, so that I could speak of their beautiful motto, chosen by Duchess of Bedford, and a word of my Nelly. "In the midst of death we are in life." We have finished St Paul

and the Great Towns, and as Nelly so felt for the people whom the Great Town crushes, all the thoughts seem to take a unity, which led us up to the unity of the Eucharist. Why am I not nearer to God? Because I am not near to my brethren.

On the 23rd he notes:—

Hugh and Carr-Bosanquet walked in towards midnight, having walked from Cambridge in the day till within 5 miles of Lambeth. They are full of the taste and intelligence and education of our best school-boys—and had walked without a map and without learning a name of any place they came through but Ware, and did not think this odd. It was not so in the days when we worked with all our souls at Latin and Greek alone. We should have known every step of the way and been into every church. It is the crush of all these "modern subjects" into education which destroys the out-of-school interest in them.

On the 24th of March he went to service at St Paul's; he writes:—

Again at St Paul's. The preacher thought Judas had been appointed an Apostle in order to tempt and try him in his weak point of covetousness, and that we are all tempted always on our weak points. My experience is that we are tempted on our strong points or on points in which we think our strength lies—and that it would make me miserable if I thought temptation was sent for any cause except to strengthen our strength. And Judas was appointed for his excellent Bursarial qualifications. Making him an Apostle was giving him a chance of greatness in his study of Church finance. It was he, not God, who turned them to treacherous ends.

To the Bishop of Durham.

(*Opium Traffic.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
30th March, 1891.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

We do thank you affectionately for your Easter remembrance. The day does come with power. But it is

difficult to look steadily at the sun ὀμμάτων ἐν ἀχηνίαις[1]. May He give us understanding in some little proportion to the trust which is His gift too.

You have no doubt appeals about opium. I am getting the blue book. But the publications of the Opium Society scare me—their placard-style, the violence of the expressions, and tone of sensational exaggeration make me feel very doubtful. They are put out also by persons who seem to *live* by the agitation, and to be backed by persons who have not time to look into it. I do not think I can give my name yet. I think, that if steps want taking, some better and calmer and therefore stronger way will open.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 8th of April, my father tells the Bishop of Durham that he has been to see the bust of Bishop Lightfoot, then being modelled by Mr Alfred Gilbert, R.A. He says:—

The head has an effect singularly like the mediaeval Italian ones. The head, eyes and eyebrows extraordinarily good. It seemed a pity that it should be *touched*—nevertheless the lips, the swollen out cheeks, and the absence of the maxilla with its strong corner could not be left as they are.

Mr Gilbert impressed me as clearly catching and knowing how to express the desiderata.

The main point now is that it should not be touched too much—only *just* enough.

On April 16th he writes again of the Bishop of London in the House of Lords:—

Marriage Law Amendment Bill. There is something sickening in seeing the House of Lords with its regulated tones and silken manners, which are well able to express as much contempt and animosity and selfishness, as they are able to express if they choose kindness and sympathy and chivalry, utterly unaware

[1] Aesch. *Ag.* 419 "with the eyes' blank gaze." Here probably intended to bear the sense of "with failing eyes."

that they have greatness and strength in the Bp of London. They talk, they look, they laugh at any allowance against himself which he makes. But I cannot but believe that if he would only speak a little oftener he must impress even their complacencies.

On the 17th he had an interview with Father A—— about the X—— Sisters; he writes:—

Father A—— came to talk over X—— Sisterhood. The Statutes are quite explicit that a sister may leave when she feels that she ought to leave, quite freely. I, as visitor, have no cognisance of anything but this. He, with any amount of assumption, says that when the Statutes are revised again this must be struck out. They have, he says, their admission form, and their conviction. Both make it a sin to leave their profession, and he—so please you—he could not continue to hold his office of Chaplain unless the Statutes are brought into conformity with the secret, dishonest profession which they have surreptitiously, though long before my time, introduced.

I declined to "dispense" sisters who do leave. They may leave by the Statutes. The mother has power to "remove" them by the Statutes—quite apart from her power to expel, i.e. for health or any good cause. And I am not going to sanction their innovation by dispensing from vows which I neither impose nor approve—as *they* take them.

I see no impropriety in vows taken after a certain age and above-board. That is another matter.

On one of these Sundays he went to Westminster Abbey. He writes:—

To Westminster Abbey where we heard a threadless sermon, having earlier in the day sat through an inaudible one. I was somewhat comforted at the Abbey by going to Poets' Corner, through being late, instead of to my stall by the Dean, and sitting against Isaac Barrow and reading his inscription through and through. The crowds round Lord Beaconsfield's statue were amazing, the street north of St Margaret's and Palace Yard were quite blocked, and they went densely down as far as Westminster Bridge. It is puzzling—they can't think he was a democrat. Perhaps it shows that our democracy isn't democratic.

On April 29th he went to St Paul's for the festival of the Sons of the Clergy; he writes:—

Convocation. Festival of Sons of Clergy. The pavement was so smooth with asphalt that just at the West door of St Paul's as I came to my carriage, the Lord Mayor having departed, one of my tall black horses fell flat down and the asphalt was too smooth for him to be able to get his footing. There was a very large crowd, very sympathising, and Sheriff Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane, insisted on my going off to Merchant Taylors' Hall by myself in his showy Sheriff's coach while he and his wife followed in their brougham. This, as the papers said, was an excellent instance of the alliance of "Church and Stage." In the pediment exactly above the catastrophe was the sculpture of St Paul's conversion with his steed sprawling in the selfsame attitude! What a portent!

On the 30th of April was the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G.; he writes:—

April 30th.—S.P.G. Annual Meeting—St James' Hall. The largest and everyone agreed the most enthusiastic meeting S.P.G. has ever had. They are generally frigid. Calcutta, Minnesota, and Lord Brassey spoke. I cannot tell why, but I received a most warm reception (if that is possible), very strong and affectionate in character. And when I was gone I believe it was renewed at something Calcutta said of me. These things do not matter, but there is a pleasure at any rate in knowing that the people know I work for them and love them, though there is so little chance of exemplifying it. My own work, however heavy, is not of a public character, though it is all public work. Long hours of quiet, of fuss, of letters, of interviews, of worries, are not impressive, and that is much better for the Church and infinitely better for me.

On the 5th May he was very warmly received by a crowded C.M.S. meeting in Exeter Hall. He writes:—

I did not refrain from saying some and hinting other home truths;—they took all well, and when I tried to leave quietly they were more demonstrative than ever. Now, shall I be able to keep their confidence? It is most necessary I should. No

worse evil could befall the Church than a rupture in the C.M.S. It is the power which keeps the Puritan party faithful to the Church of England. I was deeply smitten just as I entered the hall by the terrible news which a Press emissary had been sent to communicate to me—the Abp of York's death this morning. A fearful blow. Such a friend. Sharing several of my inner views so warmly. The loss to me still is nothing in comparison with the loss to the Church. He was the Layman's Bishop. The Layman knew he could speak, did not trouble himself whether he could think, but believed he had common sense. A generous, true, and manageable man. He made never a better speech than on my Clergy Discipline Bill in the York Convocation. He converted a Bishop and several Priests. He is a Thaumaturge.

On the 9th of May Archbishop Magee was buried. He writes:—

May 9th.—Abp of York buried to-day at Peterbro', but I was at the graveside of my brother-in-law, that grand and great-hearted old man Thomas Hare. He was a Bencher of the Middle Temple. His book on "Representation" will remain the ideal until the rough ways of the world render the working of so good a scheme practicable. He would have been a Charity Commissioner but for the action of personal motives. He devoted much of his life to perfecting the methods and devising the schemes of the Commission. His house at Gosbury Hill was the prettiest quaintest place imaginable, with the advantage of picturesque ground cleverly used, and with his quaint little private chapel. He was a *great* friend of Stuart Mill, but kept his own church faith always high and strong.

My sister, whom he tenderly cherished, made his house a centre of good works and of social life for the whole neighbourhood. He felt as much as she did the loss of their little girl whom they have commemorated at Hook so simply. It was a marked sight to see such strong ancient men at his funeral. But his hoary head with its abundant locks at 82 was a crown of glory to his massive benevolent fine features. He was devoted to literature and used to repeat passages of forgotten writers with a fine touching voice. He was the sort of man who is getting scarce, most modern but most believing.

He went down to Addington for Whitsuntide; he writes on May 19th:—

In the afternoon the Chancellor of the Exchequer called with Mrs C. Goschen.

He amusingly let out one secret. We are all dying to know whether Education is to be Free or Assisted by the new Bill which is kept so mysteriously unknown. I happened to say to him that after all they paid as much or more in America for children's schooling than our people do, inasmuch as we provide the books for them, which they make the children buy themselves. He said, "Oh! then we shall actually do more for them than *they* do!"

To the Bishop of Rochester (*Davidson*).

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
May 29th, 1891.

I cannot conceive what can be at the bottom of such a statement as that I ever said a church was not complete without a crucifix. Certainly I never did say so, or think so, or dream so. You know that I object to the ordinary form of the crucifix itself as irreverent; up till the 9th century or so it was always symbolic, the head crowned, the figure royally draped, the face majestic. I cannot think it right to represent the form distorted and agonized over which the sun was darkened.

This being my view often expressed of the Crucifix itself—I need not say that the other saying is not mine.

Most thankful to hear of real and distinct improvement. May He carry it on steadily and swiftly in His beautiful mercy. But if you take too anxious thought for the morrow even in spirituals, He will not be able. Healing second, Peace first.

Your ever loving,

EDW. CANTUAR.

There are hardly any entries in June and July when he had a bad attack of influenza.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

WOODSIDE, CHENIES,
RICKMANSWORTH.
12th June, 1891, *I'm told.*

DEAREST HROF[1],

I trust you are daily repairing yourself a little and feel it. It is *gardening* you want. I am *gardening*—i.e. creeping about a garden, like an old gardener—and driving between whiles. And it is eminently refreshing. You had really better be off soon to a garden, with a doctor's lamp next door. It is the name of the doctor combined with the facts of the hedgerow which works changes. Meantime the Black Prince's garden and park which you inhabit where you are will work preliminary wonders.

One thing I envy you, that you retain your brain intact. I hear business even amuses you. I have not been trepanned (so far as I know) but the surface of my brain has been absorbed about ·5 in. in depth, so that my thoughts, words and deeds (no—there are none)—belong to a remote past. Anything I hear of the present comes like voices to the Lotos Eaters, "And if his fellow spake," etc.

I assure you Influenza is nasty. Ὅλος διαφθείρεται ὁ ἄνθρωπος[2]. Thought, affection, devotion, sensation, will, memory,—all smoothed down with a flat iron.

This is a beautiful country, a perfect specimen of what land and people under an aristocracy may be. There is not anything which is not in first-rate order and beauty: and every soul tells you how long it has been "under the Russells."

If you don't know it, read Froude's short essay, vol. iv., "Chenies and the Russells." Edie would read it to you in an hour. It is sufficiently accurate, even as history, and is living with interest. Moreover the *Fish* are more interesting even than he says, because I do not want to pull them out of the water in which you can watch their wonderful performances ever and ever.

Your happier work—the Life[3]—is simply done *ad unguem*. I cannot conceive how you bring such a thread out of such a τολύπη[4].

[1] The Archbishop's name for Bishop Davidson, from the mythical founder of Rochester. [2] The man is utterly destroyed.

[3] The Biography of Archbishop Tait.

[4] "A ball of wool carded ready for spinning," here perhaps used for a "tangle."

The narrative runs with such perfect clearness out of such a mass of modern matter, so complex and so hot. And then you keep out of sight in the most interesting way. GOD bless you—He *is* blessing you in His own ways—to say they are ἀνερεύνητοι[1] is to say nothing. But plainly He is. And may He keep you in yourself and keep you close to Himself, and restore you to a better building than you had before. Love to Edie.

Your ever loving,

EDW. CANTUAR.

He was present at the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Church House by the Duke of Connaught on June 24th. On the 12th of July he visited Leeds, on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Restoration of the Parish Church, and spoke very feelingly of the long connection of his family with Yorkshire. My sister writes:—

The visit to Leeds was very typical. I went with him. We started at ten, and lunched on the way; he was met and wen down from the station with a procession of clergy to the church, preached, went to some big meeting, where he spoke, and arrived at the Vicarage only in time to dress for dinner. There was a dinner party and an evening party and he appeared rather refreshed and invigorated next day.

On the 16th of July he spoke warmly in the House of Lords in favour of the Free Education Bill.

On the 25th of July he writes:—

After constant promises from Mr Smith and Mr Gladstone to do their utmost for the Clergy Discipline Bill, the illness and absence from the House of both prevents the leaders from keeping their word. Sir William Harcourt for Mr Gladstone then loyally undertook its support, and the restraining of their followers, and Goschen is, I believe, really anxious to do the best for it. To-night he writes that it is hopeless on account of Non-Conformist opposition (to a Bill which does nothing but attempt to rid the parishes of *immoral* clergy!) to try to get the whole bill through, but that he will endeavour, if I think well, to pass the first four clauses. I think we must save what we can from the wreck, and

[1] Unsearchable.

so do London, Herschell and Jeune, and I have said so. We shall see.

A little more promptitude and energy for the Church on the part of a Government which professes to "stand by the Church" as a watchword would have given us this most beneficial measure. The enemy do not profess to have any motives except that they will not allow anything which will strengthen the Church. Not even the correction of morals. Tyre and Sidon will stand up. Formerly it was defective processes of law, henceforth it is Non-Conformists personally who are responsible for any wicked priest who holds his church as a fortress against the Church[1].

On the 27th of July his uncle, the Rev. William Jackson, died. He writes:—

Yesterday died my half-uncle, William Jackson, at Pen Wartha, his house at Weston. A very able man naturally. He was formerly the promising young orator when he was at Bedford Chapel, Exeter, and a philosophical reader and a thinker not without both originality and conscientiousness. He has lived a studious life, cutting himself off from society by eccentric hours, and he has ordered himself with much minuteness to be cremated. He was kindness itself to me and mine for some years after we lost our dear mother. His appearance was very striking, a large strong forehead, with fine eyebrows and clear penetrating eyes, and he had a persuasive voice. There is a strange mystery connected with him.

William Jackson was devoted to my father, whose original research and method of study in Chemistry he thought the most true and fruitful possible, if his early death had not interrupted all before it was perfected. He told me once that my father's address and look were tenderer and more sympathetic than he had seen in any woman.

On the 2nd of August he preached in St Paul's to the Foresters; his texts were, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting"; and "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." The sermon was epigrammatic.

On the 6th he notes:—

Mr Johnston told me "the last" on the Lincoln Case. A

[1] See p. 84 etc.

church in Norwich has had a day of humiliation in the parish on account of the Influenza, regarded as a judgment on my Lincoln Judgment.

From the Prince of Wales.

R. YACHT "OSBORNE,"
COWES.
Aug. 13th, 1891.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Your kind letter of the 10th inst. has touched me very much—as I know the kind feelings which prompted you to write to me on a subject which we have discussed together and which you are aware has caused me deep pain and annoyance.

A recent trial which no one deplores more than I do—and which I was powerless to prevent—gave occasion for the Press to make most bitter and unjust attacks upon me—knowing that I was defenceless, and I am not sure that politics were not mixed up in it! The whole matter has now died out—and I think therefore it would be inopportune for me in any public manner to allude again to the painful subject which brought such a torrent of abuse upon me not only by the Press—but by the Low Church, and especially the Nonconformists.

They have a perfect right, I am well aware, in a free country like our own, to express their opinions—but I do not consider that they have a just right to jump at conclusions regarding myself without knowing the facts.

I have a horror of gambling and should always do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as I consider that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which a country could be afflicted with.

Horse-racing may produce gambling or it may not—but I have always looked upon it as a manly sport which is popular with Englishmen of all classes—and there is no reason why it should be looked upon as a gambling transaction. Alas! those who gamble will gamble at anything. I have written quite openly to you, my dear Archbishop, whom I have had the advantage of knowing for so many years.

Thanking you again for your kind letter and trusting that you will benefit by your holiday,

Believe me, Sincerely yours,

ALBERT EDWARD.

On the 13th we went to Pontresina, stopping at Chur, where my father found much to interest him. He writes:—

Year after year the rolling and advancing stream of travel is acting to make nations more like each other in Europe. I *see* manners and tones becoming more alike—certainly *vast* changes since 1852. I *think* there is less and less *apparent* recognition of Divine presence in our daily affairs. Certainly less in *forms* of speech.

Impossible not to listen sentimentally to the sound of this river, like heavy rushing rain, and watch his busy glacier-stained dark roll, finding *something* in the thought of those Imperial Roman lawgivers and soldiers, and the mediaeval rulers and Christian civilisers, and all the sins of both against the power and light which they supplied themselves to the world, having felt soothed and quickened at once by the sound and the sight as I do—all this evening.

On the 28th he writes:—

L. and I went on up the Languard Valley. An extraordinarily hot bare desolate valley—the last few trees are long dead dark arches, pine trunks standing gaunt among great tracts of stones, which are crusted with ancient greenish lichen—here and there tufts of darkest purple monkshood are intermixed with the brilliant yellow arnica—marmots whistled and a few stonechats chipped. A marmot came on us suddenly to his horror and darted to and fro among the stones with his beautiful feet and long furred tail, quite beside himself till he suddenly tilted into his hole. Another stood up and caught sight of us at the mouth of his burrow, whistled and dived instantly. The Albriz was very fine with the glacier in his lap; the Layon peak above to the left—a cold unfertilising stream wandered to the edge and threw himself over—pale browns, pale greys, pale greens, and steep slopes and precipices everywhere. We considered whether in my novel this should be the all-sufficing scene at which two perfect lovers should need nothing but themselves to fill it with light—or whether a conscience-stricken soul should repent there—or a cast-out demon full of anger at everything should not repent.

He was often depressed at this time; but returned in September very much refreshed; he writes, on the last day:—

It has been a month of wonderful beauty. The region is too

divided into infinite beautiful interests to fasten on and to hold one as the Riffel does with one over-mastering spell. It will not be so well remembered. But the beauties *are* infinite.

The "Petition" from Natal came, as a call back to the small world of strife.

When the river of water of life is said to flow from the throne of God and the Lamb, it surely makes that throne a mountain throne—a great white throne indeed.

Thank God for a beautiful time—full charged with strength and refreshment. No cloud but in self—and the πόθος διηνεκής[1].

To Canon F. E. Carter, who had asked the Archbishop to lend his pastoral staff to be carried at the Enthronement of Dr Gott as Bishop of Truro.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
17 *Oct.* 1891.

MY DEAR CARTER,

"The Archbishop of Canterbury sent down his own pastoral staff expressly for the purpose."—*Daily Papers.*

"The Archbishop exhibited
1. His sense of ritual propriety,
2. His inveterate Romeward propensity."—*Church Papers.*

"The Primate displayed his despotic tendencies towards his suffragans, as if they could not be installed without his Archbishop's-staff.—What will he send next? a Pall??"—*Ditto.*

You should really borrow someone else's or get Hardman R.C.? Cox? alii, to lend one.

You can't keep it unknown and uninterpreted.

I did not know that it was necessary to an enthroning—I should think nine out of ten are enthroned without it—and that those who are enthroned *with* one, if any, have one which they will subsequently use.

Of course if you drive me I shall have to give in. But it would be more appropriate to get another.

Yours affectionately,

E. CANTUAR.

P.S. Mine is not *a "Truro" staff.*—It was personal.—This was required of me.

[1] The ever present longing.

In October he had attended the Church Congress at Rhyl, under the Presidency of the Bishop of St Asaph. The Archbishops of York and Armagh were also present.

The question of Welsh Disestablishment was then becoming urgent.

With regard to the Archbishop's whole attitude towards this question the Bishop of St Asaph[1] writes :—

The year 1885 saw the question of Disestablishment suddenly thrust to the front, and Churchmen were startled to find how many Parliamentary Candidates were pledged to such a measure. In October, a few weeks before the General Election, the Archbishop paid his first visit as Primate to Wales. St David's College, Lampeter, where many of the Welsh Clergy are educated, was regarded as the key of their position by Welsh Churchmen, and at the invitation of the Bishop of St David's and the Principal of the College, the Archbishop consented to lay the foundation-stone of the Canterbury Buildings. This visit to Wales was memorable. The ceremony at Lampeter took place on Thursday, October 15. On the previous Sunday the Archbishop preached at St Peter's Church, Carmarthen, and in the intervening days visited the Cathedral of St David's, and the reception given to him everywhere is best described in his own words at Lampeter, when he said that from what he had seen in Wales he should have concluded that all the inhabitants were Churchmen. The Welsh Church had been specially singled out for attack, and Churchmen felt how much the future depended on what the Archbishop would say at Lampeter. The whole situation was difficult and perplexing. In Wales itself there was the large preponderance of Parliamentary representatives pledged to Disestablishment : the separate Nonconformist bodies on this subject all united, the rising cry of Welsh Nationalism, the Tithe War beginning, uncertainty as to the attitude of the English Church, and the Irish precedent—all these things combined to create fear, if not despair, in the hearts of Welsh Churchmen.

The speech of Lord Aberdare, who proposed the Archbishop's health, was kindly and considerate, but rather in the tone of one breaking the news to an incurable. There were those present who heard the Archbishop speak on many and great occasions,

[1] Dr A. G. Edwards.

and all would agree that they never heard him speak with greater vigour and clearness. His illustration of the Alpine Climbers passing over a dangerous crevasse in safety, because roped together, made it clear to every Churchman in Wales that we should not merely be left to hang on as long as we could to the skirts of Canterbury, but that the Church in England was ready to run some risk to her own position in defending that of the Church in Wales. All the Archbishop's subsequent utterances and actions agreed with this declaration at Lampeter. A Welsh Clergyman who had the honour of meeting the Archbishop during this visit, remembers how he discussed with wonderful sympathy and insight, the views and position of the Welsh Nonconformists, and how accurately he had gauged the failures and the hopes of the Church in Wales. His Cornwall life, among a people similar in faith and race, may have enabled him to take in the whole situation in Wales, as if he had lived there for years.

The General Election of 1886 postponed the issue but not the controversy. The Tithe Agitation, avowedly used "as a lever for Disestablishment," had assumed such proportions that in many districts of North Wales Disendowment had become partially a fact, and, in spite of emergency men and detachments of soldiers, no Tithe was paid. The Archbishop used the whole weight of his influence to secure the passing of the Tithe Act, which put a peaceful and complete end to the troubles in Wales. Even zealous advocates of Welsh Disestablishment admitted that the Tithe Agitation, although a powerful, was an inglorious weapon in their campaign, and all right-minded men on both sides were thankful that the main controversy should be disentangled from an irritating and degrading side issue. A letter written by the Archbishop in 1889, when the Tithe trouble was in full flood, shows that he realised the dangers and the needs of the moment. "I am so sorry to hear," he writes, "that the Clergy are getting discouraged...Firmness and clearness of view will hold them up. The spiritual work—the raising of the inner life and of the tone of work among our Clergy—the traversing of the country by Missioners again and again—and quiet days for the Clergy themselves —are, I am certain, our means of working. The people have got out of the idea that their *souls* are cared for by the Church. But they seem to me to *wish* to feel it. I find even in a county like Kent that a sensible difference is being made by Missions, and certainly in Cornwall the travelling Missioners made the greatest

change in the feeling of the people towards us, and also in the pains which the Clergy put into their work. These things *and Lampeter* are the Welsh hope. I fear I have run on into taking a liberty. I think it is because I have just been stirred by a talk with a Nonconformist, a good man, who says that the Congregationalists and many Methodists are resolved *now* to 'have it out with the Church once for all.' He deplores it. He says some of them have been visiting a great Leader, and have told him there is no support for the Liberal Government 'unless Disestablishment is made the foremost plank of the platform.' He thought Wales would be made a Jonah, which it will not."

The same year the Archbishop preached at the Cardiff Church Congress and took as his text the Epitaph of Paulinus,

> "Servator fidei patriaeque semper amator,
> Hic Paulinus jacet, cultor pietissimus aequi[1]."

> "Guard of the Faith, and lover of his Land,
> Liegeman of Justice, here Paulinus lies."

Two passages from this sermon illustrate the position taken up by the Archbishop throughout the Welsh controversy.

"I might have travelled much more widely over the history of Wales. I am not concerned to defend the terrible sins, the errors, honest or dishonest, of the past. It would be nearly as difficult a task as it will be 500 years hence to defend to-day's. But, for good or for grief, the history of Wales is Church history, and Church history is the history of the country. An Alien Church! Then whose are those noble names that gild the chronicle from times obscure with distance down to yesterday?—whose are those

[1] The text of the Cardiff sermon (Latinised by my Chaplain in copying out the MS.) is given thus in the official Reports of the Cardiff Congress (in an *editorial* footnote) :—

> "Servat*o*r fid*ae*i patri*ae*que semper amator
> Hic Paulinus jac*i*t cultor pi*e*tissumus aequi."

The original (see Haddan and Stubbs, *Ecclesiastical Docts.*, Vol. I. p. 164, and Rhys, *Lectures on Welsh Philology* (2nd Edition), pp. 210 and 392) runs thus :—

> "Servat*ur* Fid*ae*i Patri*e*que semper amator
> Hic Paulinus jac*i*t Cultor PieNtissimus aequi."

In the first sentence of his sermon the Archbishop calls it "the *rude* couplet" indicating the liberties which late Latin took with "u" and "o" and "ae" and "ē," &c. These liberties may not have been known to the Editor of the official Report.

foundations that defy time—whose are the sacred memorials that provoke the emulation of times to come? Are they not all Welsh? If not, to whom do they belong? Assign them. Any other land would be proud of them. And are they not equally Church names, Church foundations, Church memorials, incentives to the Church of the future? If the alien gave them all, let him have the honour of them. But you know they are all your own—only that there is no boundary line between your Church and the Church of your brethren."

"What the Church has to deal with is the vast and vigorous world. It is not by the perpetual fingering of her own implements, her *organa*—which some people call organisation—that work will be done. The great way for the Church to keep her position is that the world should find her what they who first accepted her had found her to be—find her Churches and her Clergy to be Homes, Fathers, Brothers to the Masses."

In February, 1891, the Liberal Party by the vote, in curious contradiction to the speech, of its Leader, was formally pledged to support Welsh Disestablishment. The feverish agitation continued without intermission for the next four years, until in 1895 the Bill for Welsh Disestablishment perished with the Government that gave it birth. In all the anxious work of those years the Archbishop was guide and mainstay. In spite of an overwhelming pressure of work, he yielded with patient consideration to the importunity of his Welsh brethren, and was present at the Church Congress at Rhyl. The crisis in the fortunes of the Welsh Church had brought together the largest assembly that had yet met in Wales, and the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the Archbishop was received proved the confidence with which he had inspired Churchmen. That speech was really the turning point in the whole controversy, and as a very distinguished Liberal Churchman, who was present, said, marked an epoch in the history of the English Church. From that day there was no doubt or uncertainty about the attitude of English Churchmen, and the concluding words of that speech were quoted throughout the length and breadth of the land. He ended by saying:—

"We have spoken of the tangible and external, but our hearts are not there. We have spoken of them as instruments in this world of that devotion to the widest interests of the people, that love of souls, that "perfect charity," without which faith, knowledge and zeal are nothing worth. Of this I am here to assure

you. This is the message that I bring you. We should think scorn of ourselves if we contentedly beheld the established Christianity of Scotland—Presbyterian though it be in discipline—discharged of its duties and dislodged from its tenure, as the spiritual organ of the State and Kingdom of Scotland united with us by comparatively recent ties. But you, who are our eldest selves, the fountain of our episcopacy, the very designers of our sanctuaries, the primaeval British dioceses, from whom our very realm derives its only title to be called Great Britain, I come from the steps of the chair of Augustine, your younger ally, to tell you that by the Benediction of God, we will not quietly see you disinherited."

These things are already known throughout the Church, but few know the labour, the time, and the thought given by the Archbishop to the Church in Wales during these troubled years. The re-organisation and broadening out of the whole work of Church Defence, the frequent consultations with leading laymen, the supervision of details down even to the revision of Leaflets and Pamphlets, indicate some of the many labours undertaken for the Church in Wales by the Archbishop Those labours have wrought results which can hardly fail to be permanent. To a Welsh Bishop newly consecrated the Archbishop said, "Do not neglect the central work—Convocation, Bishops' Meetings, and those gatherings that concern the whole Church." May it not be said of the Archbishop himself that in the same spirit he taught English Churchmen the importance of not neglecting the outposts? He brought home to the minds of Welsh Churchmen the truth that the Church in Wales can only be defended so long as she is worth defending, and that if she is to be worth defending the spiritual character of the Church's work is the only thing to be aimed at and cared for. "Having taken up the glove, we must go forward—it ought to be in the way of showing that we *are* what we have all said we are—the spiritual organ of the Nation."

The Archbishop's speech produced the profoundest sensation, from the militant vigour, the stately dignity of the challenge. There were found many to say that such a majestic defiance could only damage the Church, and that if the cause should be lost, it would be food for overwhelming derision. But as a matter of fact it had a wide

and deep effect, and undoubtedly contributed to the collapse of the movement.

To the Rev. C. B. Hutchinson.

(*About arranging memorials of a tour which his daughter Nelly had taken in the Holy Land with Mr Hutchinson.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
17th Nov. 1891.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

How can we thank you? It is *too* much of love and care to bestow on us. I should feel a pang at having asked you even how we should arrange the remains of "Nellie's Tour" if it were not for the beautiful touching words about these "five months" which are always so much to us, and were so at the time, as we thought of all the sacredness and greatness through which she was moving in the care of so beloved a friend. This beautiful present will make it seem as if the "five months" were rolling still—so they are to *her*, like all life and time.

Best love to you all.

Your ever loving,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 19th November he writes:—

A busy day in London—drove Abp of York and Mrs Maclagan back to Addington. I apologised at Charterhouse for my lateness by saying I had been appropriately dead-locked in *Fetter* Lane. Lord Selborne said, "I trust it is no omen of what is coming!" I said, "Your tone is as sad as if you thought it might really be." He, "We live in times in which no one can say what may not be coming on us." He added, "If it should be the case, I am sure your Grace will behave very becomingly!"

At the end of December he set off for Algeria with my mother, Miss Tait, my sister, and my brother Fred, Canon and Miss Hutchinson. He started in a mood of great depression and writes, Dec. 30th, at Marseilles:—

It was not a satisfactory pain but it was an acute pain, of which I am not certain that I know the source, which in the evening gave me some little torment. Fred read aloud everyone's favourite piece of *In Memoriam*. *In Memoriam* was in-

expressibly dear to me for the best part of my life. It came out just when my mother and my sister Harriet died. I sank into it and I rose with it, and I used to teach—to love it; and to-night among their very nice talk of it, my two children's views of it and of its arrangement and true purpose, in defect and effect, were throughout what I had taught—and Minnie too entered into the same threads. There was nothing I so longed for in early life as to lead my children along those ways and kindred ways in other poets. It had been done, and yet they were quite unconscious of my having any keen, deep interest in it, still less the passionate and absorbing interest with which it had gone with me through the valley of the shadow of death. I could not but be silent throughout. It was strange to *be* in, and not be in the least felt to be in, my children's tender thinkings. The pain was not *wholly* an evil pain. Was it a low one? Ought one to take the pleasure of self-obliteration as quite absorbing all others? It is because self-obliteration is absolutely imperfect, scarcely begun, that there could be any pain at all. It is the white light.

The Diary is very full during the whole of this African tour, but I can only select a few passages. It was to him a kind of pilgrimage, though but for my mother's urging he would never have gone to the places where in thought he had so often dwelt. A month was all that he could spare, and the plan was to stay only a short time in Algiers itself and then to travel through North Africa to Tunis, seeing certain Roman cities on the way. It was this journey which enabled him to finish in more detail his chapter on the cities of North Africa and to give so vivid a description of Carthage in his Cyprian. But it did more than this. It was his first contact with a race so alien as the Arab; and the extraordinary power of Mohamedanism and the devotion of the Moslem impressed him very deeply. It is not difficult to trace the effect in the breadth and seriousness of his view of Eastern religions. His extraordinary vigour was never more displayed than on this journey, and it was not all the party who could keep up with him; in

order to see Tebessa it was necessary to travel 15 hours, and after spending one day there to travel 17 hours back again to meet the others. They arrived at Sétif after dark, having travelled since 4 in the morning, and intending to start again at 7 a.m. the following day, but he scorned those who would not sally forth with him after supper to peer at the ramparts through the darkness. But Carthage was the goal and it did not disappoint him. Tunis was reached in the middle of the night, and they were very kindly welcomed by the Consul and the English chaplain. My father was heard making arrangements with them to start for Carthage at 9 the next morning, and on being besought for a rather longer allowance of sleep exclaimed, "Oh, if you don't *want* to see it!" Finally they started at 10 a.m. and returned by starlight.

Jan. 2. *Algiers.* The faces were exceedingly marked and a proud despondency was (I thought) the prevailing expression. All the people seemed gaunt and serious and in the depth of poverty. They swarmed. It was a mysterious sight which deepened the detestation of "the devil," and awoke fresh sympathy in us all for a humanity which it seems impossible to touch with a western finger. Are the French Christians enough now to make one wish that these Arabs should be like Frenchmen? Like Frenchmen, yes, but not like the French officials and government. But one sees that the conquering stream is turned full on them and that all this Eastern life will go, by about the time that there will be little left to give them.

On the 15th he went an expedition into the Sahara, and wrote:—

Jan. 15*th.*—We all went three hours' journey into the Sahara for a glimpse of it, and it was worth coming from England for in the minds of some of our party.

On the north lay the beautiful Aurés' pink glowing sides, with blue shadows and some streaks of snow—lying far and wide from east to west, and on the south the immense horizon in one unbroken line; I must say that this sea-like land created to

my surprise a strong yearning to set forth across it—a singular attraction.

It was a pinkish sandy and stony soil covered with large tufts of vegetation clinging to lumps and little hillocks of sand—all between the lumps was bare—a line of sand like a long shoulder ran out from each, a tiny ridge swept up by the S.W. wind.

Sidi Okba. We stood looking into the mosque while prayers went on—numbers of men in rows solemnly worshipping, standing, kneeling, prostrating, and a voice from far within sounding. At the end they came pouring out with tranquil faces. There was one awful looking personage came out nearly last—a very large, very black, fat, large featured or rather vast featured negro, richly drest with much green about him—a Negro Marabout from far in the desert—he was carefully attended and received much respect—but he was a rather terrible sight. Then we went in. It is a very ancient mosque—one of the most ancient, and contains *the* most ancient Arabic inscription known—7th century. "This is the tomb of Sidi Okba, may God have mercy on him." He was the warrior who won all this region to the faith and dashed into the sea calling all to witness that nothing less should have prevented his carrying his gospel further. Then he was murdered here, then honoured and then venerated.

His visit to Carthage was made on Jan. 22nd. He wrote:—

Friday, Jan. 22nd—Tunis. On Friday we went to Carthage all.

First then. I cannot conceive how human creature can be "disappointed," as everyone says, with Carthage, one of the most magnificent situations in the world. Most beautiful mountain ranges from Cape Bon to Zaghouan beyond the Gulf of Tunis facing you—and westward the Salt Lake which once was all sea, silted up by Bagradas flinging mud upon a sandy bar. Beyond it the low range of pretty sandy slopes which were so easily defended against the Berbers and made the then hammer-head peninsula just the place where the Phoenicians, who wanted no territory but the sea, could make one great mart with the appurtenances thereof. From behind these shoots out the beautiful range where nestled Utica ends in Cape Farina; beyond this and overlapping it another higher and soft-outlined range.

In this I was disappointed, that we see nothing of what is *called* Atlas, but nevertheless these two ranges are buttresses or

outlying ramparts of his—and his highest heads are too far back to be seen. The great Metidja plain is between.

But I had no idea that the east side of this gulf presented, to Cyprian and to Proconsul and to sailor, such forms of beauty as Bou Gournin, "Father of two horns," actually soaring from the sea, and behind Eir Sass, "the Lead Mountain," looking over his shoulder, and southward the precipitous-sided Zaghouan from which they draw their water in an aqueduct of 60 miles.

The Byrsa is much bigger—much broader at top than I expected, and its sides as steep as a town could stand. And for the vastness of the remains, so far as huge tumbled inexplicable masses cause wonder, there is wonder enough. And a far greater wonder is the absolute disappearance of the vast buildings that have left such wreckage, for it is no more, and stood on such foundations and areas. It is strange that mortal people should have ever conceived the sense of ruining such a place, but that they should after that have picked it all up and carried it away and hidden it in plain unsightly buildings of their own miles away, clean out of sight, and left nothing but arable fields and pastures with endless rock-like bits of masonry sticking up, and more pottery and marble in the furrows than stones, and occasional solemn masses and areas of ruin—this is astounding—and to have been done twice. I defy any moderately sensitive spirit to walk about alone without a strange sense of judgment in the air. To think that where nothing can have exceeded the pride and power of either Phoenician or Roman or Vandal, there now should be only the occasional Arab,—symbol of desertion, whose children scream for "karobs" till they are hoarse.

Then the smooth glassy vast *Lake of Tunis*, white, parted by the thread of the Ligula from seas as blue as a jewel—and flocks of flamingoes wading and flying at their ease—*flamingoes!* think of it! and an eagle or two in the air. Blakesley doubts if this is the "*stagnum*" of the siege—but can there be a doubt? with its *taenia* or *ligula* and all, and its hot beach under the then walls?

Looking from the Byrsa one sees the beautiful green tract of Magaran, el Marsa, Magalia stretching out to Kamart, all cypress, olive and garden—exactly as in old times—somewhere among them was the convallis to which Cyprian went out by the Via Mappaliensis to his martyrdom. The Père Delattre is persuaded that it was about the corner of the English consul's garden. There are olive trees in abundance just the height which Pontius'

Zacchaei would climb and lean down from to see an execution—and if they pruned them then as they do now there would be no gigantic boles such as we see elsewhere. Of course it was without the walls and not far from the villa of Galerius—whose horti like Cyprian's own were doubtless here.

This walk was freshness itself, and a little further on "outside the walls," "close to the sea," a really almost fixable spot within a few yards, was the *Basilica* where Monica watched while Augustine sailed,—do I remember right? I noticed how very loud the quiet smooth waters were here, just here, because of the number of the separate little rocks which tore them.

The Phoenician graves at the south end of the Byrsa were appalling by their rugged vastness and simplicity. A great brown stone wall keeps back the crumbling soil—within, a stone coffin sunk in the ground—and often beyond another receptacle. One stone coffin had place for two persons. Two which we saw had great stones sloped together like the Mycenean grave, and under it two square-headed cells. Let those who can, justify the rifling of such places. I cannot, though I suppose my Dean and Chapter can[1].

Far below (to the S.W.?) was a hideous place—the place of *Roman graves*. Altars, with the openings for libations, etc., generally split open exposing the now empty earthenware jars which had contained the loved dust. But altars uncountable crowded so close together that they often touched, and one can scarcely conceive that there was enough space left to wind among them. Did I gather that Père Delattre had proofs that they were all graves of slaves? If so it makes the piety and impiety of past and present contrast more strongly still. I had to lay hands on my driver before I could make him desist from smashing at one altar with a piece of another.

Hard by—where was the amphitheatre—not a vestige left except the hollow, and a few lumps to show that place of sin against humanity, of which Cyprian draws such a picture when he describes a mother and sister watching with the interest of true sporting people the mortal combat of the son and brother, when the Gordians or Philip spent all that revenue in making devils of men. This for teaching savageness, and the Theatre for teaching lust, as he puts it, are the two things which have totally dis-

[1] See ante, p. 301.

appeared. Père Delattre seems to think it impossible to identify anything as *the Theatre.*

What an extent the city covered this way too. Every single step is on two or three bits of pottery or of marble. So too the disappearance of the Temples is surprising.

Another day Père Delattre took me round the Inscriptions found in the Basilicas and into the private cloister where they are putting them up, and told me I was "le premier" who had been allowed that entrée. There are more than 14,000 fragments of Christian inscriptions—the nave was literally paved with them. Some of the devices on the Christian lamps are very pretty and fanciful, e.g. the Seven-branched Candlestick extinct, thin and ghostly, and Christ treading on its reversed foot.

I am charmed to make Delattre's acquaintance. He is the head of the whole Order of White Fathers. He knew everything about Carthage—constantly when I quoted a word or two of Augustine or Cyprian or Pontius he went on with the quotation. He has not the least hesitation in saying, "he does not know," and carefully distinguishes what he thinks is proved from what wants proof. He is rather below middle stature, has a red beard, was dressed in the Arab dress of white and clean and with red fez. He has a shrewd face and the darkest prettiest blue eyes I ever saw. The establishments here are immense. They do not convert or try to convert Mussulmen here. But prepare men for Uganda and have large schools for orphans. They and the Cathedral so profanely reared on the Byrsa are Lavigerie's creation. He is a man of genius but is not sentimentally regarded. He has bought all the land from Sidi Bou Said to beyond the ports. He planned to create a new Carthage, but Tunis is too strong. The top of the Byrsa is scored into lots and marked with a big board "Terrain à batir à vendre." He grows large quantities of wine which he calls "Lacrymae Mariae" etc. He has two palaces, a winter and summer, which he built, one at the top, the other at the bottom of the hills by Bou Said, very large, within a mile and a half of each other. He made himself popular with the Maltese by letting the great Maltese banker charge what he would for commission in all the many purchases; this banker was the leading man in Tunis; when he had finished buying he removed his account. He is a genius in finance. The Consul Drummond Hay says "He has the face of a banker." His object has been to impress "La France" on the whole land, and now he is winning

influence by an espousal of "La République." He is a man of humour.

Only last year he expelled the Capucins from Tunis—a body universally beloved, devoted to the poor, but all Italian. The influential inhabitants approached the Pope, and received a gracious answer that it was too late. The Consul and Mrs Hay are delightful people. The house is an old house of the Benaieds, once the great people here.

With the Consul, L. and I walked to Bou Said which is so sacred because its saint was believed to be Saint Louis, converted on his deathbed. The view was quite glorious. We walked up through olive groves endless, anemones were already in flower, asphodels with deep green leaves and mitred flowers, lilies etc. in crowds—the flowers must be marvellous in their season; the Consul says no one can see them without perceiving that the carpets are borrowed in colouring and proportion of colouring from them.

We were all struck with the cleanness of the Arab quarter in Tunis, very different from Algiers. The cleanness of the white dress of the Arabs, their politeness and grace to each other—the immense variety of costume and so of tribes and nations; the thought is dreadful, that all these are children of Christians—that the Christian Church *lost* them—that it lost them through the dissent which is gaining ground daily among us,—that Islam or Unitarianism with Reverence and Observance so fits in to the commerce, self-respect and respectable domestic sensuality, that there seems not the least look of change in the future, that the French colonists are the children of the irreligious part of French people, speculators, pettifoggers, landgrabbers, gamesters, and that the ascetic and the pictorial and the legendary aspect which Christianity now presents to them offers no single charm.

He writes to Bishop Davidson of Rochester:—

The sight of French civilisation pushing Arab civilisation off the field of the world is very extraordinary—one is in some respects disposed to think that *causa victa* is the higher. I am much impressed with the religion—from Algiers to Biskra it appears to me to be serious, manly and real. The Romanists with their tawdry idols of St Joseph, the Immaculate Conception etc. will never win these monotheists. The churches are less spiritual in conception now than the mosques. The R. Cs. seem

to be making no way in spite of endless zeal and devotion on the part of the clergy. No R. C. of the upper classes appears to think of going to church even. Of course I am only speaking of *here*. But here is the meeting-point of Christianity and Islam. One hears and seems to see such good things of the Mohamedan gentlemen. And the poor ignorant folk of Sidi Okba (6000 pop.) are more constant in prayers than our best R. Cs.

While he was at Biskra he heard of the lamentable death of the Duke of Clarence. The Archbishop wished to return home at once, and in sending a telegram of condolence to the Prince of Wales stated his intention of so doing, but the Prince with the greatest kindness wired to him that he was on no account to curtail his holiday.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

(*Death of the Duke of Clarence.*)

TUNIS, 24 *Jan.* 1892.

DEAREST BISHOP,

You will scarcely have doubted where our hearts have been καίπερ ἀπόντων σωμάτων[1] all this time that our eyes have been resting on strange sights, and while working here over the ground that I have desired for half a century to tread. * * *

I really do not think I could have borne it, to have promised to read his marriage service and to read his burial service a month before the promise was to be fulfilled. I *am* glad the Queen was so wise as not to come.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

From the Prince of Wales.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK.
Jan. 27th, 1892.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Only a short time ago I received such a kind letter from you in which you agreed to perform the marriage ceremony at St George's for our eldest son! Since then I have received another letter from you containing such kind and sympathetic words, in which you expressed a desire to return home to take part in his Funeral Service.

[1] Though absent in the body.

It was like yourself, kind and thoughtful as you always are—but I could not allow you to undertake that long journey and return to our cold climate and to an atmosphere still impregnated with that dire disease—when your absence abroad in a warmer climate is so essential for your health and strength.

It has pleased God to inflict a heavy crushing blow upon us—that we can hardly realise the terrible loss we have sustained. We have had the good fortune of receiving you here in our Country home on more than one occasion—and you know what a happy Family party we have always been—so that the wrenching away of our first-born son under such peculiarly sad circumstances is a sorrow—the shadow of which can never leave us during the rest of our lives.

He was just 28—on this day month he was to have married a charming and gifted young lady—so that the prospect of a life of happiness and usefulness lay before him. Alas! that is all over. His Bride has become his Widow without ever having been his Wife.

The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable and it is not for us to murmur as He does all for the best—and our beloved son is far happier now than if he were exposed to the miseries and temptations of this world! We have also a consolation in the sympathy not only of our kind friends but of all classes.

God's will be done!

Again thanking you, my dear and kind Archbishop, for your soothing letter which has been such a solace to us in our grief,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

MARSEILLES.
29th Jan. 1892.

Your letter here was a most kind welcome back to Europe, none the less because it was so melancholy a greeting and one which must have cost the writer so much pain in the recounting.

The Influenza has behaved like Tarquin in his garden, silently hitting off the heads of the flowers which stood higher than the rest. It is a comfort to see in a small way that the two last days there has been nothing in the papers about "Influenza in London" which hitherto has been the prominent paragraph.

The scene in the Chapel you quite bring before us. It must have been most touching, and *surely* Christian. But we cannot help hoping that out of that Tomb there is yet more to spring. Wherever we go questions are asked, "How the Queen bears her grandson's loss." I think I told you how at Tebessa, such a lovely great mountain station, 17 to 19 hours from anywhere, the two Commandants and the Curé wanted to express how "toute la France" was in douleur, and a naval officer this morning on board showed us on the coast the direction of Grasse and said, the Queen when she was there had *gagnée la sympathie de tout le pays*. It is really remarkable how these personalities of monarchy hold their "republican" land. It is getting like America. Sir John Llewellyn[1] is here and says that in his Radical Glamorganshire there is not an exception to the universal feeling. I don't think Monarchy is near its career's end.

Here in this wonderful Marseilles there are two enormous churches building—almost built—one a new Cathedral, the other quite as big and in the most business part of the town. Each site must have cost prodigious sums and the churches are lavish of marble and stained glass. The hoardings are placarded with announcements of séances and conferences "sur la question des Ouvriers" by Abbé this and that, and sous la Présidence de Mgr. l'Évêque. La Défense des intérêts Catholiques seems tremendously in earnest. Yet in Africa the Roman men seemed to have turned worship over to the women. Lavigerie in spite of his White Fathers, who are I should think splendid fellows, and his Knights of Slavery and the great ideas which he plainly has, is too much of a banker and financier and wine-grower to impress men himself, and his *two* palaces, the most prominent buildings near Tunis, and his Cathedral which is so sacrilegiously and profanely built on the Byrsa of Carthage, are too visibly meant to *impress*. He has a summer and winter palace not within 14 miles of each other but within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, so that summer and winter are the aims, the top and bottom of the hill. But I run on. Not forgetful of all the trials and difficulties which you are in the midst of, but thinking that all the things one sees and hears here are not very far from being shadows of home. The lying-in-state of Manning was exactly what Lavigerie's view of Catholic wisdom bears out here.

[1] M.P. for Swansea.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

PARIS.
31 *Jan.* 1892.

I have been steadily coming to the conclusion from what is in the papers and from what I hear of letters at home that the first business which would occupy me on returning would be the question of a day of humiliation and prayer. I am writing to the Abp of York about it, much grateful to you for all you tell me. There will be a Bishops' Meeting on the 10th Feb., and by that time I think we ought to know what we think right to do, and to tell the Bishops.

You in the meantime will have seen the Queen and will know what her view is and whether anything is to be said on her behalf.

But why not a bolder line on the part of the Government? It seems to be assumed that the Government cannot on the part of the Queen order a Service to be prepared. Why not for a Pestilence as well as for a Jubilee?

If we are come to the pass that it really cannot be done, we are surely far on our way to a separation of some sort between Church and State. But you would not think it right, if that is really so, that the effect on the Church should be to silence its voice of prayers. I certainly hope the Government *will* take the bolder line and in the Queen's name order it. If not, then the Church, with such sanction as the Queen can give.

I mean, of course, if the first question is settled, that there ought to be a day and a Service. We shan't compromise, I trust, for a Sunday, so as to give ourselves no trouble. And whether a Service—will yet depend on observation of the religious view; if the sorrow and loss keep increasing then the call will no doubt be welcomed.

I do not quite see your difficulty about a day of "Humiliation." The sins and shortcomings of the nation from a Christian view are very real, and what death is doing among us is to make us look at the realities of life and death, and what we see in such looking is what we ought to say. I hope then that, if we come to the conclusion that a day of public prayer ought to be set apart, it will not be fettered with small directions.

Ever yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

(*On the Clergy Discipline Bill.*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
15 *Feb.* 1892.

As I was pleasantly chatting with the Chancellor on the Woolsack, Lord Salisbury came and sate himself down opposite to "say to you two great authorities," that the Archbishop ought to introduce the Bill in the Lords: that the Gladstonians would do their worst against a Bill of their opponents on the eve of the Election, to discredit the Government on every possible head—that if the Archbishop introduced it, it would meet more respect! They both said this as *if* they believed it, but what it seemed to me to show was that *they* wouldn't. However, Lord Chancellor said, "if I didn't *he must*—but he should be unwilling for the Bill's sake."

I told him G. O. M. had promised to support it—when Lord S. hummed, "Beware! Beware! she is fooling thee."

I did not *say* "which she?" The Chancellor asked me to think it over from their point of view and let Lord S. know what I would do. If we mean to stick to Government doing it, I think two Bishops must go in with me to Lord S. to say so.

Yours ever affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To Canon Mason.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
2 *March*, 1892.

I hoped we might have met over the other affair. I do not like pressing you to come, when you are so full of thoughts and work, but it would be such a comfort to see you oftener in this arid life—arid because though there's plenty of rain, there's such a scorching heat which steams it all away before it soaks. I have, you may be sure, thought and thought over the last startling proposition and I cannot think it would be following a call of God. The calls of His gifts and of the past are so different. I do not believe you would be the best kind of pastor for the isles of Scilly[1] —and it is a homely pastor they want. And men would not follow

[1] Canon Mason was hesitating about accepting a charge there.

you into the wilderness of the sea—when they came neither to the new-born cathedral nor to the city lanes after you. There is something inexplicable to me now in the pressure, which seems from above, keeping back by feelings and by providences too the development of brotherhoods.

I use the word in the widest sense—associations of women seem to start out of the earth full-grown—associations of men cannot sprout. "Father W.'s" seems kept back just in the same way, and now he is very ill.

To look on and out and press on and pray seem the possibilities which *may* open for more—but it is strange.

Anyway I do not think your place is an Atlantic rock.

Your loving,

Edw. C.

On April 1st he notes:—

A long though broken conversation with Balfour. He seems to find the House of Commons "maddening" as Mr Smith did. He listened honestly to my showing him that our Southern Convocation have agreed again and again to every principle of the (Clergy Discipline) Bill and that their every amendment has been adopted—which is the case—and that only Abp Thomson withheld it from Northern Convocation.

It is singular that two such leaders as Gladstone and Balfour both are disposed to lay stress on the part of Convocation in legislation, while the whole Parliament is dead against it. Hitherto it has been bad policy even to whisper "Convocation" in Parliament. But if leaders are taking this line what may come? If the Bill is not passed a large body of respectable clergy will be disgusted and will show it in the elections. But our case will be perilous. Before the whole country it will appear "the Church is not allowed to reform hideous scandals or remove scandalous priests." One of the Radical papers is publishing weekly lists of "Parsons pilloried," "Pillars of the Church"—every scandal that can be raked up anywhere.

On Tuesday the 5th April he opened the Toynbee Hall Loan Exhibition. As the Exhibition remained open on Sunday with voluntary watchers this was commented upon by several papers, which, while they accused the

Archbishop of inconsistency in opposing the measures for Sunday opening of Museums, welcomed his conversion. There was a tremendous gathering to hear him, and both the large galleries being crowded with listeners, the Archbishop delivered two separate addresses extempore, one to each. He wrote:—

April 5th. Opened the Toynbee Hall Exhibition of Pictures. Its being open on Sunday in the midst of the poor, in the rooms belonging to the Toynbee men, involving no traffic, additional labour or open shops, is not to me a reason why I should withhold attention from so instructive and serviceable an institution. To-day the two sides are firing away, "What did the Archbishop mean?" "The Church is sanctioning Sunday opening." *Jubilate* or *Pereat* according to view. The wrong thing was that though I wrote that I was not to be committed to so far wider and more complicated a question as that of opening public museums on Sundays—which involves all those elements which here are absent—they some of them claim that I have sanctioned it.

On the 6th he writes:—

The last of my Chapel readings before Lent—Acts xxvi. Chapel still full. Have missed none since we came up. Deo Gratias, for they help me more than I can say.

A long hour's conversation, and as he said, an anxious one, with A——. His beautiful expression and still bright eye and tender manner make him lovable beyond most men, yet how I differ from him! He seems to me possessed with the radically Roman ideas and to lack any devotion to Scripture or to the early Church. His Sisterhood has been working for years at C——. B—— goes to conduct the work there. B—— will not allow that Confession is "essential" to Christian life, but treats it as a remedy the working of which is truly described in the Prayer Book. He has made some little changes in the Celebrations of Holy Communion. Hereupon the Sisters, who have gradually got into their hands all threads of teaching, visiting and parochial organisation, are withdrawn by the Community. The kindly old man will listen to no representations of the poverty and misery of the district, and of the losses that must ensue while anything of a system is being built up again—even if any workers can be obtained, which is at present next to impossible. No! the Sisters

must have daily Celebration with forms they are accustomed to, and all their teaching must lead up to Confession. What he has said in his letters he says more strongly still in conversation. He considers as "test questions," "How many Celebrations have you?" "Do you teach Confession?" On these two Commandments, it seems, hang all the law and the prophets. "We Bishops have never understood on what conditions we admit Sisterhoods to our parishes—to be withdrawn on any change of incumbency which does not run on our lines."—Pereat Parochia.

On the 21st he writes of his old collie who had just died at Addington:—

April 21st.—Ordered dear Watch's tombstone. He was born about Dec. 1873, came to us at the Chancery at 3 months old, March, 1874, and died on the 10th instant. He seemed to die 4 days sooner, and was perfectly passive, and Whalley dug his grave. But when Katie Whalley came and spoke to him and touched him, he immediately moved and took milk from her. At last he sunk away. He has long lost every sense but smell, yet still would lean against us when he knew us. His coat bright and beautiful to the last. The stories which Romanes[1] tells of him are not the most striking. I remember perfectly well the impression made on me when I first noticed the deep sincerity and tenderness of his eyes. And it is characteristic of him that the voice of love woke him to life when nothing else did. I have ordered for his grave on the lawn here a stone with the words *Esne Vigil* to remind us to Watch—and, though vainly, to ask *him* if he lives yet?

On the 18th May he wrote:—

Memorandum. I sate to-day in Privy Council on appeal Boyer *v.* Bp of Norwich. We unanimously agreed that the nomination by any person to a body which presented the said person was of the substance of patronage and that a nomination by a Roman Catholic, Sir A. Dixie, to Emmanuel College of an unexceptionable candidate, was void in law[2].

[1] "Mind and Motion and Monism," by the late George John Romanes, LL.D., F.R.S.

[2] The Statute of Anne was held to override the statutes of the College, vesting the presentation to the living of Brantham in the heir for the time being of the Founder, Sir Wolstan Dixie.

A matter of form came up which it was worth while to note. When we entered the Council Room we took our seats, places behind the backs of three judges being given to us three Bishops. The doors were opened and people began to come in. I then rose, and quietly said to Lord Chancellor, "My Lord Chancellor, I do not understand the position assigned to me at a Side Table. I am a Privy Councillor, and my place is at this Table as being first of the Council."

The Lord Chancellor said that the place had been given me because the Bishop of London had taken that place with the Bishops, when he was an assessor. I replied, that this was not a reason which affected me—that Abp Tait had claimed his proper seat at the Council Board, and that I must also sit there. The Clerk added, "The Abp of York took his seat also at the Table." The Lord Chancellor said, "Undoubtedly your Grace is free to take what place you wish. You have a perfect right to sit in any place here." I took my seat next Lord Herschell, Lord Selborne moving one place down, and I sat there through the case.

On the 23rd May he writes:—

Far too busy to record, go on day by day. This life has some strange meeting-points. We rode early: the Row was crowded by half past ten, the morning simply perfect in brilliance and freshness. What a sight of money and power, as power stands at present. "The prancings of the mighty ones." But few of them are people known by sight to me or to each other. The dressing is more and more *democratic.*

Minnie and Lucy came in glowing with an account of Tom Mann's exposition of the "Religious Basis of the Socialistic Movement." They are much struck with his natural eloquence and power—and with the religion which he asserts for himself and claims for most workmen, "though it is not," says he, "the religion of the Churches." I believe that in the hearts of the working class there is growing up a considerable fretful opposition to the Church of England, which we must reckon with, and if possible bring to reason.

On the 24th May he says:—

To-day, Tuesday, meeting at Mansion House for South London;—North London and East London both better off than our sad region with 20,000 or 15,000 to a parish.

Went to the Attorney-General and found him just fresh from having triumphantly passed my Bill through the Committee—after what the Liberals themselves declare to be "scandalous obstruction" on the part of the Welsh members, on whom Mr Gladstone himself employed his influence in vain, they gave up, probably to repeat their tactics in the House itself. It is generally felt that the entire rebellion of these Welshmen against their leader has weakened the Gladstonites and may possibly weaken the Disestablishment-of-Wales party very considerably. The Church has decidedly gained a step, if only we can carry the Bill right through—but "gaining steps" of this kind is not all. We want to be on proper terms with our people.

On the 2nd of June he visited Peterborough to dedicate the restored Choir. He writes:—

June 2nd. The opening ceremony of restored Peterborough. I dedicated the Stalls, Throne etc., and the most beautiful pavement. Westcott preached a very noble sermon. He said, "Some will reply, 'all these things are but dreams—this is dreaming.' That," he went on, "is exactly what was prophesied of the days of the Holy Spirit: 'I will pour out my Spirit...and your old men shall dream dreams.'"

Well may he say it with good right. So short a time since everybody was telling me that it was wrong to send such a theorist, such a philosopher, such a speculative thinker, to Durham. I was certain, but they persisted, "anything but a bishop." "No practical power,"—and here yesterday at Auckland he has brought together the employers and the men in this terrific strike, when no one else could do anything at all with them, and has solved the problem and conciliated them to each other—a wonderful feat of the "Practical Reason" surely.

On June 12th he held an Ordination at Canterbury; he wrote:—

A striking ordination, excellent and interesting sermon from Maclear[1]—the Cathedral very full both then and at Evensong, when Holland preached on "Come unto me." And in the evening at second Evensong it was again crowded. Field[2] preached on the fiftieth anniversary of Arnold's death—what a change that short

[1] Warden of St Augustine's College.

[2] Headmaster of the King's School, Canterbury, and now Warden of Radley.

life has wrought. B—— thinks deliberately that it was the introduction of scepticism. It is impossible not to see that everything almost which distressed Arnold in Church life is changed for the better, but mainly by the agency of the Oxford movement which he opposed; he thought Unitarians ought not to be called Christians, and that a Jew could never sit in a Christian parliament. Liberalism then and conservatism too are changed as much as the Church, and it is difficult to realise already the exact position of him who to many of us had been the tutor of both thought and belief.

We have no notion of how to *use* our cathedrals—chapels, aisles, ambulatory, nave, all are nothing to us, and yet we are satisfied with ourselves. The scale of their ideas who built is measured materialistically by such a little fact as that the *new* North-eastern pinnacle of the great transept contains over 50 tons of stone—We all hold up our hands. It is *nothing*, it is invisible, so to speak, τῷ θεωμένῳ[1].

And on the following day:—

June 13th.—A very solemn and serious confirmation of 130 people in the Cathedral—again a large crowd. I do not know what others felt of what I said, but I felt much moved towards them and the Holy Spirit whom we invoked for them.

House of Lords. A very interesting debate on the Small Holdings Act with a very general sense that it is "the letting out of water" and certain to have unforeseen magnitudes of consequence.

Ever since Thursday in a fever to get the Licence of the Queen to enact a Canon on Clergy Discipline before the Lords and Commons complete the passing of my Act. The chief part of the Clergy have concluded that unless convocation "runs in" with a Canon in this way, the whole liberty of the Church of England is at an end, and she will be the bondslave of the State. So to keep peace I have moved heaven and earth in the form of Home Office and Crown Office to have the Licence ready for us to enact the Canon at a special convocation to-morrow. It's good exercise. I told the Registrar, who said it was impossible, that I would have him hanged for certain if he failed. Godfrey Lushington[2] said everything must be done by precedent, and as we had

[1] To the gazer.

[2] Permanent Under Secretary of the Home Office.

Letters of Business last time we must have Letters of Business this. It was useless to explain to him that Letters of Business were not required where the "Business" had been done already. So I had to bring Attorney-General down on him. Then he thought the Bill had not passed Third Reading: then, that the Royal Assent must be given to the Act before the Canon could pass. Vain to assure him that the point of the procedure was to pass the Canon by Queen's Licence first. Again the Law Officer of the Crown had to be invoked, and responded at once. Then the Home Office became all kindness. Then the Crown Office was displeased at something done by the Home Office, and the Lord Chancellor was away and there was every risk that the Great Seal could not be affixed in time. At last on Saturday afternoon it was promised, having still to be engrossed. But 5 p.m. on Monday, arriving at House of Lords I found all done and the Registrar in triumphant possession of the Licences of Canterbury and York, and his neck happily saved. He has indeed worked well. On Saturday night went off the summons to Convocation, and if all be well we meet to-morrow—and York on Thursday, and on Thursday I am to move the House of Lords to adopt the amendments of the Commons.

On the 18th June he visited Wellington College for the Speech-day: he wrote:—

June 18th.—Wellington, Speech-day. All about the place found everything which I had so thought out and worked out with such pain and grief sometimes, and designed with such care, just as commonplace to everybody as a gravel walk. But a gravel walk is good walking.

There is a certain pleasure in finding one's memory extinct in one's lifetime. One has laid one's life at the feet of them. I was however quite charmed to find my capitals bearing the wreath to perfection and also to find the greatest difficulty in unriddling some of my windows. I always meant them to be a riddle for the boys.

On the 30th June he says:—

Dine Macnaghten[1]. "So strange," he said to Minnie, "to see the Archbishop sitting there and to think how short a time ago we were all twenty-one together."

[1] Lord Macnaghten, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary.

No one better preserves his true boyish simplicity and the same style of clever insight, as if by instinct, touching off a fact. Says ——'s want of success as a public man with all his ability is due to what used to be observable in him as an undergraduate—everyone who differs from him must have a bad motive somewhere.

At the end of July he went with my mother to stay with Sir R. Webster, Attorney-General. He writes:—

July 30th. Came with dear wife to Gomshall. Were met by the Attorney-General looking very strong and happy, who drove us through the valley to Shere, which my two little boys and I have walked through more than once in bright hours, and then southward through Hurt Wood (Whortle Wood—Hurt berries, so called here) to the delightful house which he has built on its southern edge 500 feet above sea. The wood is really enchanting, a large fresh bit so near London, and afterwards we walked through it with great refreshedness. From fantastically grown *candelabra* larches, and much young oak—a quite lonely and lovely walk. With us went M. Seeley of Nottingham, and young Griffin. In the evening Dr Priestley[1] and Mr Leader[2] and wives. I looked to see at once how Leader, that seer of light and air, was differenced from other men, and it was visible in his large bright clear eyes. Godwin Austin, who lives yet in the same house from which Abp Abbot's Winchester brother married an Austin.

Afterwards I told how Herkomer had disappointed me by seriously maintaining that the painters and patrons of the sixteenth century differed in nothing from those of the nineteenth, that the absence of religious subjects from Academy walls meant nothing, nor yet the poverty and coldness of the few which still appeared; that the Old Masters painted like the new ones wholly for bread and butter, and that religious art was a fashion which might come back but wouldn't. Mr C—— then maintained that "the sentiment" which appeared in the faces of Landseer's dogs and stags was *the same*, strictly the same, as in Raphael's faces.

A specimen of the material animal psychic view of all things which is about us. The brilliant living life of this world shuts

[1] Now Sir William Overend Priestley, M.P. for the Universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews.

[2] Benjamin William Leader, A.R.A.

out from us what others have seen, much more what no eye has seen.

In August, when the long suspense about the final result of the Lincoln Judgment came to an end, he wrote:—

Aug. 4th. Letters and words of wonderful pleasure begin to pour in about Lincoln decision of Privy Council[1].

To-day Parliament opened by Commission, I took the oath and my seat—interesting old forms—at 2 p.m.

At 4, Rule Committee in Lord Chancellor's Room. Present, Lord Chancellor, Abp York, Bp London, Lord Chief Justice, self.

With amusing tact the Chancellor began, "Archbishop, we were so harmonious last time that I believe we have only one point of importance to discuss, that of the place where the Dean of Arches shall sit in a York case." Then we went through a variety of verbal and mechanical alterations of a puny kind. The Chief Justice[2] was most agreeable, told excellent stories of his powers of making people uncomfortable—said not a word of the Bishop's sentence, and we all signed sweetly. In Dn̄o speraveram. Dn̄e, dilatâsti spem meam. I suggested 40 days as better than 30—"More Scriptural, Archbishop?" said the Chief Justice with sweet smile and tender voice. I can scarcely realise what yesterday and to-day may be to us. Tu, Dn̄e, sors mea.

He wrote to the Bishop of Rochester:—

Aug. 5th, 1892.

Your felicitations are so generous, and so special, that there is no deserving them. But it is certainly delightful to have one friend who so delights in any measure of attainment of aims.

I wish I could believe that the fanatics on either side would be quieted. But you see the *Church Times* giving instant note of aims far ahead of these puny pronouncements of two usurping and incompetent authorities. If the moderate masses would only speak out and say we mean to be stronger than extremes it would be different. The best sign is the fury of the *Daily News* which counted on fuel for Disestablishment and finds the wood won't burn.

[1] Delivered on August 2.

[2] Lord Coleridge.

The Attorney-General thinks it important and is very much pleased, and if you and he think as you do about it, I must believe that there is much more hope than lies on the surface, that "the sulfrous surge is over blown."

On August 7th he writes:—

On Monday afternoon to House of Lords (I have stayed specially two extra days to go there and the *Times* gives the credit to Abp of *York* who was *not* there). Never beheld so extraordinary a scene[1]. Kimberley with utmost glibness said that as there was nothing in the Queen's Speech he should attack and defend nothing, and he said nothing, cleverly. Salisbury said that but for the rugged conservatism of the Gladstonians there would have been no speech. They protested against there being none. But it was shown that on former occasions when there had been none there still had been elaborate discussions of policy. *Now* Lord Cowper and Lord Northbrook in the most stinging and indignant manner tried to provoke the front opposition bench to speech. Lord Spencer held his hand in the air and moved nervously from side to side. Herschell with a fixed smile regarded the ceiling. Kimberley looked bland as a man who had done his duty. Lord Salisbury said he was "not surprised," but evidently suppressed some very good speech. The "conspiracy of silence" was the least dignified thing I have ever seen.

On the 9th he left for a visit to Yorkshire with my sister and Miss Tait. He writes:—

Tuesday, August 9th. Skipton. Came up from Addington to Skipton with Maggie and Lucy for change. It is strange to see this once so beautiful Airedale that had its slopes and its copses and ridges and clear stream and grey stone farms and nothing else than small villages—when I was a boy—growing into one dismal connected street—with nothing to elevate a single idea. What can people do but be Radicals who see Nature's beauty daily disappearing and man doing nothing that

[1] The General Election had taken place in July, the Unionist House of Commons, elected in 1886, being succeeded by one with a Home Rule majority of 40. But Lord Salisbury reverted to the practice (habitual until 1868) of retaining office until a hostile motion was carried. This ultimately happened on Mr Asquith's amendment to the Address.

is not ugly around them and obliterating and philargyrous. Nothing to awaken an idea in the least analogous for nobility to a great Church or a great castle.

Dear old Skipton, except for a very few ugly modern masses which appear among the simple old two-storied houses, is much unchanged—the castle gate grown out by trees. Just walked about and went up the old Bailey walk where I remember walking with my great-aunt in a summer evening *aetatis* 5, and seeing the waggons roll down from the lime-rock. As I get older my sense of the beauty (and even of the size) of those fine old places does not alter. Maggie and Lucy much amused with my reminiscences.

Wednesday. I always knew it did, but I realise more and more *how much* the associations here with my dear old aunt and my father's and my own cousins entered into and guided my boy life. The thought now of rushing after "Mr Christopher" down the slope from the Castle gate for early church at Christ Church for 7 a.m.—the sauntering up with Robert saying *Alexander's Feast* along the churchyard wall—the many sage, shrewd and true *church* sayings of John and the mystic interpretation of Christopher, and the talks with my dear old aunt about past generations when I was 15—all these things are symbolic to me now. I used to be allowed to read her Arnold's Sermons, one every other day, on condition that on the alternate days I read her one of Newman's—and it is certain that I felt both strains as making one end—though I was well aware of the differences.

Afternoon to Embsay Kirk; Mr Hodgson with his fine family was most kind. We all walked to Embsay Crag, having Margaret Cooper my eldest cousin with us. The view was hazy. But the Crag is really finer than when I loved and frequented it so as a boy, and thought it the finest height and view imaginable. What good it used to do me with its purity and strength and black rocks and purple heather and miles of bilberries. It was hazy as the view from Sir R. Webster's was the other day. So that the resemblance was much increased which made it seem that theirs is the southern counterpart and warm sunny version of these noble stern rolling outlines of bare mountain crossed with stone lines of wall, and sweeping away on either side to Rylstone Fell and Eastby Fell with Rumblesmoor in front, but the hills of Wharfedale and Haworth and Stonegappe all hazed. They are like the two church views, immemorial, unchanging,

drawing no nearer, of this and of every day since the world began. They resemble each other and are yet quite incompatible with each other—but they are both essential to the completeness of the idea of our England.

August 12th.—It is very sad to see things one loved become in one's own sight things of the past. Christ Church, so wonderful a church for the time it was built, in its air of worship and solemnity, has the chancel which stood so solemnly empty simply lumbered up with high-church tasteless over-big furniture. The fald-stool which looked eastward for prayer and had a desk westward for what was done to the people, removed—the hideous organ blocking the east end of the north aisle—the stone altar buried under a huge wooden pile with "decoration," and its simple early English window blocked with a vulgar reredos. Anglo-Catholic taste is becoming as coarse and careless as the Roman.

The next thing was to see that dear and beautiful Stonegappe —walls falling—trees felled past any possibility of restoring the woods for five generations, the wind let in to them where they were deliciously sheltered—the garden an appalling wilderness, one hothouse full of dead nettles, the next of stinging nettles—the lawn a field and the warm delicious rooms which were full of the noble presence of John Sidgwick and the living happiness and smile of my dear little "aunt," and the force and joyousness of all the cousinhood—bare, dirty, and beginning to *go*, floor and ceiling. The village has since their day been administered by a *peasant* who could scarcely be got to have four Communions a year, and when the present good Dutton came there the whole choir were unbaptized and a good woman asked, "Why there were no Missions connected with the Church of England?"

How powerfully Christ Church and Lothersdale Church and Stonegappe and the Castle affected my whole view of life and thought, and they are in ruins—and I soon shall be.

We went on to Kildwick and had a good warm welcome. The "Lang kirk o' Craven" has never in its history looked more religious and more cleanly sweet. Visited my dear old aunt's grave and prayed with the girls as at Embsay in the Church.

Then we went to Keighley by train from Kildwick and went over hall, staircase and living-rooms of the dearest Riddlesden—and thence for the interest of the late architecture over *old* Riddlesden Hall—now succumbing to the neglect and the smoke

of Keighley in all its beauty of ash and sycamore and clear fish-pond and gablement. Smoke eating up all things.

(Here is a curious trivial coincidence which Laud himself and all omen lovers might appreciate. At the parsonage in Lothersdale my own portrait was in the corner on the floor. Mrs D. said, "it used to be over the chimney-piece, we took it down because it was so ugly and unlike." The hearty old sexton at Kildwick said, "I war varra bold to ask if it was the Archbishop—for we have your portrait in our schoolroom, only it's not on the wall to-day. We've took it down because we are cleaning." At tea in Margaret's house, she wanted to show me her picture of Linton Church—to get at it, she had to take down my portrait and she laid it on a little stand in the corner on its back. Three times to-day in my presence has my head been removed from its place of honour and laid aside in the corner!—here in places which I am visiting without having had a notion that I figured in any of them! Isn't that a coincidence!)

Saturday, August 13th. Drove from Skipton through Embsay and Eastby over Barden Moor—all beautiful and larger than my recollections—to the old house at Barden Tower, and we found Lister still alive and making flies deftly, whom I remember at the same thing when I was a boy. He is a grand-looking old fellow with a great forehead and white beard, but hard as nails. He had sung in the Chapel of the Tower 35 years and now tells me he has not been there for 10 years, and won't go. I told him "not to nail it up as tight as that," and he laughed but said, "I've said it and I stick to it—never no more. Go nowhere —stap at hoom." I hear he has become Swedenborgian. Alas! the old seats gone from the chapel and the Jacobean frames and texts for men and women painted out and newly illuminated in Gothic zigzag! and nothing to see but a regular "mothern" mission room. All things are being obliterated and made more than "mothern."

Beautiful walk delighting Maggie and Lucy through the woods, the Wharfe rising fast, and when we reached the stepping-stones they were hidden. We had to go back, Maggie then drove on. L. and I visited the graves and the Choir which, at aet. 18, it was my vowed purpose to restore, and the Monastic orders too! Strange to be a stranger. Fancy "Cousin William's" tombstone (my sweet and holy father-in-law whom I knew and loved

as a little boy) being thick with solid moss, and all our five stones which Robert Sidgwick so lovingly designed it seems but yesterday, now looking all venerable!

August 14*th.*—To church at the Abbey morning and evening. The delicious ringing Yorkshire voices of the choir. In Hartington seat, etc., and read *Christian Year* as of yore with M. and L.

At tea in the Rectory which old Mr Carr would be pleased to see so well and appreciatively tenanted. Found people pleased to see us for Mrs Sidgwick's sake, and one dear and beautiful old lady who had been taught in the Sunday school by her and her sister Henrietta at once fixed on Maggie as her granddaughter "and not th' other."

August 15*th.*—From Wharfedale into Nidderdale. From Bolton to Pateley Bridge; calling at Green How on the grand old parish priest whose flock has gone down from 1000 to 300 in a few years and whose strange miners turn Methodists on the least crossing.

Went over the beautiful House of Rest of my All Saints' Sisters which Mr Butler has just built for the Bradford people. Some predecessor of his bought the market dues of Bradford when it was a tiny town and now they are enormous, and he, good man, is almost opprest with the thought of them and of how he ought to spend them.

We drove to Dacre and Low Hall where Robert Benson lived cum suis, and found it a beautiful three-ridged and six-gabled stone house with mullioned windows in every variety of lights and touches of carving, and the date 1635 (?). Lucy thought Low Hall the most beautiful little ancient house she had ever seen. The valley all along is beautiful but the railway passing close to the house forbids all thoughts of living there again. Then we climbed through beautiful wood, field, and rill, buried in underwood, all lovely, to Northwoods where also we lived. This is but a tiny fragment of a large house. The initials R. M. (Robert Myers) who brought "Robert" into our family, when his only daughter married a Benson, are over what is now an outhouse door. All the people recognise us as belonging to them, and speak of our "Fore-elders."

We visited "Old" Christopher Benson's tomb in Pateley Bridge old Churchyard—and Mr Scott on Tuesday morning showed us the Registers. We saw the first Christopher B. who

appears in the Register in 1556—the Register begins only in 1552—and his son's baptism, marriage, and baptism again of his child. And many more entries, and then a little later in the next vol. many entries of "B.'s of Northwood." I feel very proud of these independent old Dalesmen of so many centuries whose love of country life lives so in me, and I should be glad to think, if I could, that many other of their qualities lived too, for they were the strength of the land in peace and war.

On the 21st he went on to Edinburgh where he was joined by my mother, and on to Haddo to stay with Lord and Lady Aberdeen. He writes:—

August 21st.—On Friday Lucy left us for York, and Minnie joined Meggie and me at Edinburgh—a little walk along Princes Street. On Saturday reached Old Meldrum and drove to Haddo. There we found the Aberdeens entertaining 1500 children and to them and their pastors and farmers I made a short speech. (The love of historical places where we have been brought up and the happiness of "Obedience.") Much interested in this house of which Arthur Gordon used to talk to me and of his life in it with his father 44 years ago. The additions by the present people, Library and large Chapel, very well done and delighted in.

Sunday morning celebrated Holy Communion for a largish body of household—and conducted evening service with Thory Gardiner and preached on "Christ's appeal to us." In the morning I attended the Parish Church to indicate to folks (what they will not understand) that my future support of the Established Church will be with me not policy but religion too—a good sermon. But service is no service—it is not a liturgy only that is wanting, but the very idea on which liturgy is formed. No use to attempt to make them liturgical. They sit lolling through prayers, having given up the decent and primitive custom of standing. The abolition of Psalms, the barbarism (pathetic) of their versions, the dependence on the Minister's mind, the (only one) portion of the Scripture.

August 22nd.—Drove round the park—the noble taste with which the old Lord Aberdeen[1] laid it out—he planted 20 millions of trees. Mr Gladstone said to him, "The number he had heard seemed incredible—what was the fact?" Lord A. replied, "He

[1] George, 4th Earl, Prime Minister.

had planted a million and a half every year for fifteen years." The Queen told him she wished to come and stay with him. He replied, "Your Majesty will find mine a very plain homely house. I have lost both my wives—and all my first family—and my bereavements have made me unwilling to touch the inside of the house." He lived en grand seigneur, but very reticent and silent. The great urn, very fine shaped, at the top of the great avenue, was "in memory," but of *whom* he *never* said. It bears only the words "haud immemor." Two bachelor brothers lived with him, so silently that it is said that at one of their dinners the only remark made was by Lord A. to one of them—it was, "How loud your watch ticks!" Sometimes there were two or three more men—all stately, all silent. When his eldest son's wife, the sweet old Lady Aberdeen that now is, went to live there, she was greatly awed at first, but he adored her and she him. Would that A. G. were here to tell me anecdotes of all the pictures. Lawrence's fine portrait of Pitt—Delaroche's of Guizot. Boys of 14 in Scotland choose their guardians. When he was 14 he could not endure his grandfather's ways, "the bad lord." He wrote to ask Pitt and Lord Melville to be his guardians and they consented. He lived six months in the year with Pitt, I suppose at Hayes and Holwood,—and perhaps this was the beginning of his acquaintance with Addington which he afterwards helped Abp Howley to plant with Scotch fir, as he had planted Haddo.

After visiting Lord and Lady Tweedmouth at Guisachan, they went to Braemore in Rossshire to stay with Sir John[1] and Lady Fowler, whose son, the Rev. Montague Fowler, had been his Domestic Chaplain.

On the 31st he writes:—

With Albert Brassey[2] in his famous yacht *Czarina* to the opening of the Ullapool Industrial Exhibition, an admirable effort of young Mrs Fowler's, who has got old ways of weaving at home and stocking making, yarn spinning and dyeing restored quite marvellously in the cottages. I purchased a magnificent pair of ram's horns and the first prize plaid of the whole exhibition to do it honour, as they assured me it was woven to carry home a lamb in. May I be able so to use it! It was great fun; flags flew up as

[1] Died Nov. 1898.

[2] Now M.P. for the Banbury division of Oxfordshire.

we passed, and we were marched along the strange little but wide streets of tiny cottages by a piper! *Argyle* Street and *Bond* Street are two principal streets. The graveyard is fearfully overgrown with rank weeds—two very Shakespearian sextons at work with much nonchalance among many skulls and thigh-bones.

Another day he writes:—

To B—— where I made friends with the Established Church Minister: he tells me that the Free Kirk Minister, a revolutionist as white as paper, told his congregation that hell is paved with landowners' heads—and that the Established Church Minister is "*leg-tethered by the devil.*" He appealed to me to know whether I thought this Christian language. He is a fine young fellow, a distinguished Glasgow student, who has accepted this call, where he says there is nothing to do, his flock being 5 per cent. of the Free Kirk, for the sake of the time for study which he gets. He told me he had hit on the only way of keeping the Free Kirk Minister careful in his language—viz. by attending his Chapel and taking notes in Gaelic which, as he says, "few people can do," and then simply repeating the words in his own next secular lecture. This, he says, has had wonderful effect. Says the two Churches can't ever and never will reunite. "Metapheesical differences underlie the whole dispute." But the Free Kirk of the north of Scotland are strong anti-Disestablishmentarians. A meeting for Disestablishment can't be got up, even by popular Ministers. Although the Free Kirk can't tolerate the "modheratism" of the Established, yet they so absolutely hold it the duty of the State to have its spiritual side, and argue that nothing would induce them to stir against the Scotch Church—they only wish they could leaven it with more life—if that's intelligible.

He returned in September to Addington. Towards the end of the month he wrote to the Bishop of Rochester:—

I see mention of a "Suspensory[1]" Bill. Of all things I think that is the most dishonest—bringing the effect of the measure to pass before the measure.

Early in October he went to Folkestone for the Church Congress of which he, as Diocesan, was President. He

[1] A preliminary measure in the attempt to disestablish the Church in Wales.

delivered a careful address on Church Methods, Missions, Education, and the Church's relation to the Nation. He concluded with a singular metaphor drawn from electricity, saying, "There is great access of light when the thread of opportunity is set glowing through and through with eternal duty."

On the 12th of October he attended the funeral of Lord Tennyson at the Abbey. He returned to town from Woburn, where he was staying with the Duke of Bedford. He wrote:—

To Westminster Abbey for the funeral of Lord Tennyson. It makes one hope better of England that all Englishmen are of one heart about him and his work—it is not that he has left "no line which dying he would wish to blot," but that every line consists with his pure ideal of pure manhood and manliness and teaches it.

The collection of Dukes and Authors and Editors and Physicians seen joining in the singing of "Holy! Holy! Holy!" Heber's hymn, over a grave, could not I think have the like of it seen in any modern land. His own "Crossing the Bar" and "Silent Voices" were sung to sweet music as anthems.

Back to Woburn.

To the Bishop of Durham.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Oct. 31, 1892.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

'Αναίδεια[1] must indeed harden me or I could not send you new proofs.

But if you *can*—you know what it is to me.

If you could give me one word, besides apparent detail, as to whether I bring out the struggling thought of how Cyprian or Christianity enriches the idea of Patience.

Lightfoot's *monument* unveiled! Tennyson beside Chaucer! The earth *is* rolling. Tennyson's last ψηλαφήματα or ψηλαφισμοί[2] if there are such words, are very touching, as his heart failed, and yet he had *found*.

And what a wide and deep gathering you had on the unveiling.

[1] Shamelessness. [2] Feeling the way in the dark.

Our social roots are surely deep struck. And then at the same moment such shakes going on and Tennyson himself tucking up so spiteful a stick in his *Last* Gifts.

I fear the Winter looks very ill—and nobody knows what to do yet. Agriculture in these counties seems about to lie down and die from some accounts.

I had a very interesting biduum with the Canterbury Chapter and have been in bed ever since except for a forced sermon yesterday. I should be all right if the weather would. We sadly want to kindle Trinity men for the Trinity Mission. How?

Yours ever affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

In November he presided over an interesting conference at Lambeth on the duty of the Church to the aged poor. The rest of the year was spent at Addington: on Dec. 20th he writes:—

Arthur, Fred, Hugh all home. Delightful. What could be more perfect than these three with Maggie, except the certainties about the other Two?

My horse fell heavily with me in a deep lane rotten with all these rains and trodden into dough. Neither she nor I the least hurt though she on her knees and I on my shoulder. Sometimes I think such a departure from this world would be the most enviable. Perhaps that is fear of pain. Choose Thou.

To the Bishop of Durham.

(Death of Dr Hort.)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
4 *Dec.* 1892.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I have been wanting to write yet could not. I feel to the full how deeply you will suffer from the separation from him whose initial is constantly woven with your own—while even that implies scarcely anything of the endless converse which you have held with him.

How pathetic if it is true that the last strain which overwrought him was an effort to do some justice to Lightfoot's memory.

I feel my own feebleness in being unable to follow such dear friends into the μυχοί[1] of their labours—but it affects me now to feel that he could have done justice to the intimity of Lightfoot's work.

It is unhappily—(for I should have so wished to be with you) impossible for me to keep an engagement, which I am utterly obliged to keep, if I attend the funeral. If it had been at midday I could have reached Cambridge and come away in time. But no train later than the 1.30 will return me in time.

I shall be with you, if all be well, in the Chapel here.

This world's "lamps and cressets" are beginning "one by one to be extinguished" for me, as the beautiful old St Cyr said, and the "roof" that was so bright gradually darkens.

I wish I could *feel* that the coming school at Cambridge was as gallant, as devoted to the truth, as ready to suffer in the flesh for it, as the old school. But *you* are hopeful, and always God is true.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Lord Ashcombe[2] in 1892 wrote to the Archbishop to suggest that the Ruins of Richborough Castle might be acquired by subscription and made a public trust. The scheme was carried out mainly through the exertions of Lord Ashcombe and Archdeacon B. F. Smith, who became two of the first Trustees.

He wrote:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Dec. 10*th*, 1892.

MY DEAR ASHCOMBE,

I wondered whether you would care to have anything to say to Richborough.

It commands Pegwell Bay where Augustine landed, and is itself closely connected with the earliest days of his re-introduction of Christianity. We are always afraid of the Papists buying it

[1] Innermost recesses.

[2] His old friend, George Cubitt, was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashcombe in 1892.

on that account. We shall hold our own celebration of the thirteenth centenary of his landing within its walls (if we can get leave) by some temporary roofing.

I am proposing to have the Lambeth Conference in 1897 instead of 1898 on that account, and gather together representatives of the English Church throughout the world[1].

It will be a good opportunity for impressing on people that they owe only a little part of their Christianity to Rome—that it was much earlier.

Yours ever sincerely,

E. W. Cantuar.

[1] He did not live to witness it, but the idea, so happily conceived, made the Conference and the Diamond Jubilee virtually simultaneous.

CHAPTER IX.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AND COLONIAL CHURCHES.

"Soror nostra es: crescas in mille millia!"
GEN. XXIV.

I DO not find that the question of Foreign Missions occupied any great space in my father's thoughts in earlier days: he looked upon the preaching of Christ to the heathen world as the necessary outcome of the Christian spirit, but there are no signs that he thought very deeply or precisely on the subject. He was not one of those who almost seem born with the enthusiasm to carry the Gospel of Peace to those who have never heard it. His missionary zeal would have found a more natural channel in the restoring a church desecrated and ruined, as in the Mission to the Assyrian Christians. It will have been noted, that the offer of the Bishopric of Calcutta did not wake any special response in him, and was not felt as an inevitable call. As soon however as he gave up his educational work and was more directly confronted with Church problems, he began to study the whole question more minutely.

Thus, on October 23rd, 1873, when Chancellor of Lincoln, he said, preaching in Exeter Cathedral on behalf of the S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K.:—

> The Missionary movement is one such great onward current; it is a forceful outbursting of the Kingdom of Heaven; it is

working immense changes, which easily escape the observation of all except those who either are specially devoted to the subject, or else who take a very unusually wide and almost philosophical cognizance of all the active forces busy in the world; yet changes in which it were good for every Christian, good for his heart, his self-discipline, his whole character, to take part—good for him here and hereafter.

That he took no narrow view of the precise limits of religious truth, the following passage shows:—

Our missionaries have awakened us from the old dream that we had all to teach and nothing to learn. If we now are able to discriminate the effect of race as a factor in Church thought and life: if we can be grateful, as we ought to be, for the depth, or the clearness, or the extent of vision in which Greece and Italy and Germany have revealed to us the richness and the many-sidedness of the faith (the manifold wisdom of God), we may still be sure that we have not yet drunk in all its light, and that a race whose simple questions *test* and probe and twist the doctrine of the half-instructed divine, and to whose neophytes the utmost refinements of the Greek fathers (which the blunt practical North can scarcely understand as being attractive) present themselves with the freshest delightsomeness, will have an effect upon the form of faith.

As there has been a Greek Christianity and a Latin Christianity, a Patristic Theology, a Scholastic Theology, and a Protestant Theology, so we may be quite certain that there will be hereafter an Oriental Christianity and an Oriental Theology, and that England in this century is beyond all others charged with delivering to the East a pure clear-burning lamp of truth.

Speaking of the difficulties of Missions in India he said:—

Then come the difficulties of society, which, over and above complication of castes, seem interminable. You have numberless towns where immemorial custom cannot tolerate Sunday rest, and the exhibition of the most beautiful and useful Christian usages is lost; villages where...classes of intelligent, well-disposed boys give admirable accounts of Bible readings or the sermon without the least tendency towards Christian profession; where the people talk with delighted interest of the ideas of eternity, of regeneration, of even spirituality and Christian love, without

aiming at one trait of moral life or courage. Nowhere else is visible this strange pleasure in the outer courts of the faith separate from any desire to move inward or onward.

Making his final appeal he said :—

The need of money may be great. The need of men is greater. You are asked for your sons. This is the appeal to the families of England. Give Christ a son. Your carefully nurtured, frank-hearted, faithfully-taught, bright, sympathetic sons. The world can show us nothing like our English boys. The armies of Christ, which follow him on white horses, clothed in fair linen, white and clean, conquering and to conquer, could receive no more fair or beautiful recruits....Surely of all cities Exeter may hope to tread again and again the path she has thrice trodden. Exeter, whose monastic school trained, 1100 years ago, the apostle[1] who Christianised Germany, and Christianised it by what we have urged, the organised harmonious labour of a few highly-cultivated men.

Strong and inspiring as his words are here, the thought somewhat lacks the substantiality which nearer acquaintance with Mission work gave him later, and the reality which is traceable in his view of alien religions when once he had seen Mahomedanism as a dominant and formative power.

At Truro, in the stress and urgency of the work there, with all the multifarious business in which the creation of a Cathedral involved the Bishop, the subject of Foreign Missions was only one of many important matters on which his energies were spent. But it was among the first questions to which he devoted careful and anxious thought on his advancement to the Metropolitan Chair of Canterbury. He found himself *ex officio* President of the S.P.G., and in presence of a work that was taking vastly different proportions from those it had had in his earlier years.

[1] Boniface, a native of Crediton in Devonshire.

On April 26th, 1887, at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G., the Archbishop said:—

There are indeed few documents which hurry our minds through such great and majestic subjects as a Missionary report in the present day. Almost all of us can remember the time when about the last thing that we thought of in connection with Missionary work, however highly we valued it as a duty, was to see it occupying such a place as it has in the world's affairs to-day.

Two years earlier he had expressed in stirring words the importance of the work which the Society was doing.

But our business at present is not with the future; only we should prepare ourselves to think about the future. As for the present moment, in the name of humanity, in the name of crushed, beaten-down, oppressed humanity, in the name of yearning humanity, in the name of powerful, able humanity, which is tending back towards Paradise and far beyond Paradise, tending towards Heaven itself, in the name of all those who have no such yearnings or aspirations, and in the sight of all the great peoples and tribes and churches forming under our very eyes—Christian crystals forming in some chemical fluid—I ask, can there be for the present any duty more incumbent upon Christians over the whole world than to support these Societies? Can there be anything more important than that all the Societies should provoke each other to love and good works? I feel very jealous for this old Society of ours, which is so bound up with all the past history of the English Church, which has had such noble men to support it, such devoted lovers and devoted workers both here and abroad. I am very jealous for this Society lest it should seem to be in any way limiting or crippling its operations....It is no question of rivalry. I think that while all those Nonconformist Societies are our brethren, united in one common faith, striving for one common object, working in Christ's name, and thinking good of all men, they would desire this thing also. The aim of the Societies ought to be mutual provocation to love and good works, and the Church of England ought to make her contributions equal to those of other Churches, but particularly in spiritual matters. Equally ought we to lay to heart that this is no mere contest of pounds, shillings, and pence. We must lay to heart that gifts are but an index of feeling. Now that the Intercession

Day has been moved back to the old day, which has been found to suit so much better the customs and habits of English society, I do trust that both the existence of that day and the change that has been made in deference to so many requests will be marked by very full churches, churches open all day, and a great deal of private prayer. We know that the year (1872) when this day first began, the Churches of England all over the world received a great accession of devoted men. God grant that we, while we show what we are in material ways, may take great care that in the secrecy of our own hearts and among the congregations of our churches there shall rise up a spiritual intercession to God, as one great united sacrifice to Him for the benefit, for the help, for the salvation of those who as yet know Him not. And if the day of Intercession is to be a great day, then at every footstool, in every closet, in every church there ought to be some commemoration of Missions; and we ought in all places to keep alive the memory of our great Missionaries. It is through these minglings of human and divine that the salvation of mankind is to be wrought out, for Jesus was both Man and God. With prayer to the God-man always in our hearts we shall bring God close to man. We must remember what it is for which we exist—the Church itself and all the branches of the Church....We must be much bolder to speak out and say we believe that the Gospel is the power of God. If we are bold let us speak it plainly. Let us pray as if we believed it, and let us live and work as if we believed it. Then it will be the power of God.

Into such details of the work as came before him he entered with characteristic eagerness; by careful inquiry from those who possessed any kind of special information, he made himself master of the circumstances down to the smallest details.

Prebendary H. W. Tucker, Secretary of the S.P.G., writes:—

I think that there is nothing in my life of which I am so proud as the fact that the late Archbishop frequently took me into his confidence and asked my opinion on many subjects connected with the Colonial and Missionary work of the Church.

So very much of what passed between us was of a confidential nature that I am unable to mention many things which showed how

intimate was his acquaintance with even the smallest matters, how acute his judgment, how uniformly hopeful he was even when confronted with difficulties, which at the time seemed insuperable.

I was always struck by the way in which he asked for my information on subjects that fell within the scope of my work: my opinion and judgment were of course very inferior to his own, but he seemed to me never to act without first obtaining all the information which he could from persons in my position. I know that my experience is not singular, for friends of mine, holding analogous positions, have told me that it was theirs also.

When our deliberations had reached a further stage, and letters had to be written as the result, he frequently sent the draft of such letters to me, begging me freely to point out any errors, for he said "I must not make a mistake."

In one of his charges he said, "Every corner of our vast Empire is as much the care of the Church as is an English parish." Certainly he realised this for himself.

He knew the characteristics of each Diocese, and its general condition as well as anything that had occurred of a special character. I was very much struck once at a Committee of his own Mission to the Assyrian Church when he told us what wages the boys in the school at Urmi would get if they learned the trade of carpenters.

In 1884 when the Centenary of Seabury's[1] Consecration was kept he threw himself into the celebration with great energy, presiding at an evening meeting in the Westminster Palace Hotel, and preaching a remarkable sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, on the following day in St Paul's Cathedral. Three years later when we kept the Centenary of our own Colonial Episcopate, he composed a Collect which was used in all the Dioceses of our Church at home and abroad.

Since the publication of such books as Hardwick's *Christ and other Masters*, and Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, the Science of Comparative Religions has attracted many students. His speeches and sermons, especially those of 1892 and 1893, show how the Archbishop had thoroughly mastered the subject and had built on it a Science of Missions. He sternly refused, however, to allow the Catholic Faith to be "thrown into the

[1] The first American Bishop, consecrated to the See of Connecticut at Aberdeen in 1784.

Crucible" when the Parliament of religions met at Chicago in 1893.

As I have already written, many of the matters on which the Archbishop consulted me required to be conducted with reserve. Many too had to be considered from time to time, while correspondence had to be carried on in the intervals with persons in different positions and holding strongly different views. It took years to bring to a satisfactory issue such things as the reconciliation of the two parties in Natal, or the consecration of the Bishop for Tinnevelly[1], which involved legal questions as well as the doubts of the good Bishop of Madras[2] as to the obligations of his Letters Patent. There were other matters not less difficult, which need not be mentioned. Yet when the outlook seemed least promising I never saw the Archbishop other than bright and hopeful. He would get out of one all that one knew, and sometimes put questions which one was not prepared at the moment to answer. Each subject had its separate piece of paper—and as things cleared and the information was gained, every thing was written down on paper, and finally put aside with the directions to the Chaplain what to do, and then another piece of paper was taken and another subject stripped to the bare facts as far as was possible.

The services that he did to the Society were frankly and generously expressed at his death. At their monthly Meeting in Oct. 1896 the resolution, adopted unanimously, stated that the Society

recalls with thankfulness the earnest personal interest which His Grace always took in its work and progress; never omitting, save on one occasion when he was laid aside by illness, to take his part in the Annual Service in St Paul's and to preside over the Annual Public Meeting. It remembers the delight with which he heard of the Society's ability to found a Mission to Corea; the wisdom with which he secured Episcopal control on proper Ecclesiastical principles for the Missions in Japan; the untiring efforts which he made to give to India Bishops in Chota Nagpur and in Tinnevelly; the patient labour with which he endeavoured to bring peace to the Diocese of Natal.

[1] The consecration of the Rt Rev. Samuel Morley to this See took place Oct. 28, 1896, at Madras.

[2] Frederick Gell, D.D.

His Grace was one of the first of the English Bishops to meet the wish of the Society to place its home work on a Diocesan basis. Last year he gave up a whole day to presiding over the meeting of the Diocesan Committee at Maidstone, and had promised to give the 4th November in this year to a similar gathering in the Society's interests at Norwood. Such co-operation could not fail to give a stimulus to all who work for the Society, for, as has been said of one of his greatest predecessors centuries ago, His Grace was "a great teacher, a great thinker, and a great kindler of thought in others[1]."

And now, when in the inscrutable providence of God he has been taken from among us, the Society glorifies God for the example of His servant, whose beautiful translation from the Chancel of Hawarden Church to the rest of Paradise leaves nothing to be desired by those who loved and honoured him.

It was to the S.P.G. that he principally devoted his energies; but he had a great respect for the C.M.S., amply testified in his diaries, and he always maintained that he was met by them in the most generous and considerate spirit. "The noble Society," he called it in a letter, "that had been the handmaid of God for so long." He recognised that it was rapidly losing, if it had not already lost, much of the more sectarian and party feeling which had formerly characterised it, and his loyal affection for the simple and old-fashioned Evangelical spirit was so great that he could see behind superficial modes of expression which sometimes might alienate or puzzle those less liberal in view than himself. Though from time to time difficulties arose between the Archbishop and the C.M.S. in matters of organisation, yet he always admired the patient energy and firm discipline of the Society. His ideal of unity was that people of different dispositions, but of identical principles, should not combine to carry out religious work on rigid lines, but should form smaller organisations, so as to touch the great work

[1] St Anselm.

at different points; and approaching it through natural diversities of feeling and tradition, should be united by a common basis of comprehensive enthusiasm.

At the same time he felt very anxious that interest in special Missions should not obscure the general interest in the Mission Field. Speaking on June 17th, 1884, at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G., he said:—

> Again I feel from time to time a little anxiety lest in our ardour we should run into exaggeration. I do not find such exaggeration in the publications of this Society, but I am alluding to a handling of Missionary work which is becoming too common. The great cause of Missions will not be served by over-pathetic appeals, or by sensational writing about limited and temporary phenomena. I have only just received a letter from a Colonial Bishop lamenting the strained appeals made by friends of his own diocese, as if there were not great cause for gratitude, and as if encouragement were not more helpful than despair. Here we have again to take a strong view of the subject. There was a time in our country when every church, or at least a very great number of churches, had its special shrine and devotions; and there were pilgrimages here and there, and votaries of this intercessor or that; every man had his own pet saint; and all this preluded a period of complete breaking up. So would it be with us, I think, if we were all to throw our interests into particular Missions, as we have been a little in danger of doing, instead of taking a very strong general interest in all Missions. Spiritual competition will lead to spiritual selfishness, and while all selfishness is dangerous to the character, spiritual selfishness is perhaps the most dangerous of all, for it attacks us in that which ought to be the centre of all.

It will not be possible to do more than to illustrate the conclusions at which he seems to have arrived, by extracts from his chief speeches.

The Archbishop always maintained that the furthering of Foreign Missions was absolutely essential to any sincere attempt to realise in action the principles of Christ. If tolerance was the pendulum, aggressiveness was the main-

spring: there could be no question for the Christian of letting things alone.

In another part of the last-mentioned speech, he said :—

The true Mission spirit is a universal spirit. True Mission work has two great characteristics. In the first place, it has the characteristic of aggressiveness, an aggressive spirit which cannot rest: but it is a self-sacrificing spirit....The second characteristic of Christianity is tolerance—the tolerance of love, the tolerance of intelligence. When I look at the Bishop of Lahore's [1] *Manual of Moral Philosophy*, and see the two first parts occupied with bringing out all that is noble and good in the Philosophies of the East and of Greece, and see that this is to lead to the third part, the true morality of Christianity, I feel that therein the real spirit of Missions is thoroughly understood, and that the history of the whole world is looked upon as the ancient Christians looked upon it—as a Preparation for the Gospel, not a thing to be despised and thrown away. As Christ Himself came in the fulness of time, so comes our teaching to those who have run through all that they can learn without Christ, and then are in the position of men who, by their great insight into the phenomena of nature, are prepared to take in the phenomena which God reveals of Himself. Aggressiveness and Tolerance together—these should be the symbols of this Society. If I may dare to use a word which is often used in a cant sense, its members and branches should take a "statesman-like" view of the work.

More epigrammatically he expressed his general view in his Visitation Address on Missions in 1885 :—

I read in some journal of a manufacturing town, that the hope of the Soudan (it then entertained hope of it) really lay "in the regenerating influence of a great trading company" which was to be formed to deal with it.

If we were to state (at least anywhere outside a church) that the hope of any region lay "in the regenerating influence of a great church," people perhaps might think now either that we were insincere, or that we were rambling into poetry. And yet Christ did found the Church to be the regenerating influence in the world.

[1] Dr T. V. French.

He was perhaps one of the first to claim that Mission work should be put upon a scientific basis. He urged the careful study of comparative religions: he was anxious to see the rise of native Churches, not merely branches of the Church of England working in foreign lands, accommodating themselves as far as was consistent with Christian principles to the native habits of thought and devotion.

It will be seen how his speeches increase in reality, as he was brought more into contact with Mission work, but he brought even to the earliest consideration of the work a view, which in its maturity is equally far removed from a crude enthusiasm or a still cruder indifference. On the one hand, he regarded any spiritual awakening as a preparation for the religion of Christ, not thinking of other religions as merely enemies of the highest; but he was as far removed from the view that any short of the highest can be the ideal for that race to which it most naturally appeals. Thus his view of Mahomedanism was of a high spiritual power, already producing a more spiritual tone of mind than a debased Christianity; but at the same time he had no patience with the cynical Christianity and shallow learning which would regard Mahomedanism as the practical ideal for the Arab. Thus in a speech in 1893, meeting the foolish objection that the nations of the world are "doing very well as they are," he treated first of India, as producing the very highest type of people that are produced outside Christianity, and said:—

> You have the cultivated Brahmin and the beautiful pictures that have come down to them from the past; and, if that were all, you might say, "It is a very momentous thing to attempt to disturb these people even with the greatest truths; everything ought to be done very gently indeed, in dealing with people like these." And I believe it ought to be done very gently. But the Brahmin and the sacred Vedas don't represent to us, alas! the religion of India. Take such a point as one of the great festivals

of the great gods, and nothing more awful, nothing more licentious, is going on on the face of the whole earth. Perhaps some of you may have seen the letter of the Dean of Wells[1], when he went abroad—as he confessed, with somewhat doubtful mind—and saw the troops of dancing girls in the temples, the children of shame, conducting the services, as they are called, of the gods; when he saw a frieze ten feet high around one of the temples representing scenes which it would be impossible for tongue or pen to put before a Christian or European audience. My friends, they are not getting on very well as they are.

Then, speaking of the Mahomedans, he added:—

Take them, not as they are in contact with us, but at their very best. Take them where they are bravest and wisest. Take them where they have most respect for themselves and for one another; and think of the condition of Mussulman women, pronounced and declared by the highest authority to be beings without souls; and even when most kindly treated, treated as if they had no soul—without education, without formation of character, without any of those things which to us make the awe and reverence with which we regard the purity, and the quick judgment, and the wisdom of our Christian women. My friends, over there the greatest of the heathen, the Hindoo and the Mahomedan, are not at all getting on very well as they are.

The other side of the view cannot be better illustrated than by a speech in 1892 at the S.P.G. Meeting, where he dwells on the divine education of nations through religions, which the enthusiast is often wont to regard as a fraud of the devil, and combats the old mistaken idea that the seed of Christianity fell to the best advantage on the soil of simplicity and ignorance.

There are one or two things which are becoming very plain to observers which were by no means obvious in the past. It really did commend itself to many great Missionaries in the past that the best field for working in was the field of the unsophisticated, the simple, and the ignorant, and no doubt there is beautiful work, with beautiful results, to be done among them; but I believe that is not our theory now.

[1] Dr Jex Blake.

We have perceived that the reflective mind stored with knowledge is in the heathen a better field for the work of Christ than vacancy and ignorance. The greatest works in the past have been done on that principle. The Gospel itself recognises the fact, because it came "in the fulness of time." It came when the human intellect had attained the highest reaches it has ever attained. For originality of conception, for keenness of investigation, the old philosophies, if they have rivals in modern times, have not been surpassed. Better methods have been devised, but human mind-powers may well be thought to have reached what may be considered the highest stage of development when the Gospel was presented to it. Accordingly, we must not make any such great mistake as would be involved in the suspending or diminishing of secular education, in any part of the world where we give secular education, until that secular education is provided in a better way by other means. We could, I am persuaded, make no greater mistake than suspending, diminishing, or being content with a smaller allowance of those studies which expand and inform the mind, in any belief that we can do well enough with some small portion, and on that plant the Gospel of Christ. We cannot plant it half as well on the half-instructed as on the most instructed and cultivated intellects. We are learning, and every report brings home to us now, what we were not sure of even a short time ago. We were not sure of the importance of building up schools and universities, as the Church of our forefathers did for us.

It is not so many years that it has been borne in upon us that a religious tone of mind, though heathen, is a better field for Christian effort than a non-religious tone of mind. We are beginning to perceive that in those regions where our race—where Europeans—are destroying belief in the old religions, if they have not the religion of Christ at hand immediately to substitute they are doing more harm to religion than good. It is not true that the mind from which every possible superstition has been banished, until it becomes a *tabula rasa*, is in a better state of receptivity for the truths we have in hand than the mind which still retains its religious tone, even though the modes and shapes under which it lives are untruthful, and in some cases even injurious. Any religious tone is the upgrowth of many generations. The religious tone in any nation has been gradually formed in it, and, for any generation that we may be dealing with, it is the offspring

of the teaching of old traditions, conveyed by teaching and by habits early formed. I fear that, if we have one single generation intervening which has no religious habits, no thought beyond the grave, no tone which makes it perpetually look up to that which is beyond it and above it, we shall find it a harder task to convert the children of that generation than to convert the polished heathen, however firmly they hold to their old faith. Therefore, wherever this Society is at work, I hope it will do its utmost to promote schools and universities, and all manner of teaching good for the mind of man, until there arises some power which takes this in hand and is able to impart such instruction better than we can.

At the same Meeting he urged the absolute necessity of a philosophical insight into the principles of national religions; he said:—

Then, again, if our communities in all directions ought to be careful about destroying the religious tone of any nation, however superstitious, without being ready to replace it, it follows from that that we ought to do our utmost to understand the religions we are to deal with. These religions are great; they are not trivial. They do embody the best thoughts, the best feelings, the best aspirations of men through many ages. It is not true that they are ordinarily wicked, except by contrast. We know that there may be wickedness in and among them, promoted even by their ministers. But we know it has been so in Christianity too. We know that in the Christian Church itself there have been veins and seams of wickedness which have gone far to make the society they pervaded unpalatable to earnest minds. We often do undervalue the importance to mankind of such a religion as Mahomedanism. I would say that those who know Mahomedanism best, know that in many directions there are noble characters formed under its influence—men of justice, men of piety, men of truth—whom all who know them intimately respect. These characters are the strength of that or of any other religion. It is not what is to be found in books, what is to be said or prayed in temples; it is the characters that are formed by any religion which are its true strength—the pillar of its strength—among the populace. When we find Mahomedanism so hard to break, so irresistible, so impregnable a citadel, so impenetrable a rock, it is not because it is a religion which

ministers to pride, to lust and cruelty. I deprecate very much our setting to work—I do not believe we shall ever succeed if we set to work—believing that the religion of any nation which God has allowed to grow up in it, and to be its teacher up to this point, until Christianity is ready to approach it—I do not believe we should succeed if we held that the religion itself ministered to pride, to lust, and cruelty. It would be as reasonable if we were to impute to the Gospel the sins of London. We know what the sins of Mahomedanism are, but do we not know what the sins of Europe and London are? Do we not know what the sins are of other places where the Gospel is preached most earnestly and sedulously? We mistake if we do not look at the root of the evils; we must look into the region of human nature, and first accept a religion as having done what it could for the moral and spiritual welfare of its followers; having done that, and in that spirit, you can move forward, and offer yourselves as those who have a more excellent way to present to the nations living in the faith of these old religions. Mahomedanism does form high characters. No one can go into a Mahomedan place of worship without being struck by the evidence of sincerity, gravity, absorbedness, and solemnity in the worshippers. We must not approach them as if they knew they were themselves deficient, and that it was only pride and obstinacy that prevented them from listening to us. We must go to them acknowledging that God has brought them a long way on the road to Him. We must take them up where they are, and remember that they do not look upon themselves as behind Europeans or the English nation. They look upon their sacred book as an advance on Christianity, and, until we are able to meet them on their own ground, until we have thoroughly mastered theirs, until we know exactly what their position has been in the formation of character and thought—unless we recognise the deep spring of devotion they exhibit, unless we are prepared to find the formation of noble characters among them due to the same cause as the formation of noble characters among ourselves—we shall have no chance in dealing with a religion like Mahomedanism. It is a religion which requires to be thoroughly understood and deeply mastered. We want the colleges, we want the institutions and the great students who shall fortify and prepare our missionaries, to send them out, not with the idea that being Englishmen and Christians they ought at once to carry everything before them, but with the notion that they

have a fierce battle to fight, a hard strife to encounter, and that they must be prepared to follow misbeliefs and misunderstandings to their very root and origin. The stubbornness of the Mahomedans in resisting Christianity gives me more hope of what they will be when we have gone to them, properly armed to face them—to those who fully believe they could come to London and improve it, and give us a purer and better religion than our own—their stubbornness in maintaining and supporting their religion gives me more hope than the levity with which some nations are ready to give up old truths and take up a new religion, which they think will lead them to Western civilisation and wealth.

Speaking again at the 1887 Meeting of the S.P.G. of the deep necessity for understanding and dealing capably with the intellectual systems which Christianity came to enlighten and upraise, the Archbishop said:—

There are two great subjects upon which all people who are interested in Missions must now be fixing their attention. Both of them underlie a great deal of what our Secretary has read to you. He has spoken of the great variety of the form and of the matter of instruction which our Missionaries have now to give in different parts of the world—from the simplest tale of the Gospel message down to the deepest and most difficult reasoning with people who want to understand not only the faith whereby we must be saved, but also the philosophy of it, because they believe that, in God's great purposes, the Christian faith has a very deep philosophy. We know that it is so; and we know that if we are able to win the subtle intellect of the Hindoo it will be necessary for our Missionaries to receive higher and higher education. It is becoming absolutely necessary that we should have wise and learned men, versed in evidences, versed in criticism, versed in the philosophy itself of our religion, to send out into the Mission field; and yet, while we say this, we are, on the other hand, confronted with the fact of the strange, simple skill which is wanted to communicate Christianity in its simplicity. We want men full of love, of faith, of thought, and with a simple power of expression....Let them learn to know that Jesus Christ is God, that the Holy Spirit is a friend Who dwelleth in them, and with them, and the time will soon come when they will rise to that majestic doctrine and truth to which we cling as that whereby we who know it must be saved.

The same breadth of view and vitality of thought are seen in the way in which he steers between two other extremes,—between the mistake of imposing stereotyped externals of religion upon an alien race, with other customs, other symbolism, and other habits of thought; and the opposite extreme of remoulding the essentials of Christianity to suit the instincts and prejudices of race.

Thus of the adaptation of Missionary methods to the preconceived religious ideas of the communities they intended to indoctrinate, speaking on June 9th, 1886, at the Annual Public Meeting of the S.P.G., the Archbishop said:—

It is also very singular to notice how at the very time there is this tendency to divide the Churches from one another, there is, for convenience's sake, in other parts of the world a tendency to unite congregations which I think it would be dangerous to unite. Of course we all ought to have in our hearts tendencies towards unity; but it is no unity when, for mere convenience's sake, congregations are united together which are not united in principle and objects; such unity of congregations will delay the real unity of Christendom. I believe that it will lead to coupling together unnaturally and for worldly ends principles that must be kept apart, and which must work themselves out to their fulfilment. Therefore, I think that it would be premature for the Church of England thus to unite with other communities differing from her; for I believe that there are many forms side by side with our own which are less perfect, and we could not unite with them without diminishing the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine in which we believe. Besides, if there are documents drawn up upon which the congregations are to act, there will arise a still more unfortunate state of things, for it will lead to a rigidity which in time to come will be found very far apart from that elasticity which we desire to see both in ourselves and other bodies of Christians. I am very desirous for real elasticity. For instance, when in some lands it is found that the only posture which suggests real devotion before God is prostration, it is folly to insist upon the native converts adopting our habit of kneeling, which only suggests to them the idea of rest. Similarly, in a

country where the colour for expressing mourning is white, it is folly for the ministers to be vested in robes of that colour. That surely needs enquiring into, and alterations made in that direction, as well as changes made in the actual prayers that we use, and the working in of phrases and expressions to be found in the ancient liturgies, and so adapting them to Eastern modes of thought. Surely in these things we should have a real elasticity.

At the same time the Archbishop realised that tolerance could only go a certain way; he saw clearly that there were certain instincts, or habits, which by long use and custom had become inbred in certain Oriental nations, which were essentially fatal to the first principles of Christianity; such as the Caste system among the Hindus. Speaking on this subject in 1893 at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G., the Archbishop said:—

Caste is reasserting its empire. The policy which has been ours for a long time past, although absolutely in defiance of Bishop Wilson's[1] practice and prediction, and against the wishes of Bishops Caldwell[2] and Sargent[2], who are sometimes quoted on the other side—the policy which we have encouraged in spite of these great men—has been to be sure that caste would die out of itself. Well, caste is not dying out of itself, and when it comes to this, that people who are of different castes will not kneel side by side to receive the Holy Communion—and there are instances which I might mention more strong and visibly connected with the old religions—it seems to me that something must be done in the way of making a declaration on the part of the Church with regard to it. This is the question—What is Christianity? What is Christianity as affecting and forming human society? Is not the very first principle of it the brotherhood of man? Was not the first lesson that St Peter was taught, the lesson that there was no caste—that there was nothing common or unclean? Was not it the first teaching of St Paul when he took his stand on Mars Hill at Athens, that God had made of one blood all nations of

[1] Daniel Wilson, Bp of Calcutta, 1832—1858.

[2] Bishops Caldwell and Sargent were consecrated Assistant Bishops to the Bishop of Madras for the work in Tinnevelly in 1877. The first died in 1891, the latter in 1890, and their offices were never filled up. There is now a Diocesan Bishop for Tinnevelly, Dr Morley.

mankind for to dwell on the face of the whole earth? His has become a proverbial expression that the distinction between barbarian and Scythian and civilised man is at an end. In Christ there is neither barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, and there cannot be any caste, for caste is, of all factors in human society, the most powerful separatist. If we go on as we are doing we shall leave them Christians in name only. They will adopt doctrines and usages, and much that is attractive in Christianity, but human society will not be affected or put upon a Christian basis until caste disappears. It may be said that the Roman Catholics, who have been missionaries in India so long, and zealous and successful missionaries, have allowed caste. Yes, but I do not believe that they allowed it without misgivings; and in their case there was an excuse which there is not for us—namely, that they were against it in the beginning, and adopted it only as a matter of disguise in days of sanguinary persecution. We have had no such excuse as that. It has not been put upon us in that way. I believe that the people whose business it is must consult upon it; but I think that our impression at home is very distinct indeed that it will not be a true Christianity which is going on unless as it proceeds it distinctly abolishes caste. I know very well that we shall lose numbers at first. I know very well that wherever we have made the most progress we have been most tolerant of caste; but I want to know whether it is true Christianity. I know that we shall lose numbers at first if we do abolish it; but I am sure that if we do not assert what Christianity and the Church are, and that their first effect on society is to restore the brotherhood of all mankind, we shall lose far larger numbers at last.

At the same time though pleading for all reasonable elasticity, the Archbishop maintained that the whole aim of Missions was to touch the heart and change the life; the danger of losing sight of this was the gravest danger of all.

Thus the view that Christianity must be taught as a formative principle, not as a compacted system, can hardly find stronger expression than in his words in 1895, at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G.:—

I hope that we shall all realise that when we have dispelled

the ancient mythology and have substituted for it the facts of the Gospel history, we have not done all the work. The work which the Church has to do is to make every single fact of Christ's life, every doctrine, every truth, bear upon the conscience of mankind. We shall have done perhaps more harm than good in the long history of the world if we so preach Christianity as to substitute, so to speak, one mythology for another.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood how deeply he felt, as has been said above, that the Church implanted in each foreign land should become the national Church of that country, and not a mere missionary branch of the Church of England working there in the cause of Christ. His idea of unity was not that of a rigid system, working mechanically without modification or reference to local needs, but an elastic system, unchangeable in fundamental principle and tolerant on lesser points—a vital principle, taking, like the life of animals and plants, a new form, showing a fresh bloom in new soil and new surroundings, but springing according to the same unchangeable laws from one eternal source of life. Among the Assyrian Christians his aim had been to send, in contradistinction to the "Mission of absorption," an embassage to bring fresh heart and life to the old Church of the nation; so, in countries unchristianised before, he desired to plant national Churches, formed according to new needs, enriching Christendom by the expression of new principles.

In his Visitation Charge in 1885, he said:—

To assume as the one only admissible model of a Christian Church, a Church of which every distinct part is inwrought with national characteristics and chiselled by special controversies; to seek to build up a like Church, stone by stone as it were, spiritually, out of the utterly different characters, experiences, sentiments of another race, is to repeat without excuse the error of the great Boniface, in making not a Teutonic but an Italian

Church in Germany. It is to contradict the wise axioms with which Gregory tried to save Augustine from the error.

Commending the wisdom of the Wesleyan Mission, in the elasticity of its ritual among alien races[1], he continues:—

This is but a parable of the deeper sagacity, which will have to deal with theological terms and forms of articles and liturgies. This is the real difficulty; not even to wish to transplant one's own dear mother Church to a climate where it will wither, but so to master her principles and to enter into foreign intelligences as to raise up Churches truly native. It requires large wisdom abroad and great forbearance at home to work out an ideal of the Catholic Church, so various and yet one.

* * * * *

Be that as it may, the formation of true Native Churches cannot be impossible if the missionary remembers that he is the organ of Christ....It is the name of Christ which the vessel of election bears within itself. The outline and ground-plan of its shrine will be that which we know, but the differing materials will have different treatments by the architect.

The two following letters to the late Bishop Bickersteth of Japan illustrate this point aptly:—

LAMBETH PALACE.
August 13th, 1886.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I have read with the deepest interest and sympathy your letter to Bishop Williams[2] of May 27th, and that of June 21st in which you enclose it to me.

[1] Sir Arthur Gordon, when he was Governor of Fiji in 1877, had written to him on this point; my father then wrote in reply:—

"What interesting things you tell me. These blessed Wesleyans have done their work here too in fitting to the people a form of religion which they could live by.

"But here their work is (I think) over. The nation educates itself and the Church wakens, just when they are able to use each other for perhaps the *first* time. It truly seems so: the παραθήκη seems to be sought out again just when the people's mind is astir with a ripple.

"Their continuance of prostration is admirable, and I am going to tell our people of it from you at the S.P.G. meeting on Monday."

[2] The American Bishop in Japan, who retired in 1889.

There can be no doubt that the moment is critical. Your Episcopate and that of Bishop Williams will see Japanese Christianity on the other side of a crisis. How it is to be landed there—whether rich in hope for the future, or already infested with the divisions which have grown up historically elsewhere, must depend on the work of the early Bishops.... I do most earnestly trust and pray that you will all be enabled to follow out the leading which God in His mercy has vouchsafed to you. The Church is increasing in numbers, and Church spirit is growing among you, as I recognise in all the accounts which reach me, and now is the moment at which the American Church and you, the Japanese Christians by whomsoever converted, and the S.P.G. and C.M.S. workers, ought to bind yourselves into one loving religious assembly, and by the help of conference and brotherly association find new lines, throw out new operations and develop new energies of every character in every direction....

This becomes of course much plainer and much easier of execution when we and our clergy remember that the great end of our planting a Church in Japan is that there may be a *Japanese* Church, not an English Church. Any forgetfulness of this, any aiming at a different end, will only reproduce in the next 100 years the miseries which have arisen from the Italian Church in the days of her prosperity having determined to be the Church of other lands. She has been justly disappointed, and all Christendom suffers both from the wounds she dealt in the struggle, and from the indifference and infidelity which have followed the indignation at her wherever she has succeeded in getting accepted as the only possible Church.

To make a Living Christ known and loved, and seen to be Himself at work in man and for man, and to make it recognised that Church doctrine is a true expression of Him in His Oneness and Manifoldness, is the only way in which the Church can be manifold and yet one. Ἦσαν ὁμοθυμαδὸν ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό[1] is *the* practical Charter under which the Church of the Acts did its work.

May I only hear the same description of all Church people in Japan. After that we shall hear of grander unities still.

Believe me, my dear Bishop,

Your affectionate Brother in Christ,

EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] They were of one mind together.

LAMBETH PALACE.
21 *July*, 1886.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I have seen one or two interesting letters from you, and am most thankful for all I hear. I pray that every blessing may come, and every difficulty vanish round your work, when the difficulty itself has done its work for you and for the work. It is sad to know that a different philosophy is extant even among Churchmen still, and that difficulties are counted for signs *against*, instead of suggestions for, improvement about our methods.

* * * * *

It is a comfort for us that we can lay the foundation of all that is stable and lasting in true morals, and the foundation of the morals in a true faith. What wonderful work is yours in that you can lay that foundation in a great fresh land like yours where Morals and Faith come together in all the power of "a Gospel of good things," and neither of them have any dust or wear on them.

Yet I see strange papers sometimes from Japan itself in which the *blasé* tone is caught along with the thing itself, and people seem to profess superiority to what they have never considered. Could mimicry be more perfect?

God grant you grace and power to bring in Reality and Righteousness as well as Doctrine, inseparably blended with it.

Ever your affectionate Brother,

EDW. CANTUAR.

It will be seen how the same principle guided my father's action and policy in matters relating to the Colonial Church.

The Bishop of Winchester contributes the following reminiscence on this subject:—

During the fourteen years of your father's primacy I was in almost daily communication with him upon the problems of Colonial and Missionary work which occupy so much of the time and attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury. My experience under Archbishop Tait had of course made me familiar with a good many of these problems, and it was a matter of startling and instructive interest to me, as chaplain and secretary to the new Archbishop, to find how he at once brought to bear upon such

matters his remarkable knowledge of the history and the perplexities of early times. Again and again in his first months at Lambeth he would almost scream with delight on discovering some analogy between the Church problems of 1883 and the Church problems of the days of Cyprian. To me I confess these analogies used to look somewhat strained—ingenious rather than helpful—but I soon learned to admire the penetrating insight with which he would pierce to the underlying roots of some complicated and perplexing quarrel, and to appreciate the large and generous principles of Church policy and growth which he instinctively formulated when face to face for the first time in practical life with administrative problems like those which he had for years been studying and recounting from afar.

I doubt whether there are more than a fast-dwindling handful of Englishmen who realise how great and far-reaching have been the questions of polity and practice affecting the Anglican Church beyond the seas, which have had to be solved somehow during the last thirty years, and how much has depended, in the solving of them, upon the guidance given from Lambeth. In a chapter[1] of Archbishop Tait's *Biography* I tried some years ago to sketch by a few examples the nature of the Archbishop of Canterbury's work in those respects, and it is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to go over the ground again. Nor were the problems which pressed upon Archbishop Benson's attention quite the same as those with which his predecessor had to deal. Archbishop Tait had to help and counsel the Colonial Churches during a period in which their connexion with the State was becoming loosened—but many Bishops still held the Letters Patent granted to them years before, and the process of complete Disestablishment was slow. A frequent appeal to Archbishop Tait, from America, from Africa, from the Antipodes, was to this effect: "Our Church is not yet strong enough to stand alone: pray keep hold of us till we have time to gain a firmer foothold, or a surer system of organisation and government: we are still dependent on the link with England and especially with Lambeth; help us to maintain it till we are stronger."

In Archbishop Benson's primacy, the subsequent stage had everywhere been reached. His work as a counsellor was mainly constructive work—and it was exactly for such work that

[1] Vol. II. pp. 337—377.

he was best equipped, both by temperament and knowledge. Questions which had before been "in the air" took practical shape and demanded formal settlement, and he brought to bear upon them not only a clear-headed and eager interest, and a large capacity for taking pains, but also the exceptional familiarity I have referred to with the disputes of early centuries and their solution. Every reader of his *Cyprian* will remember the wealth of illustrative parallels drawn or suggested between the perplexities of the Church in the third century and her perplexities in the nineteenth, and if the letters which flowed ten years ago from Lambeth to Canada, to the Cape, to Japan, and elsewhither, were to be published in full, they would afford a suggestive object lesson upon the continuity of the Church. The same may be said of his speeches upon Foreign Missions. These were, in my judgment, of extraordinary value to the Church of England and I am glad to know that you will find room for some copious extracts.

What he cared for was not the preservation of outward forms of expression or even organisation—indeed to these he was sometimes startlingly indifferent—but the maintenance of the spirit and principles of the Church's earlier life before mediaeval corruption and usurpation had begun. His addresses and his sermon in the Lambeth Conference of 1888 afford a good illustration of what I mean.

The most formidable of the many problems he had to face in connexion with the Colonial Church was undoubtedly the Natal question. You will do well, I think, to narrate those parts in some detail. I must myself have had more than fifty letters from him on the subject, besides endless conversations. He was fortunate in being able to send thither as Bishop in 1893 a messenger of reconciliation so capable and so devoted as Bishop Baynes, and one, withal, thoroughly in sympathy with his own comprehensive and common-sense view of an anxious and complicated situation.

The position of the Archbishop of Canterbury in all these matters has this peculiarity. His "authority" if we can call it so, is almost universally recognised, but it is undefined; it is moral not legal, and its effective exercise depends in no small degree upon the personal weight, tact and courtesy of the primate. In the letters patent still given by the Crown to a Bishop of Calcutta on his Consecration, he is declared to be "subject to the

general supervision and direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury," and the phrase might be applied in practice to many other sees besides that of the Metropolitan of India. Obviously, therefore, very much turns upon the Archbishop's willingness to concern himself actively as counsellor and friend in the affairs of these distant communities. Any unwillingness on his part to take trouble in the matter, or on the other hand any assumption of a definite authority and right to interfere, would probably result in a speedy diminution of his opportunities. To take an example at random, from many that I could quote, I remember how in 1879 when Archbishop Tait's aid was invoked for the settlement of certain difficulties in the Diocese of Colombo, care had to be taken to use for the necessary discussions some other rooms than those at Lambeth, lest it should be supposed that the Archbishop to whom both parties looked for the settlement of the matter, had claimed an official right to intervene. Perhaps in nothing did Archbishop Benson show more conspicuously his courteous Christian tact than in his unfailing readiness to be at the call of every Colonial or Missionary Diocese which might need his help, while avoiding every shadow of a claim to assert in autocratic form the rights of *alterius orbis papa*.

It is not easy to give short clear examples of the sort of correspondence referred to in the Bishop of Winchester's memorandum, or indeed to explain concisely and sufficiently the nature of the questions brought before the Archbishop. But a few examples will serve to indicate their variety and scope. Some of them concerned the more educational side of the Church's work—the educational difficulties of a Mission College in China; the selection of a Provost for a Colonial University; or advice was asked as to the ordination examinations of Missionaries in Africa. There were points of construction sometimes of the largest scope, such as the formation of a definite line of policy with regard to the developement of a native branch of the Church of England in Africa; questions concerning jurisdiction were brought before the Archbishop for decision or for counsel—the limits of the jurisdiction of the American and English

Church in Japan, pending the time when Japan should have a native Church of its own: or the arrangement of endless technical difficulties whereby, after years of correspondence, it was possible to secure for the Bishop of Madras the help that he needed in the supervision of his "cruelly vast, impossible area." But the variety of questions eludes classification; he must advise on the arrangements for the personal safety of missionaries in heathen lands—must approve all foreign translations of the Prayer-book, and spend a long time in the adjustment of a controversy half the world away which was preventing all harmonious working, and originated from the claims of rival congregations on a building which was at once a Cathedral and a parish Church.

But we cannot go fully into such matters. In some cases the questions were too local or detailed, in others too technical or too dry. In others, again, the controversy may be still too warm or the criticism too personal for present publication. Such a question, perhaps, as the position, title, and authority of a Colonial Metropolitan may best serve the purpose. This was no new subject of discussion. It had given scope for the fiery vehemence of Bishop Gray. It had been to the front at the Consecration of his successor in 1874. It had taxed the calm judgment of Archbishop Tait[1]. It had been discussed in the Lambeth Conferences both of 1867 and of 1878. Nor was it a mere question of words, though about the title there was and is a wide difference of opinion. Rather it affected the whole relation of Colonial Churches to the Church at home. Ought each self-constituted "province" to decide for itself what the position and title of its Metropolitan should be? Must the decision thus made, and the authority thus acquired, be recognised

[1] See *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. II. p. 338 etc.

forthwith throughout the whole Anglican Church? Ought a Colonial Metropolitan, when consecrated in England, to swear obedience to Canterbury in any form? If so, what does such a promise involve? If not, what official *nexus* if any, still subsists? Would the adoption of the title "Archbishop" for a Colonial Metropolitan make any difference? These are but a few of the questions that may and do arise out of the point. Answers to some of them were carefully formulated in the Lambeth Conference of 1897. But that was nine months after my father's death, and he had to deal with them without that aid. A few illustrative extracts may be given. In 1888, soon after the Lambeth Conference, he writes:—

Oct. 5.—The Bishop of X. wanted to know what I thought of his taking title of Archbishop from his Synod. I thought the Queen was the fountain of honour and its titles: that he could not be a match for Romans in precedence, since they could at any time make a cardinal: that as an Archbishop does not take an oath of canonical obedience to Canterbury, they might through this act find themselves a *separate* Church like Ireland or America.

On the 27th of July, 1891, he held a private meeting of certain Bishops. He writes:—

I then read to the same Bishops, and they approved, the two letters I had written, Public and Private, to the Bishop of Y. In the "Provincial Synod of Z—," they have resolved that henceforth their Metropolitan shall not take the oath to Canterbury—but they earnestly desire that he and other Bishops should be consecrated by Canterbury "to keep up" the union of the Churches! But consecration to a particular diocese means "Mission" and there can be no Mission where there is no jurisdiction...It will never do that while they decline to be an integral part of the Church of England we should in a mere colour and figment present them to the world as if they were.

While this Metropolitan lives, the Bishops who make oath to him, as well as himself, may be considered to be bound to us through life by his oath, and therefore if I can assist the solution (as he thinks I can) of the difficulties in one of their Dioceses, I

may do so on the strength of that oath. But afterwards it would be impossible.

Some two years later an announcement suddenly reached him in an informal and—as he thought disrespectful—way, that the two Canadian Provinces had conferred the title of "Archbishop" upon their respective Metropolitans. A voluminous correspondence ensued. If the tone of the few letters I extract seems abrupt or over-vehement, it must be remembered that the friends to whom he was writing knew him well enough not to mistake for controversial or personal animus what was merely a frank expression of rigid principles of ecclesiastical government.

Oct. 16, 1893.—About now I received on a half sheet of foreign note paper signed by "Canon A. Spencer[1]" the information on behalf of the "Synod of the Canadian Church" that they had appointed the Bishop of Rupertsland and the Bishop of Ontario to be Archbishops. Lightly done!

A day or two after a letter from Bishop of Rupertsland saying the same, and that the chief reason for their unanimity was that the Papists had Archbishops.

I have not yet ascertained whether Provincial Synods have in the past done this kind of thing. The last Lambeth Conference apparently did not suppose that they could.

It will make no difference to Canterbury. But certainly the "Church of Canada" is not a very courteous body.

To the Archbishop of Ontario[2] he wrote:—

My DEAR LORD,

I have received a document—a half sheet of note paper of *informal* character—signed by the Rev. Canon A. Spencer, announcing to me that your Lordship has been advanced to the dignity of Archbishop of Ontario by Act of the General Synod of Canada.

Although I did not myself receive intimation that such act was

[1] Official Secretary of the Canadian Synod.
[2] Dr John Travers Lewis.

contemplated, perhaps the informality of the notice implied that it was believed I had been informed, and I will not, in view of what took place at Lambeth Conference of 1888, suppose that the step was at all suddenly taken, or without wider consultation as to the views entertained by other branches and Provinces of the Anglican Communion, which are affected, though indirectly, by so important a constitutional change.

Any information with which you may be good enough to furnish me, either as to these views, or as to the ecclesiastical precedents which were relied upon in the independent action taken, will be to me the subject of very great and respectful interest, not only because of my deep concern in the well-being of the Canadian Church, but because of the relation in which the occupant of this See necessarily stands towards the whole Anglican Communion.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Your faithful brother and servant in Christ,

Ed. Cantuar.

To the Archbishop of Rupertsland[1] he wrote:—

Addington Park.
Nov. 4th, 1893.

I have to acknowledge with many thanks your letter dated Oct. 5th.

I trust that the acknowledgment of a General Synod and the fixing your Metropolitical See and Primacy in Rupertsland may contribute much to the strengthening and uniting of the vast work in Canada. It is reported that in Australia there is much feeling in favour of making the Metropolitan authority elective and not connected with any one See. It would be singular if that opposite step were taken there.

That settled, your own election to the Primacy was in the nature of things. After your great services nothing else was to be expected.

There seems now to be such a feeling that the Bishops should be taken from among the clergy in the Dominion, that it is only natural that the election should take place there. Clearly any authority at a distance could in *selecting from that field* only be guided by persons who might just as well elect for themselves.

[1] Dr Robert Machray.

You did us no more than justice in the kind remarks you addressed to the Synod as to the anxiety felt by the occupants of this See to do what would be acceptable in Canada.

I have no doubt that at all times the Archbishops of Canterbury would rejoice to be of service in any question referred to them in such affairs as you mention.

I recognise the difficulty which you point out as more than possible, even likely, sooner or later to arise from the Synod of one Province taking to itself power to confer such a rank and title as that of Archbishop. As you well say, there may be to-morrow three Archbishops for one. And why should there be any pausing there? Why should not the same limited authority claim to create a Patriarch for itself? I have mentioned to the new Archbishop of Ontario the bearing which the consensus of the Lambeth Conference seemed intended to have on a subject which affects the Dioceses of the whole Anglican Communion, and have ventured to express a hope that there was some wider consultation than I happen to have been informed of.

I should feel some regret that the precedent of the Roman Catholic Church should have been thought to have any bearing on the subject, if I did not feel sure that this must have had very slight weight.

Everything that affects the prosperity and influence of the Church in Canada is of the deepest concern to me and to the Church of England, and I pray that nothing but good may ensue from the action which has been taken. I am afraid that there are those who will regard it as a severing of the links which still bind the Church in Canada to the Church at home, but nothing can efface the more spiritual connexion, and I shall trust that the Canadian Church knows on the broadest and most far-seen grounds what is to its own advantage.

In the following year he was in correspondence with Bishops in South Africa and Australia on the same subject. I subjoin two letters.

Jan. 25th, 1894.

My dear Bishop of Bloemfontein[1],

Whatever might be my view as to the general policy I feel persuaded that it is not to the advantage of our Church that

[1] Dr John Wale Hicks, died Oct. 1899.

Archbishoprics should be created in a sporadic manner by local Synods, without any reference to the vast Anglican Communion, well and systematically organised up to this point over the whole world. When we have a central body like the Lambeth Conference—meeting every 10 years—in this case the interval is only 9 years—and consulting with such ability about the affairs of the whole Church, is it too much to hope that they may be consulted upon questions of such organic importance? Nothing certainly can be more unfair than considering the recommendations of Committees upon which the Conference is silent, as having the weight of approval by the Conference; nothing again I think can more disparage us in the eyes of our enemies than to constitute dignities of our own in a sort of race against another local religious body. I am also quite persuaded that the Lambeth Conference will not accord precedence to Metropolitans who have simply taken to themselves the title of Archbishop without reference to the Conference. These mistakes are being avoided by the course which you are taking in S. Africa, but surely it is better to wait a little longer for a general sanction than to attain the most desirable ends by any isolated action. Surely both Scripture and Church History are full of unmistakable warnings on this subject.

Later in the same year he wrote to the Bishop of Sydney[1]:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Aug. 28th, 1894.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF SYDNEY,

I have thought that it would be better that I should (as you originally requested) write my opinion as to the two points on which you consulted me.

I. As to the title of Archbishop.

I do not understand what is the authority on which it has been supposed to be a function of a Provincial Synod, or of the Bishops of a Province, to confer the title of Archbishop; and that without reference to other Provinces of the same Church. So far as I have been able to investigate the question historically I am led to the opposite conclusion, and if that is so, the irregularity would be a grave one.

The validity of titles does not depend on their being assumed, or on their being conferred by any authority which simply assumes

[1] Dr William Saumarez Smith.

to confer them. It is "*recognition*" only which makes a title valid. The case is in a measure parallel to *canons* which have no force until they are recognised. Or again it is like the case of Princes of whom, as in a recent instance in Europe, one is "recognised" by the Sovereigns as a king, another is not "recognised" and remains only the Prince of his country.

To give "recognition" of such a name as Archbishop no better body could be devised than the Lambeth Conference. It has already given a kind of interim opinion touching the subject. The proper course would be to bring a definite proposal before it at its next meeting and ascertain whether it will "recognise." A resolution in that sense adopted by such a body would be respected universally and accepted.

If this is not a question which the Lambeth Conference is especially fitted by its constitution to discuss, there can be no questions which are. I should not myself anticipate that the Lambeth Conference would very readily consent to precedence being accorded over Dignitaries to be created hereafter with its recognition previously assured. Any interim acceptance, in correspondence or otherwise, on the part of central authorities of titles so taken up must not be supposed to signify more than a courteous unwillingness to enter prematurely on discussion.

The alleged reason as to Roman precedence does not seem capable of being pressed, because a competition of dignities can always be closed by bestowing a Cardinal's Hat—which is "recognised."

I do not wish to be understood to give any opinion as to the necessity or advantage of obtaining such a title, but only to point out the antecedent conditions which appear to me to be essential.

II. As to the oath[1] taken to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Resolution 1 of the General Synod, 1891, *assumes* that "the oath is not to be taken by an Archbishop, *on the ground* that he is the *Metropolitan* of a Province." I do not know what this rests upon. I should have supposed that it was "not to be taken by an Archbishop, *on the ground*" that he is *an Archbishop* duly recognised as such. Some Archbishops are not Metropolitans.

Resolution 2 proceeds as if this latter view were right. For it says that "in order to bring a Primate or Metropolitan within the terms of the Rubric[2] it is necessary to distinguish them

[1] The Oath in the Prayer Book "Form of Consecration."

[2] The Rubric following the Oath in the Form of Consecration.

by the title of Archbishop." It surely follows from *this* that a Metropolitan who is not an Archbishop is outside the terms of the Rubric, and should take the oath. But if so the being a Metropolitan is *not* (as Resolution 1 says) the grounds of an *Archbishop's* not taking it.

Accordingly the Metropolitan Bishop of Calcutta is obliged by Statute to take the oath—so that the ground alleged in Resolution 1 is not in accordance with our Statute Law, and the above inference from Resolution 2 is correct.

The object of the oath appointed by the Statute is beyond question to preserve the constitutional *nexus* of the Church in India with the Mother Church and See of Canterbury. By it all the Suffragans of Calcutta who take the oath to Calcutta are equally bound to the Church of England.

The same is the case at Sydney or Capetown. There is no occasion for the Bishops consecrated to their Suffragan Sees to take any oath but to their own Metropolitan. They are united through him, and if one of them be raised to their primacy there is no occasion for him to take a new oath, his *nexus* was already perfect through his Metropolitan.

If a Metropolitan were consecrated without the oath and if he consecrated Bishops who took no oath except to him, the *nexus* contemplated by our Statute Law would be at an end.

It is difficult to see how far this might reach. For instance clergy coming to England from such a colony would not have taken an oath to any prelate within the *nexus*, if I may continue to use the word. America is not in point as a case to the contrary. It is a foreign country. Its clergy who come to England are very few indeed and for a short time. And it is presumably not desired that the Churches of the Colonies should be in the position of Foreign Nations.

It is equally impossible to argue, as it seems to me, from the status of York. Both Archbishops do homage to the Queen. Irish Archbishops formerly did homage too. The Disestablishment has changed matters and has left much else anomalous. There is Home Rule there already in Church matters.

The Oath itself is not perhaps liable to all the exceptions taken to it. For it promises "all due reverence and obedience" to the See of Canterbury.

What is "due" from a Suffragan Bishop is one thing. What is "due" from a Metropolitan when acknowledging the Mother

See is another. If there should be doubt as to what is due from a Metropolitan, the Bishop of Capetown set the precedent of making that clear by a formal declaration before taking it, and it seems more advisable upon the whole not to change the wording of so antient an oath, but rather to make any interpretative declaration at the same time.

The whole question is a difficult one and precipitation might involve much future difficulty. I fully recognise the legitimate anxiety which churchmen in the Colonies feel to present and affirm the Anglican position and its dignity. In order to such presentation being duly and legitimately made, so as to produce effectual impression, it should be supported with the warrant and emphasis of the whole Communion.

(*Signed*) EDW. CANTUAR.

In 1895 the Canadian Church consisted of the two Provinces of "Rupertsland" and "Canada," and of a small group of three Dioceses (Columbia, Caledonia, and New Westminster) which, like the separate Diocese of Newfoundland, lay outside these two Provinces, and having not yet been formed into a separate Province, were subject to the Metropolitical jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1894 Bishop Sillitoe of New Westminster died. The Archbishop of Rupertsland, who was also "Primate of all Canada," wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury in Feb. 1895 as follows:—

BISHOP'S COURT, WINNIPEG,
MANITOBA.
Feb. 4th, 1895.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

I enclose a copy of a letter which, after consultation with the Bishop of Columbia, I have written to the Synod of New Westminster, which meets, I believe, on Feb. 20th, to elect a Bishop. It is with reference to the consecration of the new Bishop, as consecration, unless a Bishop is elected, will be required.

The Bishop of New Westminster and the clerical and lay representatives elected by the Synod attended the General Synod of the Canadian Church, which met in Toronto in September,

1893, and accepted the constitution then adopted. I understand that the Synod of New Westminster afterwards ratified their action.

Under this Constitution, Provinces under Metropolitans, and independent Dioceses were recognised in the Church of Canada—all under a Primate.

(*a*) These independent Dioceses were previously like other similar Colonial Dioceses under your Grace, as Metropolitan, either under the letters patent, founding the Diocese, or by usage.

(*b*) But it seems to me that under the new Constitution the continuance of your Grace as Metropolitan, until they become members of a Province, would be anomalous, and I cannot think that your Grace would feel it right in the new condition of things to act in that capacity.

(*c*) Having this opinion, I consider that, as Consecration is a necessity, it devolves upon me, as Primate, to take action for this, although the General Synod did not take up this question and consequently has made no provision.

(*d*) The Primate, I may say, has yet no duty assigned to him but with reference to the holding of the General Synod. The drawing up of the Constitution engrossed the whole attention of the Synod.

(*e*) In the Australian Church, which is very similar to the Canadian, the duty of Consecration in the case of the independent Dioceses has been laid by the General Synod upon the Primate. As a matter of fact, however, until lately, all or most of the Australian Consecrations took place in England under your Grace's kind arrangements.

I did not ask the Primate of Australia how this was done—but I presume that, in addition to the request of the Diocese, your Grace had the request of the Primate of Australia.

(*f*) It seems to me that this would now be the regular course of procedure.

(*g*) The Bishop of Caledonia has not yet joined the General Synod—but in a letter to the Bishop of Columbia he states his views with respect to the Consecration of the Bishop of New Westminster in harmony with what I have written.

(*h*) The Bishop of Columbia considers that, if the Columbian Dioceses accept the Primate of Canada as pro tempore Metropolitan, till they form a separate Province, they should formally ask release from your Grace, as Metropolitan.

(*i*) I quite feel that they should have consulted your Grace before entering into the arrangements they did; but it seems to me that they have placed themselves in a position inconsistent now with asking a release.

(*k*) Your Grace will, however, understand that I am not claiming any pro tempore Metropolitical powers or supervision in the case of those Dioceses. I consider such authority can only be exercised as conveyed; but I am simply of opinion that as Primate, it is my duty and place to supply a necessity, that has arisen from a Diocese, which is in the Church of Canada, being no longer under a Metropolitan.

I do not know what the idea of the Synod of New Westminster is; but the Bishop of Columbia thought it important that I should write some such letter to the Synod, as did the Bishop of Qu'Appelle who was staying here a few days ago.

I am, my dear Lord Archbishop,
Faithfully and obediently yours,
R. RUPERTSLAND.

After some informal correspondence my father replied as follows:—

LAMBETH PALACE.
April 1, 1895.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF RUPERTSLAND,

I have received your letter enclosing that of the Archbishop of Ontario to you, and I have had the advantage of a Conference with the Bishops of Caledonia and Columbia, and of studying the proceedings of the General Synod of Canada, 1893.

I am now, with fuller information, prepared to give a decided opinion.

The fact is distinct that the "Primate of all Canada" has had power conferred upon him by the Synod to preside at its meetings, to summon them, and to do such other things as the President of an Assembly can do. If he is absent another Bishop can be elected to exercise his functions and to preside, without any delegation from the Primate himself, who had therefore no inherent power. He has no jurisdiction even consensual and can do no other acts at all (that I am aware of) outside the function of presiding.

I am, therefore, at a loss to understand how a Bishop, who in his exercise of such functions is to be styled "Primate" according to the Synod, but has none of the functions of a Primate, can

approach Bishops who belong to the jurisdiction of another Metropolitan and offer to act as their temporary Primate and Metropolitan, to consecrate a Bishop in their Civil Province, and to receive the oath of obedience to himself.

It is (I need not say) not according to precedent that a Primate, even having jurisdiction, should offer himself to act as a Primate beyond his Province. But in this case the Bishops of Caledonia and Columbia have taken their Solemn Oaths to me as their Metropolitan, and certainly you have no power to absolve them from their obedience, nor they to withdraw it without being dispensed by me.

Neither had the late Bishop of New Westminster any power to dispense himself, and I do not suppose that he in any way considered you to be his Metropolitan. If he did, it could not alter the fact, unless the whole Provincial System and sacred oaths are things of sand. The Archbishops of Canterbury are Metropolitans over several isolated Dioceses, and I have no objection such as you suppose to nurse them up into Provinces as the Province of Rupertsland has been nursed.

I cannot on any ground consent to the Dioceses of the Civil Province of British Columbia placing themselves under you as Metropolitan or (if the term should ever imply jurisdiction) as Primate.

It would be quite improper for them to constitute themselves now an Ecclesiastical Province (as you have suggested), since it would be unbecoming that, if any question of discipline arose, two Bishops out of three should sit in judgment on a third.

When the time arrives for British Columbia to become a Province (which I hope may be soon the case) I shall trust that the step may be taken with a knowledge of Ecclesiastical procedure and a regard for previous obligations and with all due exercise of courtesy.

Australia and South Africa proceeded regularly and from them or from us there could have been no difficulty in learning the procedure. They have both resolved not to adopt any alteration of title until all the Bishops concerned (as all are) meet in the Lambeth Conference to consider the steps that should follow upon their previous resolution.

I am,

etc., etc., etc.,

(*Signed*) Edw. Cantuar.

I have thought it right to insert these letters, not with the view of attempting to deal in detail with a somewhat technical controversy into the merits of which it is impossible to enter, but as examples of my father's care not to compromise what he regarded as responsibilities of his office, and the rights of the Anglican Church. The position he here adopts is the more remarkable, when it is remembered how liberal a view he took of true developement, and how genuinely anxious he was for the establishment of National Churches.

He exercised as a rule great tact in positions of "undefined authority," where the prestige of the See of Canterbury made him counsellor or arbitrator in difficult questions submitted to him; and this is an additional proof that his attitude in the above controversy was not lightly adopted, and that he saw subtle dangers impending over the Church, in the tendency to summary and independent action betrayed by those with whose judgment he found himself in conflict.

Of the Colonial questions with which the Archbishop had to deal, none other is comparable in importance with the controversy which distracted the Church of South Africa, and especially the Diocese of Natal. It would be impossible here to enter fully into the earlier history of those troubles. There is a Life of Bishop Gray of Capetown extending to 1198 pages, a Life of Bishop Colenso extending to 1431 pages; the whole controversy is moreover succinctly treated in the Life of Archbishop Tait[1]. All that I can do here is to summarise anterior events as concisely as possible, and to endeavour to indicate the part which Archbishop Benson played in the later negotiations.

John William Colenso, author of "Colenso's Arithmetic,"

[1] Chapters XIII and XIV of vol. I.

was appointed in 1853 Bishop of Natal. In 1861 he published a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, which was characterised by a very "free handling of Scripture" and contained statements considered by many to be of a heretical nature. Bishop McDougall of Labuan, Colenso's brother-in-law, wrote that Colenso's mathematics had led him astray;—"He says that he can believe a miracle, but cannot believe a bad sum and false arithmetical statements." Bishop Gray of Capetown, who exercised, by Letters Patent, a Metropolitical authority over the South African Province, cited Bishop Colenso to appear before him, on a charge of holding heretical opinions, and held a trial in Nov. 1863, assisted by the Bishops of Grahamstown and the Orange Free State. Bishop Colenso did not obey the summons, but remained in England. On Dec. 16th Bishop Gray pronounced a sentence of deposition, and in April, 1864, went in person to Natal to take charge of what he called the "widowed Diocese." Bishop Colenso appealed to the Queen in Council, and in March, 1865, the deposition was pronounced null and void in law[1]. Bishop Colenso thereupon returned to Natal where, especially in Durban, his personal kindness and missionary zeal had won him many devoted adherents, and resumed his episcopal duties. Bishop Gray however excommunicated him, and set to work to find a successor; eventually the Rev. William Butler, of Wantage, afterwards Dean of Lincoln, was elected Bishop over the Church in Natal.

Meanwhile Bishop Colenso brought an action to secure the continuance of the income hitherto paid to him as Bishop of Natal by the Council of the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, and in 1866 the Master of the Rolls (Lord Romilly) gave judgment in the Bishop's favour. At the Lambeth

[1] The Council Committee consisted of Lords Westbury, Cranworth, and Kingsdown, Sir J. Romilly and Dr Lushington.

Conference of 1867 Bishop Gray could get no certain pronouncement in his own favour, the Conference deliberately abstaining from declaring the deposition to be valid, though fifty-five out of the seventy-six assembled Bishops signed an unofficial document approving the Bishop of Capetown's action. Mr Butler, acting on the advice of Archbishop Longley and Bishop Wilberforce, refused to go further, and the Bishopric was ultimately accepted by the Rev. W. K. Macrorie, Vicar of St James's, Accrington.

An attempt was made to arrange that the new Bishop should be consecrated in England, and failing this, in Scotland, but eventually the Consecration took place in the Cathedral of Capetown, where no Royal Mandate or Licence was required, on Jan. 25th, 1869, when Mr Macrorie was consecrated with the title of Bishop of Maritzburg, his "Diocese" being identical with that of Bishop Colenso, who retained legal possession of the "Bishopric of Natal," and was supported by a considerable body of Churchmen.

In June, 1883, a few months after Archbishop Benson's accession to the Primacy, Bishop Colenso died, and the whole situation at once underwent a complete change. Bishop Colenso's following had of recent years been socially influential rather than numerically large. His adherents had been affected by various motives; some were attached to the Bishop by ties of personal affection, some were influenced by a feeling of indignation against what they thought to be unjust treatment of a devoted man, and some respected the decision of the Courts in favour of Bishop Colenso's legal status. With the death of the Bishop these motives ceased to exist, and the Colenso party consequently tended to decline.

But meantime a new difficulty had arisen.

As several allusions occur in the following letters to the "*Proviso*" which caused the difficulty, it will be as well to give a short explanation of the character and scope of the document which contained it.

In 1870 the first Provincial Synod of the Church of South Africa was held, and a Constitution was then drawn up and adopted.

The third section of the first article of the Constitution runs as follows:

"Provided, also, that in the interpretation of the aforesaid Standards and Formularies, the Church of this Province be not held to be bound by decisions, in questions of Faith and Doctrine, or in questions of Discipline relating to Faith and Doctrine, other than those of its own Ecclesiastical Tribunals, or of such other Tribunal as may be accepted by the Provincial Synod as a Tribunal of Appeal."

Whatever the original purpose or actual effect of this clause, it was undoubtedly regarded by many as the formal expression of an intention to be guided in Ecclesiastical matters by the authority of some other interpretation of the standards of Faith than those laid down for the Church of England at home; and the judgment of the Privy Council in the Grahamstown Cathedral case (Merriman *v.* Williams, 1882) declared that a divergence which was "present and actual" had been effected by this Proviso between the Church of the Province of South Africa and the Church of England as by law established. Hence the difficulties grew acute.

The Archbishop's view was that in order to bring about peace in the Diocese of Natal the ground must be cleared as far as possible of all the distracting elements that naturally arose out of personal considerations. He therefore desired to see a new Bishop appointed who should be

acceptable to both parties, and who should be absolutely untrammelled in his religious and pacific work by any previous connection with the causes of animosity, or with the personnel of the controversy.

Accordingly, on Bishop Colenso's death the Archbishop tried to persuade Bishop Macrorie to resign his Bishopric of Maritzburg. The way was made all the easier for this as the See of Bloemfontein was vacant at that time, its Bishop having been appointed to Grahamstown; and Bishop Macrorie, whose energy and Christian zeal had made a great impression in South Africa, would have been warmly welcomed at Bloemfontein, had he thought fit to accept the vacant post.

Several letters passed between the Archbishop and Bishop Macrorie on the subject. It may be added that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who had been Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal and at one time Administrator of the Transvaal, took a prominent part in the negotiations, representing the Colenso party. The Archbishop wrote of him at a later date that he had formed a high estimate of his Christian spirit and his earnest desire for union. Others contended that Sir Theophilus Shepstone having originally been a Wesleyan did not instinctively enter into the Ecclesiastical sentiments that animated Bishop Macrorie's supporters.

To the Bishop of Maritzburg, with reference to the possibility of his accepting the See of Bloemfontein, the Archbishop wrote:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Oct. 18*th*, 1883.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF MARITZBURG,

Thank you very much for your very kind letters. You have my best sympathy and frequent prayers in your perplexity.

You are undoubtedly in that very difficult position of having to determine whether in a special case it is right for one to do what one has a right to do. The sacrifice would be very severe.

I fear that the large numbers of men who do not now put themselves in communication with you—not heterodox, and simply wishing to belong to the Church of England according to their light, could not be persuaded to join you, even if all the Clergy did, and may easily be ruled off into lasting schism.

There are those too, who believe that they heard from your own lips long ago that you were ready to retire if England wished for a successor to Bishop Colenso who could begin freshly, unbiassed by, and independent of, any section in Natal.

A respectable body in Capetown, while full of personal regard to their Bishop, represent that the Council of the Colonial Bishoprics' Fund cannot now legally pay him any funds which they have in trust for him as a Bishop of the Church of England, on the ground that the proviso is reckoned to have effected a separation. You see how this further complicates the position in regard to yourself.

If the proviso was *meant* to separate the South African Church from the Church of England in point of discipline, that separation has to be accepted with all its consequences.

If it was *not* so intended, is it not possible to clear this up?

Your report of the disposition of three of the seven[1] Clergy who adhered to Bishop Colenso is interesting.

As regards the one whom you received to lay communion, you will remember that Cornelius received the presbyters who had joined Novatian back at once among the Clergy (*locum suum agnoscere*, etc., Cyprian, Ep. XLIX.) as not having been heretical, and as having wished and believed themselves to be in the real Church all the time.

It would be apparently premature for me to address the congregation of Bishop Colenso, for they have requested me to be assisting to (*sic*) the Crown, in case the Crown should provide them with a new Bishop.

I am bound to wait until the Crown should act, or decline to act, but I have no reason to believe that there is any foundation for statements afloat that the Crown accedes to the request.

But in the opinion of those who maintain that they (Bishop

[1] Bishop Macrorie states that there were only five.

Colenso's congregation) are outside both the Church of England and the Church of South Africa, what would be my *locus standi* for addressing them (the latter)?

I have taken steps to summon the Council of the Colonial Bishoprics' Fund, but the members are at this time widely dispersed, and a small meeting, or one from which influential members were absent, would find it difficult to act, and might be compelled to wait for a more favourable time of year.

May God guide and assist you in the present crisis, and bring all your desires for His Glory and the good of His Church to some blessed issue which perhaps we do not yet know or dream of.

Believe me always,

My dear Bishop of Maritzburg,

Yours most faithfully, and truly,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To this letter Bishop Macrorie replied :—

MARITZBURG.
20th Nov. 1883.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the great kindness of your letter which the last mail from England has brought me, more especially for the assurance of your frequent prayers which I deeply value. I should like your Grace to know that many of us in this Diocese have been specially remembering you before God in connection with the difficulties of the Church in this land.

I am bound however in honesty to lose no time in disclaiming the perplexity which has awakened your Grace's sympathy. I should regret extremely that any word of mine, written or spoken during this crisis, had betrayed any feeling of perplexity as to my own duty on the point which is evidently most on your Grace's mind as you write. If I except one moment when the cowardly thought of the comparative freedom from strife which Bloemfontein offered presented itself to me, I may truly say I have never wavered in the conviction that God's call to me is as clear as ever to remain at my post, and not desert my flock in the hour of trial. I have endeavoured to give the fullest and most earnest consideration before God to every point that could be urged in favour of the resignation of my See; and I am persuaded that, in-

dependently of the heavy responsibility incurred by the voluntary severance of so sacred a tie, the effect of such a step, instead of tending to secure the object which we have at heart, must produce the saddest confusion in men's minds, confirming the strangely erroneous notions which prevail on one side respecting the Church and her constitution, and on the other, unsettling men in those principles which the struggles and sufferings of the past twenty years have been designed to teach them. Even your Grace's counsel, which, as I cannot conceal from myself, is implied throughout your letter, has not, in any degree, shaken this conviction; for while my own view of duty is greatly strengthened by the opinions of those best acquainted with the facts, by the unanimous utterance of my own Dean and Chapter, and that of several of the Clergy and leading laity of the Diocese, in which the Metropolitan now concurs, I am sure you will forgive me for saying that there are tokens that your Grace is labouring under the necessary disadvantage of those who are at a distance from the scene; and I would venture, with the truest respect for your Grace's person and office, and with the most profound deference to your judgment on all questions upon which you have been furnished with the material for forming a correct judgment, to point out where I believe you to be under erroneous impressions.

The Bishop went on to say (1) that he believed that the Archbishop largely over-estimated the numbers and the influence of the Colenso section: (2) that he had never made any statement which could be interpreted to mean that he was ready to resign the See of Maritzburg if the Church of England desired to see a successor appointed to Bishop Colenso: (3) that his own interpretation of the famous Proviso to which the Archbishop had alluded was that it asserted the axiom that each Province must be responsible for the exercise of discipline within itself.

A week later he wrote again to the Archbishop to press still further upon him the necessity which he felt of acting in strict accordance with the Provincial organisa-

tion of South Africa. To these letters the Archbishop replied:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Jan. 1, 1884.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

First let me wish you all the best blessings that the New Year can bring to you and your family and your larger family, which is also "The Lord's Family," in your diocese.

Let me thank you for your two last letters. I have not received a copy of Sir Theophilus Shepstone's published letter, and therefore write without that advantage, but with thanks to you for what you say of it. Let me only assure you that I have not been guided by any isolated accounts, but have gathered information very widely, and am familiar with the facts which you allude to. I will tell you quite candidly my present views.

It seems to me that you have had placed fairly before you by various people the arguments in favour of (1) your translation to Bloemfontein, (2) your resignation of Maritzburg. As to (1) I need not remind you that you were wished for earnestly there; and that the Bishops of Grahamstown, Capetown, and myself were unanimous about it (in recommending it)[1]. As to (2) I confess I was disposed to think it would promote a settlement, because (*a*) Resignation would in itself absolutely imply and seal the fact of your being rightfully Bishop now—one cannot resign what one has not—(*b*) if your Synod referred (as they have full right to do) the nomination of your successor to England (the other congregations being already pledged to accept one nominated in England), Union would have followed except for the wilful.

I held further that, although your *appointment* was not temporary, yet the *occasion* of it had been so; and that therefore, the occasion being removed, you were *free* to decide; more especially because Bp Gray, as I find by a letter of his which I have, was

[1] Lest this necessarily brief statement should give rise to misunderstanding, it is well to mention that although the Archbishop of Capetown and the Bishop of Grahamstown on the whole recommended Bishop Macrorie to accept the Bishopric of Bloemfontein they did so after much hesitation, not feeling so clearly as the Archbishop the wisdom and expediency of the step. The Archbishop of Capetown mentions that he expressed to Archbishop Benson about this time some doubt as to whether the resignation of Bishop Macrorie might not lead to an accentuation of the difficulties existing in Natal.

not clear as to what ought to be done in case of Bp Colenso's death, but was anxious to foresee and provide, yet left it unsettled, —and wisely.

All this being before you, I hold that the *responsibility of deciding must rest entirely with yourself.* No one else can decide. You and you only have the power and right to do so. Where the responsibility is, there is the power of necessity to exercise it. And both are yours. Your decision would of course therefore be respected.

I feel as strongly as you can that I have no *locus standi* for interfering with the Province of S. Africa, and, however kindly meant all the warnings which you address to me on the subject, I can assure you that I have not the least inclination or tendency to interfere. It would be remote from all my ideas of orderly Church system. All this being so I only feel more and more strongly that it would be a grievous inconsistency if I were to address the pastoral admonition, however firm and temperate, which it has been suggested by you that I should address to the other congregation. I could not consent to hold such a relation to them and them *only*. There are other reasons, as you know, for my silence, but this is insuperable.

There is and can be no question as to the Province of S. Africa being, as Archbishop Tait solemnly affirmed, "in full spiritual communion with the Church of England," and that nothing has occurred to alter that. It is clear also that your diocese of Maritzburg is historically a diocese of that Province, and I could not recommend its isolation. Isolated dioceses, wherever they exist, suffer for their isolation and seek for union. I do most earnestly and lovingly pray God that all the Church people in Natal may recognise the duty of being at one together—that they all may pray for this and work for this and that all honest efforts may find their success in a unity which would be the blessing of their New Year. For your own gentle guidance from on high I will not cease to pray. And with this I think I must conclude—for the responsibility is wholly your own, a sole burden, which no one can share, or bear with you, however much they may seem to themselves to do so, and wish that they more effectually could. God have you in His holy keeping.

Yours most faithfully, my dear Brother,

Edw. W. Cantuar.

P.S. You speak of the Proviso. That also is now entirely for your own settlement in S. Africa. I will only say that however guarded (or, as it may seem to some, contravened) its wording may be by other statements in the Constitution and Canons, it nevertheless has apparently been open to be misunderstood in spite of those other statements, and is now more liable than ever to similar constructions. ED. C.

At this point it will be well to insert a letter dealing with the relations existing between the Church of England and the Church of South Africa which the Archbishop wrote in 1884 to the Bishop of Capetown; it casts important light on the views which he held throughout.

Sept. 5th, 1884.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CAPETOWN,

I have received your letter of July 28th, and I hope you will not think it is necessary to excuse yourself for writing to me fully of what must have deep interest for me. I have you often in my prayers, and trust that all wisdom and patience may be given you from above to guide your Church through many difficulties. There is the greater need of judgment in days when "the world" is not a hostile world wholly, but one partly leavened by Christianity and by Church principle, to know how to recognise all that is good, and to foster rather than to crush the good growth, whilst endeavouring to keep back the worldly principles which are still so strong. I trust that simple justice and honour will always mark all councils of the English Church and her daughters, and that what is agreed to by representatives may be accepted by those whom they represent.

I thank you very much for the information which you give me of your Diocesan Synod, and for your sermon. The points on which you send me copies of the resolutions proposed and accounts of the resolutions carried are of course most important to the Church of S. Africa.

(1) As to your relations to Canterbury. It is clear that a *Diocesan Synod* has no power to alter such relations in any direction. The "quasi-patriarchal" position of which you write is far too cloudy and indefinite a notion to be accepted here. A *really* patriarchal scheme would require a great deal of definition and clearing of ideas, and a complete transference from the

"ignotum et magnificum" to plain statements of what the business would be which would have to be conducted. The practical thing now would be to endeavour to set on foot some satisfactory mode of reference which would obviate the difficulties arising from the proviso (which is scarcely complete on the face of it) and which would meet the other needs which lead to proposals of this nature.

(2) As to the obtaining from the Archbishop and Province of Canterbury a declaration on the subject of the Unity of the Church of S. Africa with the Church of England. You yourself and the Bishops will, I am sure, most anxiously consider both the substance and form of such a request if you decide to make it. It would seem to be a very strange and novel function of the Convocation of a Province to make such a declaration. It would not be the declaration of the Church of England, for there would be the Province of York omitted—and yet you probably realise what are the technical difficulties in passing the wording of *any* resolution whatever through two distinct assemblies on such a question, even if it should not be moved that such questions as the Status of Churches were constitutionally excluded. These are preliminary points and I am not prepared to give an opinion. The *Bishops* of course would be a different matter and there *might* be no further difficulty than might possibly arise from their being apparently called upon to override by their opinion a judicial statement, and it might be quite possible to frame such an opinion as would avoid this—if one so framed would be equal to your wishes. But there is the previous question to be considered whether the amount of doubt implied by the supposed necessity for such a declaration would be wisely emphasised; or whether after all the doubt might not survive the declaration.

To my mind it is totally impossible to conceive that any Church is united in communion with the Church of England if you are not, you and your bishops consecrated here, your oath taken to the See of Canterbury, you, and they through you summoned to conference with all her united bishops, yourself officially informed by the Archbishop of Canterbury from time to time of every consecration in England, for English or any colonial or missionary Sees, your ordained clergy admissible to officiate, to serve cures and hold benefices in England exactly on the same terms and conditions as all other Colonial or Anglican clergy. Your union is close and formal as well as spiritual and internal.

The legal separation which has been such a stumbling-block does not really determine anything but the present ownership of property—your legislature are advised that they *can*, and I earnestly hope that they will, set that at rest. The body to which that property was given was the same as it is now; it is the body of which you are bishop and metropolitan. A change affects your tenure. It has not altered your doctrine and discipline. The Church of Ireland never had the same court of appeal as the Church of England, yet the whole was "the Church of England and Ireland." The difference of the court made no difference in the union even of an established Church—and how can it possibly do so for an unestablished Church?

You will also consider the possibility of there being a minority however small, who might not agree to any declaration such as you would find serviceable, and the consequent risk of its being asserted "You see, not even all the English Bishops agree that the Church of S. Africa is in full communion with the Church at home." The falsity of the allegation would not prevent its being made. All these points must be carefully considered.

I pray that the Spirit of Wisdom may guide you to take that course which shall ultimately be best for the Church of Christ and for the interests of His own work.

I grieve to gather that your hand is still a trial to you. How hard it is to feel those limitations are from Him just when we desire to be most unlimited for His service, sometimes in ourselves, sometimes for others.

ED. C.

On the 5th February, 1885, the Archbishop held a meeting at Lambeth with regard to the position of ecclesiastical affairs in Natal. The Church Council of Natal, headed by Archdeacon Colley, who represented the Colenso party, had appealed to the two Archbishops and four other English Bishops to select and consecrate a Bishop in succession to Bishop Colenso as Bishop of the "Church of England in Natal." All were present with the exception of the Archbishop of York. Archbishop Benson wrote in his Diary:—

5 *Feb.* 1885. In the afternoon the Bishops of Worcester, who came up on purpose, Manchester, London designate, and

Liverpool, discussed the answer which the Bishop of Manchester had at my request drawn up as a basis for our discussion. It is the answer to the "Church Council of the Church of England in Natal," requesting us five to nominate a Bishop in succession to Bishop Colenso, and to thus ignore the Church of South Africa. The reply was very good and was improved by our discussion. We of course declined. Apart from every other consideration there is not the least ground shown for believing that the Council has by any constitution a right to elect, or delegate the election of a bishop to any other body or person, or that it could give a shadow of a claim to the Church property to anyone so elected.

I had also written at great length and read them my letter to the appellants against the Proviso from the Cape. They are right in wishing the Proviso away, wrong in disobeying the majority in their synods which have solemnly voted not to disturb it. I recommend peace for five or ten years!

I hope that a quiet conviction, expressed by us whom they selected in Natal as the five most liberal bishops they could find, will have an effect in restoring order. Even if Macrorie resigned, they (the elective assembly), according to their constitution, would elect another of his class: so peace would not be restored by that.

The reply thus described was as follows:—

To Archdeacon Colley.

LONDON, *Feb. 6th*, 1885.

REVEREND SIR,

We address to you, as "President of the Church Council in Natal," our answer to the request which you have forwarded to us from that body, that we "would select and consecrate a clergyman of the Church of England to be Bishop in Natal in succession to the late Bishop Colenso."

We fully recognise the gravity of the circumstances which have led to the making this request, and the responsibility which rests upon ourselves in either acceding or declining to accede to it.

The documents that you have laid before us show that the Queen has been advised by her Privy Council not to appoint any successor to the late Bishop of Natal by letters patent; and that the appointment, if made at all, must be made in some other way.

The delegation which the Council has conferred upon us

supposes consequences to ensue which we are advised we have no legal competency to secure.

It further appears to us that the consecration of a Bishop in succession to Bishop Colenso must necessarily perpetuate a state of things which partakes very nearly of the character of a schism, and which, in past years, whether avoidable or not, we have always regarded with profound anxiety and regret.

If there is one thing more than another which the daughter Churches of the Church of England in foreign lands require to possess, it is the Note of Unity. One in the Apostolic Faith, one in the Apostolic Order, one in all essential points of ecclesiastical discipline, using the same Book of Common Prayer, strengthened by the same Sacraments, building up all teaching on the same divine Word of God, surely no minor questions of property or temporal rights ought to separate those who on so many and such vital grounds are called to regard each other as brethren.

Whether there be any defects or not in the organisation of the Church of the Province of South Africa—a question upon which we do not feel it necessary to enter—it must be remembered that that Church is in full spiritual communion with the Church of England, and accepts identically the same standards of faith, even if it does not feel bound to go for the interpretation of those standards, in case of need, to the same tribunals. Nor indeed has it any legal access to that tribunal, which, for the Church of England, is the Court of Final Appeal in Causes Ecclesiastical.

You tell us that this reservation, based upon the terms of the third Proviso attached to the first Article of the Constitution of the Church of South Africa, "has been declared by judicial decision to have separated that Church 'root and branch' from the Church of England." Remembering the case of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, and what the XXXIVth Article seems to claim as the right of "particular" Churches, we cannot consider that any such separation has been accomplished, or is contemplated. The Church of South Africa, for purposes of holding property, may not be—as Chief Justice Sir Henry de Villiers said it was not—"a *part* of the Church of England," but it is at any rate in full spiritual communion with the Church of England. It must be recollected that the judgment of the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council (in the appeal of Merriman *v.* Williams), which asserted so strongly that the "divergence of the two Churches is present and actual," had reference solely to

the devolution of rights of property, with regard to which lawyers, of course, interpret the language of a trust with the greatest possible strictness. But, in the present case, far higher interests and far more important issues are involved than any which can be connected with the mere title to property. No consideration for any amount of "valuable temporalities" would justify us in taking any step which would perpetuate a regrettable and unnecessary separation, if by any possible course of conduct that separation could be healed.

The Council not unnaturally desire to maintain "all identity with and submission to the Mother Church that is practicably possible in a Colony." The question is, "What is practicably possible?"

The third Proviso of the first Article of the Constitution of the Church of South Africa may or may not be wise; but their lordships, in the judgment already referred to, expressly say: "Where the other Church is that of a colony possessing an independent legislature, *there must be differences*, as, for instance, in the erection of courts, such as necessarily result from the difference of political circumstances in which the Church of England and the other Church find themselves placed."

If the "present and actual divergence" of the two Churches is so great as to affect the devolution of property, there is a legal mode of removing this difficulty, without any perpetuation of the breach of ecclesiastical unity, which all must deplore. The powerlessness of which the Council complains, to devote endowments, whether in money or buildings, to the purposes contemplated by their donors—such purposes presumably being the promotion of the interests of religion in the colony of Natal—could certainly be removed by legislative enactment, if not by some process much simpler and less costly than this.

We have not yet been informed of the result of the Conference that you tell us was proposed to be held between a Committee of the Church Council of Natal and a corresponding Committee of the Church of South Africa; but we cannot help hoping that the Conference has been able to agree upon some plan for re-union, likely to be mutually acceptable.

We have to consider, not only the immediate effect, but the possible, and the even probable, consequences of such action on our part as that to which you invite us; and we cannot think that such a step would be conducive to the welfare of the Church of

Christ in South Africa, by whatsoever designation it may be known, nor to the cause of peace, unity, and brotherhood, in the Christian world.

We are, Reverend Sir, with an earnest prayer that God may guide us all in this matter to what is best for His Church,

Your faithful brothers in Christ,

Edw. Cantuar.	W. Ebor.
H. Worcester.	J. Manchester.
F. Exon.	J. C. Liverpool.

The Colenso party was far from being satisfied with this reply from the Bishops to whom they had appealed, and they speedily set to work again to provide themselves with a Bishop of their own: they chose Sir George Cox, but the Archbishop refused to apply for the Queen's Mandate to consecrate him, and they were unable to set any machinery in motion which should compel the Archbishop to act. So matters dragged on until 1891, when Bishop Macrorie at length decided to resign. By that time, in spite of his policy of conciliation, eight more years of controversy had greatly embittered the followers of Bishop Colenso. The Church Council then elected Mr Ayerst of Cambridge, whom again the Archbishop declined to consecrate, on the ground that it would have sacrificed the chance for which he had waited so long, viz., the opportunity of appointing a Bishop who should be accepted on both sides.

In this connection I may quote an extract from a letter of the Archbishop to Dr Ikin and Mr S. Rowse, who had written on behalf of the Church Council to the Archbishop asking him to consecrate the Rev. W. Ayerst.

Oct. 21, 1891.

... It appears to be assumed in your petition and in the documents accompanying it that the Body to which you belong has not formed part of the Province of South Africa, and that the Church of that Province has severed itself from the Church of

England in a "schismatical" manner. It seems right, therefore, that I should remind you that the constitution of the See of Natal was from the beginning an integral part of the Province of Capetown, and that Bishop Colenso, at his consecration on Nov. 30, 1853, took the oath of Canonical obedience to the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, which was administered to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Accordingly in the Privy Council judgment delivered March 20th, 1865, Bishop Colenso is spoken of as having consented "to accept his See as part of the Metropolitan Province of Capetown."

It cannot be argued that because the Province of Capetown made enactments disapproved by a certain number of churchmen in one of the Dioceses of that Province, the churchmen so disapproving obtained the right to be recognised as an independent organization in full communion with the Church of England, while at the same time, the Province of South Africa, from which they dissent, continues in full communion with the Church of England.

While Bishop Colenso lived, those clergy and laity may have been entitled to argue that, in adhering to him personally as their Bishop, they had a certain support in law; but this in no way establishes their right to consider themselves, after his death, a separate Diocese unconnected with the Province of which they and their late Bishop had been part and parcel; and, in fact, no action which I could possibly take would enable either the Church of the Province of South Africa, or those who dissent from its Constitution, to subject themselves to the coercive jurisdiction of English Ecclesiastical Law or to obtain access to English Ecclesiastical Courts.

Looking then to the whole circumstances it does not appear to me to be possible upon any principle, either of law or of church order, that the authorities of the Church of England at home should give official support and recognition to two different and opponent bodies within the same territory, as being each of them in full spiritual communion with the Church of England.

The Bishop of Capetown wrote to the Archbishop on the subject of the impending resignation of Bishop Macrorie. The proposal his letter contained is sufficiently indicated by the Archbishop's formal reply.

July 27, 1891.

My dear Lord Bishop of Capetown,

I have duly received your letter of July 15th respecting the contemplated resignation of the Bishop of Maritzburg.

With regard to the assistance which you are desirous that I should render you in the restoration of unity between the two bodies in that Diocese, I can only say that my heart is wholly with you in the longing to see that unity; and I would do everything and anything within my power and duty to bring about a healing in which the whole Church would rejoice.

I have given close consideration to the measures which you propose, and I feel that it would be my duty to accept the conclusion which I will restate fully with its conditions.

If the two separated bodies in Natal agree that the course proposed shall put an end to their separation, and that they will live brotherly and work as one Church with one Bishop; and if the nomination of a Bishop to be accepted by both sides is committed to me; and if it is understood that the oath as taken by the present Bishop of Capetown to the See of Canterbury remains in force as hitherto during his tenure of office; then I should be prepared to apply to her Majesty for her Mandate authorising me to consecrate the new Bishop in England, and would, at the consecration, cause only the oath to his Metropolitan to be administered to him.

I should be willing, I say, to adopt this course upon this occasion, since you express your conviction that such action on my part in the election and consecration of the Bishop would afford a prospect of union, and I should feel it wrong to withhold anything which I could do towards so desired an event.

Earnestly praying that your hopes may be realised, and that the spectacle of disunion which has been so injurious a scandal may by any rightful means disappear from among you,

I am, my dear Lord Bishop,

Your faithful and affectionate Brother in Christ,

Edw. Cantuar.

After further correspondence, the Archbishop of Canterbury was finally entrusted by both the South African bodies with the duty of recommending a successor to

Bishop Macrorie, who should be actual as well as titular Bishop of Natal, and unite discordant factions "in vinculo pacis."

Owing to the long delays that had occurred, and the natural fear in the Archbishop's mind that, unless the matter were definitely settled without further discussion, the peaceful solution of the problem might be again frustrated by independent action on one side or the other, the terms of the appointment were perhaps less accurately defined than might have been desired, but the practical and substantial benefits arrived at were very great.

The following are among the many letters written by the Archbishop as to the terms upon which the new Bishop of Natal was to be appointed.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
17th Aug. 1892.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CAPETOWN,

I am very much obliged to you for the careful accounts which you have sent me and for the Dean of Maritzburg's letter touching the proceedings taken hitherto for the appointment of a new Bishop, with your request that I would consecrate him and the assents of the Bishops of the Province to your request. You give me also very careful information as to the steps which are to be taken which will be useful, I hope, each in its turn.

It is indeed a momentous issue which is now pending, and in accepting the request that I would find a new Bishop if it be possible, I must humbly pray God for the guidance which He alone can give in view of the unknown results of any choice.

I take it for granted as in former instances that there is no chance of the Bishops refusing to confirm my choice, for it would be impossible to find any good man, as we have previously agreed, who would place himself in the position of accepting nomination with the possibility of his name being afterwards branded by rejection. You promised to send me some time ago a Draft of a form of request to consecrate which you thought would be free from the difficulties which seemed to me possible in its construction and you have written twice or thrice to say that time and engagements did not permit you to draw one up.

This actual paper now comes in the request under your sign and seal that I would consecrate the Bishop of Maritzburg, and although I have not had the opportunity of seeing and criticising the proposed form of it, while still theoretical, and see it now for the first time in its practical employment, I am happy to say that I think you have succeeded in drafting a form free from objection in character and wording, except in one single small phrase which is just liable to misconstruction, but which as it makes no difference in its *intended* sense to the force or sense, I think you will have no difficulty in omitting....

I have had your request engrossed on parchment without those words, and if you will sign and seal it in this shape, it shall when returned be acted upon and enrolled in my registry.

Perhaps you would also have a copy preserved as the form agreed on between us in which petitions for consecration may, if ever they are required after this, be framed.

Meantime I shall lose no time in seeking, and God grant we may find, the Pastor we need.

With many thanks for all kind wishes.

Yours most truly and affectionately in Jesus Christ,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Jan. 7th, 1893.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received your letter of December 7th and beg to thank you very much for it. I hope that the issue of your deliberations may be such as to procure that peace of which the absence has been so grievous.

I trust that I understand rightly one sentence in your letter, viz. that it will be insisted on that "separation from the Mother Church shall not be involved directly or indirectly by any arrangement" which may be decided upon.

You doubtless do not mean by this that the Bishop to be appointed shall not make such declarations or oaths as are necessary in accordance with the Constitution of the Province of S. Africa. His doing so cannot in my opinion effect a separation, for (1) whether there is any declaration or not (including

Proviso III.) there is at present absolutely no access to English Ecclesiastical Courts from the Church of a Colony.

(2) If by an appeal from the *Civil* Courts of the Colony some cause affecting ecclesiastical affairs were forwarded to the Privy Council for civil decision no declaration or oath taken by a Bishop in S. Africa would of course be a bar to the law taking its course.

I have never concealed from the Bishop of Capetown or others my personal opinion that the importance of Proviso III. has been exaggerated both by its supporters and its opponents. The practical difference made by it appears to me to be very small indeed, if any, and for that reason I have, as you are aware, been in favour of its repeal, considering the misunderstanding to which it gives rise.

If such repeal were ever to be brought about it must be by the opinion of the Church gaining ground in that direction. It can only be done from within. To stand outside the Church of S. Africa, and outside the ministrations of the Bishop appointed in England for Natal, is simply to throw away that opportunity of reunion, and of taking their due place in the councils of the Church, which will be given them by the delegation which is now, I understand, in contemplation.

Experience shows that this involves no breaking with the Church of England at home.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

EDW. CANTUAR.

17th Feb. 1893.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CAPETOWN,

My letter of the 11th will reach you by the same mail as this. Since then I have received the formal letters from Natal in which the Church Council assure me that they will accept as their spiritual Pastor the Bishop whom I shall appoint and consecrate. For His mercy in "helping us thus far," I humbly thank our Heavenly Father.

I now write to say that so soon as I am assured of the Bishop's full maintenance according to that letter (it would not be fitting that he should assume a lower standing than the last Bishop) I shall be prepared, God helping me still, to choose the person and

consecrate him. I am glad to think that you will have some funds set free for further extension.

I will cause the Bishop, before consecration, to take the oath of obedience to you as his Metropolitan, and to make and sign the declaration of adhesion to the Provincial Constitution, etc. I have written to Natal to explain the necessity and safety of these acts.

I will cause that at Pietermaritzburg the Dean as well as yourself shall be informed of the choice—which you will earnestly pray may be guided by the Great Head of the Church to the peace and unity of His Own Body.

I think the title of the Bishop may well be left for him to recommend after he has arrived among his people. I have no power myself to determine it. The Royal Mandate will simply give me leave to consecrate in England "a Bishop, to exercise his office within the Colony of Natal." It will not be competent for me to add to that. The Bishop would probably be well-advised if *at first* he signed his name as "A.B., Bishop *in* Natal." In settling this question it ought not to be forgotten that *Maritzburg* was an *ad interim* title. It is of course unknown to our Crown Documents.

Believe me, my dear Bishop and Brother,

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

ED. C.

On receiving a reply from Sir Theophilus Shepstone saying that the members of the "Church of England" were by no means prepared at present to send representatives to the Synods of the Church of the Province, though they would not object to the new Bishop signing the Constitution and Canons of that Church, the Archbishop wrote the following letter:—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
March 13th, 1893.

MY DEAR SIR THEOPHILUS,

I have received your letter of Feb. 14th.

I am a little disappointed that you do not feel able, with confidence, to accept all that I frankly proposed. But that will make no difference in my own desire to do everything which can make for peace, and terminate conditions which are not to our

honour. Even if the conclusion be somewhat postponed, I believe that the confidence which I shall place in you and evince by my action, will not be disappointed.

I have not expected that the Church of England in Natal should at once change its Constitution and be merged in the South African Church. I expected each side to retain its own organization until both agreed to unite.

I shall do my best to fulfil both delegations by providing a Bishop who will be of one mind with myself as to restoring unity.

May I venture to send my most respectful sympathy with your own sorrow and to remain yours most faithfully,

EDW. CANTUAR.

One phrase in this letter, "I expected each side to retain its own organization until both agreed to unite," has been so often quoted as a justification for refusing and resisting union, that it is well to note how entirely alien to the Archbishop's whole line of action is such an interpretation of his words,—for the purport of all his letters had been that he could only consent to nominate a Bishop on condition that there should be substantial union, and that both sides should "live brotherly and work as one Church."

It is of course useless to deny that the sentence is difficult to interpret: and I have no doubt that the Archbishop would have modified it if he had foreseen that it could be quoted to excuse Disunion. I believe that the sentence cannot be taken apart from that immediately preceding where the emphasis seems to fall strongly on the words "*at once*"; so that the thought in the Archbishop's mind was that, both parties being pledged to substantial, organic union, the separate organizations would be retained only until the best practical scheme of reconstitution for the united body had been arrived at by mutual consent.

The Bishop nominated was the Rev. Arthur Hamilton

Baynes, who had been for some time Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop and had recently been appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Greenwich. The following were among the letters written to the Bishop designate, who was hesitating as to his decision.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
St Philip and St James, 1893.

MY DEAR BAYNES,

I need not tell you that I have read your letter with the greatest care and candour and desire to see fairly the things which are in the bottom of your mind. And as the Caller also uses Prayers and Reflexion as well as the Called, you will not think it unsuitable that I should draw out also the reasons which weigh with me, and not deal with conclusions only.

1. The inward call. I know that I have myself drawn out to you what I most deeply feel, as to the outward and the inward call. Surely we ought to be most careful as to applying that canon lest we should mistake our mind for God's will. This is what you are most anxious to do rightly. When we are ordained, and choose for ourselves a "Nova Vita," the Church searchingly enquires whether we recognise the inner call of the Holy Ghost, as well as that Order of the Church and realm which has made it possible, and invited us to accept the Office of a Priest. But surely when a man passes into that Order he becomes a man "under authority." He is thenceforward bound to leave it to others to say in their appointed place for that Church, as its organ for that purpose, whether he is *fit* for a post or unfit. His call is *not* to decide for himself. If he can convince them that other circumstances which they could not know forbid him, he has the right to [state them] and they probably will see what he is able to see. But he cannot, if there is such a thing as obedience to a divine organism, say "I will not go *because of my unfitness*—or because I am more fit for something else—or because I don't like it and never contemplated it." If he could, it would be because he was outside the order he had entered. If he could rightly so decide and choose for himself as to *posts* of *duty*, as distinguished from "*Office*," against all that calls to him from without, then he has the Spirit and the Church he belongs to has not. Then also, from another point of view, John Mark was quite at liberty to say he would not go with St Paul, and was quite right to say he should stop with his mother.

Then men should go on this or that mission because they choose, not because they are "sent." In that word "sent" is wrapt up however all claim to Apostleship.

2. Parental Relation. A great man said to me that more men were kept back from duty and the Church's work by Mother and Sisters than by any other cause. But in your case the Mother is brave, and *would* for the work's sake let you go. But this argument with you is only "My Mother would send me, but I will not let her make the sacrifice."

3. Health. This you say would not be a real consideration with you, and I do not believe it would. But I would say that it is the most beautiful climate—and that the work is not like Bishop Jones's aweful drives of hundreds of miles in Bullock Carts[1]. An old General told me that all that was wanted there for locomotion was that a man should like riding—and this you do.

4. I come to the very serious question, the comparison of the work there with the work here. "Is the reconciliation of the working-man here with the Church not as important as the reconciliation of a Schism in the Body of Christ which is the Church?" I am not prepared to say that the former is not a virtual schism. But the latter can have no *less* consequences; even if it were not true that *there* there are all the working-men to reconcile as much and more. To bring back a British Colony is not a light work of service to the God of this Empire. The fate of generations of men, British and natives, on a far greater scale than any home parish can exhibit, depends on their pastor. This kind of decision is so perfectly reproved when St Paul argues with the woman who thinks of marrying a pagan, "because she will win him to Christ"—what he says is, "Pray, how do you know that you *will* save your husband?"

I ought further to add—but I add it not as an inducement but merely as a fact you ought to know—that my mind is that this is not a mere case of a Colonial Bishopric however important. This is a case of a Special and Distinct work, to which no man can go without being very specially ἀποσταλείς[2]. When it is done—I should say in seven years—the man might properly be recalled, to go on here with more congenial work, unless he elected to stay.

[1] A not unnatural mistake.—Cape carts, not Bullock carts are meant.

[2] Sent.

But this may (and should) be looked on as a Special Mission, for which the right man has been specially and prayerfully chosen, aliis mecum judicibus, in fullest confidence and reliance on the Grace to be given him. It is not the life-long Charge which is here contemplated, but the work (as our friends would say) of an "apostolic vicar." The work done may be carried on after that interval by another, and fresh work found for the former here.

Yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

LAMBETH PALACE.
May 9th, 1893.

MY DEAR BAYNES,

I thank you very much for the straightness and the affectionateness of your letter. Let me say at once that I did *not* mean—whatever words I may have used—that "doing what you *like*" was what you proposed to yourself in the sense of doing what suited your taste. I know it is not so with you. If I used the words it was in the colloquial sense of *choosing* for oneself, on the perilous ground of measuring *oneself* and one's fitness.

The more time I take, the more sure I am that this is God's leading. So think the two I have consulted. I do not think there is in your life one piece of past discipline and training which does not flow together to this result. As to the limit of staying out I must leave it finally to your own decision. Some affairs there are which appear in the midst of careers and move us, but on the whole I should think you feel that to recover such a schism and agglutinate it, and set the two churches at one and at one work, and to introduce the social hopes and relations which from the colonies are more likely to affect us, than we them, will take a Sabbath of Seven Years.

We can find here the man to whom you can faithfully commit your present work. I do not know the man who would have your sympathies with and your tenderness for both the parties of Christian men there.

"Grudgingly" or "with bad grace" I know you would not go. You will go with a full yearning heart, appreciating the crisis, and so healingly that what has been the first shall be the last severance.

I think the 29th of June, St Peter's Day, ought to be the day of your consecration.

I have mentioned it to no one except you, Bishop of Rochester and Prebendary Tucker.

It will not be mentioned till you give the word.

God be with you, go with you, stay with you ever.

Yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On Michaelmas day, 1893, Mr Baynes was consecrated by the Archbishop in Westminster Abbey. He has testified repeatedly to the value of the counsel and guidance received ungrudgingly from Lambeth from the moment of his entering upon his difficult task until the Archbishop's death three years later. It is impossible to continue here the story of controversies which are not yet closed, and perhaps some apology is due for the minuteness with which I have narrated some of the earlier particulars of disputes which are necessarily rather technical, and to the unecclesiastical reader rather dry. I have done so because I believe it to be a typical example of the methods of patient conciliation and Christian diplomacy which the Archbishop was always ready to apply. His position in a whole group of minor "policies" is best understood by allowing him to speak personally and fully in one.

CHAPTER X.

CHURCH DEFENCE AND INSTRUCTION.

"*Then said Mr Greatheart to Mr Valiant-for-Truth, 'Thou hast worthily behaved thyself; let me see thy Sword.' So he showed it him. When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon awhile, he said, 'Ha, it is a right Jerusalem blade!'*"

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

VERY serious matters were pending in the year 1893. The most determined attempt at Disestablishment which occurred during my father's Primacy was initiated in this year, but when the danger was imminent his spirit, as always, rose. It was not, as has been seen, the only matter in which the "care of the Churches" pressed heavily, for the difficult and delicate matter of Colonial Church policy in Natal had to be carried through[1]. It was a moment at which some refreshing change was much needed. Lady Crawford had invited him to come with my mother and sister to the Villa Palmieri at Florence, and the friendship which he then formed gave him great delight and help in these later years.

Every subsequent spring he visited Lady Crawford at the Villa Palmieri at Florence, and found in her and her two daughters, Lady Mabel and Lady Jane Lindsay, most congenial companions and tender friends. To Lady Crawford his manner was that of an affectionate and respectful

[1] See previous Chapter.

son; and the daughters became to him like his own daughters. He often in his journal thanks God for all that their friendship had been to him. These visits to Florence, where he spent day after day in visiting churches, galleries, and museums, and riding far into the country, were a great and abiding joy to him.

He had begun the year in some depression, writing to the Bishop of Durham:—

I am not exactly frozen inwardly, but am exactly like the external thaw—sloppy, cold and dark.

They make me go to Florence on Wednesday. I do not feel that it is right, but I am informed that this establishes its rightness.

I have just received "The Gospel of Life[1]"—what a title and what a thing! I shall try to learn it; one needs it indeed when one's own life becomes a mechanism incessantly occupied with telegraphic messages from one to another, and with no function proper to oneself.

No—I don't mean "has become,"—that would be too ungrateful to some of the vibrations which one is conscious of. I should have said "is tempted to become"—and soon "threatens to become."

I earnestly pray that you may have a strong and happy Year and do for the Church of God as He has strengthened you to do hitherto. The dawn of 1894 may have seen changes.

H. Sidgwick says the mind of the people is set on "Progress" without any notion of Progress except alteration. Surely that is Retrogression or at least Cessation. οἰκοδόμησις[2] seems forgotten as the only real progress.

Pray pardon my stupidity and receive all our warmest wishes for all your "Peaces" as Mar Shimun says.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

How quickly his delight and interest were stirred by Florence may be seen from some extracts from his Diary.

[1] By Bishop Westcott. (Macmillan & Co., 1892.)

[2] Building-up.

They are taken from a separate little note-book, nearly filled with entries.

18 *Jan.*—It is of no use to make myself a new guide-book never to be used again. And I am much too overwhelmed to write down a quarter of the "thoughts" that trouble one. S. Maria Novella grand plain church; in the right-hand transept is the tomb of the Patriarch Joseph of Constantinople who has a vast lie in elegiacs fixed into his dead mouth and is made to declare that he died happy in having achieved the unity of the Faith for East and West—which has been ever his sole desire. He is *imperfectly* dressed in Greek vestments.

Much bored by a Dominican Sacristan in reverend dress who answered all our questions and more. Four parish clergy now take the place of the 40 Dominicans who occupied the 40 beautiful stalls with intaglio backs and the 40 young singers who sate before them. The great grand lumpy lecterns and tiny organ.

The splendours of this place were "the other things added to" the church in the time when the city and world found and felt her essential to their well being—alas that idleness and perversity should have given even a colour to the monstrous forfeiture! The estrangement of the laity is the cause of all our loss—for ours it is. We share the sense of their decline, and the loss is ours too. The glory will return only with the search for truth and keenness of work.

Jan. 19.—S. Trinita—A good many gentlemen came in to the principal mass and were devout.

Then scarcely believing it—S. Marco.

The Angelicos are beyond anything I had been able to realise in spite of the beautiful Arundels—e.g. the great Crucifixion in the Chapter House I had never understood. The Crucifix with S. Domenico's intense absorption into it and Christ's calm acceptance of him from the tree; the Peter Martyr whose silence is quite as much in the face as in the fingers or lips, the "Hospitality," all are much more intense. The heads of all the Saints are intellectually and (so to say) in *rank* of the highest type. They exhibit men taking part in the higher problems of life, thought, intercourse. The impress of the world's best work is on them. The expression of the Christ in my favourite, the Transfiguration, is as of one keen for problems in which spirit and mind have each their full share—keen to answer them.

I expected some little feebleness intellectual to be even demanded by the predominance of self-surrender and of the spiritual possession of them—but no, the intellect is all there, alive, and exalted into deep desire of knowing even as we are known, not of being extinguished. Even in the Virgin there is appreciation of what the fact is, not merely of innocent readiness for whatever it may be.

I take it that these wonderfully *great* places fell because their inhabitants had ceased to take interest or part in what was forward, or to be to the fore in the intellectual civil and social life of the country. The place is dead—the withdrawal of its proper owners, the substitution of officials, the taking it over as an art gallery, is death. There is not a monk to be seen. I doubt if there was one in the true sense of the word before the suppression. I moan, but Lady Mabel says it was not the government but the universal voice of the nation which suppressed them. For acting with entire self-devotion on a people, what could be more perfect than these places where men of mark might dwell, with simply all that nature required furnished them with dignity? These just sufficient cells and amply sufficient public rooms—one could devise nothing better if the men were to be found and the devotion. But because such men were not, and idle quietness became the aim of the Sacerdotium, the possibilities are gone, and life is ceasing to be consecrated.

Certosa.—The same melancholy reflections come on in fuller tide. The isolated glory of the hill, the magnificence of the country, which as we look on it from the loggia, seems to give itself up to be tended by the genius and spirituality of this great house, all call for the keenest sympathy from men living here lonely yet common and devoted lives. It seems as if spirit and thought must radiate from here. But the plain nobleness of the great cloisters seems extraordinarily contradicted by the worldly gorgeousness of the church and chapels—and the pride on the face of the splendid Donatello bishop in white marble who lies as the central object of the crypt, seems to say that self was hard to kill even by silence and discipline.

Yet it is very awful that this place too, much like S. Mark's, should have been slain. The Irish Father who went about with us showed no trace of devotion (though he had been here 43 years) to their order, which one would think *must* be borne in on souls living in such a home. St Hugh of Lincoln, and the jokes he

made to the Queen, and his own bad cold were the topics he dwelt on. Pius VI.'s stay here gave him no sense of history.

There are but six Fathers left, three are ill; he showed us by a fastened door that not one of them had taken his walk to-day. It seems all dead. The whole thing is full of fearful warning to us in the Church of England to keep *abreast* of human interests, and to *inspire* them with *what we know* which "the world knoweth not." And even now this moment perhaps the Radicals are plotting and planning our dismemberment. If it comes, then I am certain we shall have to find out that *we* have failed in this also. May we even then be wise!

The Cantigallis—wonderful and beautiful reproductions. There is a moral here. The *best* things we do in every line are reproductions. But this too is a falling behind—falling out of step with the advancing columns—living in the past—it cannot last.

God grant us in small and large to look out with larger sight, plan and execute with conceptions of the new world.

What can I put down about these who have entertained us all this time? Without any visible reason Lady Crawford had asked us to go to stay with them at the Villa Palmieri. Without any visible reason we had accepted, Minnie and Meggie and I. And we have been in the Queen's favourite villa entertained like Queens. When we were first there Balcarres[1], her eldest grandson, now at Magdalen, Oxford, was there—reading for his first, and greatly in earnest—a little disposed I should think to remodel or remove all institutions, but not much too much so for his age. It may lead him to inspire them. A fine high-toned fellow and with a knowledge of Italy, minute as to dates, lives and works, which made one ashamed. But however the son and grandson of two such scholars has had chances which he happily has not thrown over. The old servants of the Villa are not the least of interests. Deo Gratias for such a noble rest. It was most happy in that a spirit of devotion came back in that peace.

On the 9th of February, while Convocation was proceeding, the Archbishop wrote:—

Feb. 9. Awfully dull Convocation. But a singular event occurred at Ecclesiastical Commission. The Government have

[1] Now M.P. for the Chorley Division of Lancashire.

given notice that Asquith will move on Monday next that no more vested interests be created in Wales. The form in which this notice was first given would have come on Wales like an Interdict—so I said. They changed it greatly after. To-day the Eccl. Comm. was proceeding to complete the formation and endowment of a new district in a parish[1]. A letter was received from the President of the Council[2] asking for our observations on the protest of a Welsh member against the creation of this new vested interest. This was not enough. Leveson Gower, the Cabinet member of the Commission, *told* us the Government desired to give us warning that if we created now this new vested interest they should regard it as one to be stopped by their Bill. So monstrous a thing was surely never known. The Bill not passed, not even brought before the House, and we required days beforehand to act as if it had been passed! I proposed to sell the land in the forum all the *more*, because Hannibal was at the gates. We determined (with much suppressed heat) to proceed as if nothing had happened, or was likely to happen. L. Gower then desired his protest to be recorded! The Duke of Richmond coming in was surrounded by a knot of members each eager to tell him what the audacity of the Gladstonians was equal to. Of course if their strength justified them the quarrel is (already?) ended.

On the 14th of February he wrote:—

Lord Salisbury asked me a question in the House as to Mr Leveson Gower's behaviour last Thursday and then fulminated a little too much, and Lord Ashbourne much too much, though it seemed symptomatic. In Commons Asquith denied Government having sent any such message. The doubt is whether Gladstone can really have taken any such step himself. But the inclination is to sacrifice L. Gower and say he invented his message—which certainly cannot be.

On the 22nd he writes:—

At Downing Street the Trustees of the British Museum elected Lord Justice Bowen to succeed Dean Liddell—a letter from the latter, written to resign last November, caused amusement. "I'm not the age of Mr Gladstone, but I have not the courage to imitate nor the energy to emulate, his example." Afterwards Gladstone

[1] At Colwyn Bay. [2] Lord Kimberley.

kept me to ask whether I should approve of A—— being Bishop of B——, and why Bishops were giving up purple coats! I promised to enquire about the former, and denied the latter point.

On Feb. 23rd he writes:—

The Queen gave a most gracious reception to the Deputation from Convocation. She had ordered it to be a Ceremonial of the first order—with attendance of all her great officers, President of Council, Master of Horse, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward—all in full uniform, with Guard of honour, and with military band, and the Lord Chamberlain's men in their most gorgeous livery, with St George's Hall fully furnished and carpeted—a function such as happens but about twice a year. After luncheon the Queen received us, at 3. I read the Address after presenting the Prolocutor. The Queen, whose face and manner were graciousness itself, read her own reply herself, which she seldom does. At the very hour when we in an address were protesting against the treatment of the Welsh Church, Asquith, who should otherwise have been present, was moving to suspend appointments and vested interests in that Church. Afterwards Bishop of London and Prolocutor and I kissed hands. And we withdrew backwards to the satisfaction of the military men.

On the 24th he continues:—

I am not given to ceremonies, but it was very interesting and historically living. It is delightful to see the little lady, so graceful in movement and so watchful of eye, speaking so quietly of "my Kingdom."

The Suspensory Bill as they have now brought it in, is so mildened that it would scarcely have any effect in itself—*only* a First Step!

Friday. Had to see Mr Gladstone about two men he thinks of for high posts. He was pale, but in great mass—still smouldering over Randolph Churchill's assault; fine courtesy and deference of manner. So dark on some things! I remonstrated about the Suspensory Bill. There is such a vehement frankness about him, that you would think he persuaded himself into a new position without knowing it was new. His sweeping glance is a *glare* sometimes. He said, "The Welsh vote *is* a heavy vote, and they are right to try what they can do with it."

It was at this time that a new organisation for Church Defence and instruction came into being, the development of which, in the opinion of many well qualified to judge, had a far-reaching effect on the future of the Church of England.

Throughout the whole of this critical period it was the Archbishop's confidence in his cause that impressed all who heard him touch upon the subject, and his absolute belief that people only needed information to make them love and value the Church as he himself did. And this was the idea upon which the movement was based. He said, in a letter to the Archbishop of York, "We take no party-line, but the instruction and the encouragement which our organisation is to give in every parish will (it is our hope) so open people's eyes to what the Church is and has been, and to what the country would be without it, that they will not be deceived by agitators and will not vote for people pledged to withdraw it."

The work was not to be done by a "new Society" but by "the Church acting upon itself."

This was no sudden thought. In 1885 Canon Ellison had written to the Archbishop suggesting the formation of a "Church (or Churchman's) League" for the Defence of the Church, urging that it would "give cohesion to the scattered units to be found in our parishes and in the Church at large." Such a League, he pointed out, would include persons of all ranks and of all shades of political opinion. The Archbishop replied, "It is undoubtedly true that for want of organisation the Church has less power in Parliament, and less power of that kind anywhere, than even small sects secure through combination, and that a time seems almost come when the Church *can* no longer safely hold her calm position, although it is the grander, and itself implies prodigious social strength." From the first the Archbishop held that such a work, if

ever it was undertaken, must be the work of Laymen. "This call of God to the Laymen is a remarkable point of Church history. For He certainly cannot be calling the Clergy to defend their worldly place."

In his Visitation Charge that same year he said, speaking of Disestablishment, "This is no clerical question. It is in the main a layman's question. The Laity must speak for the Church if they are the Church."

After further consideration it was thought advisable that the matter should not then go forward.

But now that the Suspensory Bill, preparing the way for Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, was brought forward, preparations were made to repel the attack on the Church.

On March 4th he says:—

Interesting meeting about Suspensory Bill. X—— admirable, he plays with big questions as a cat with a mouse—so strong—and said many amusing things by the way. He said Platforms were "made up of three kinds of men—Politicians, Ecclesiastics, and 'worthy and excellent' men." He said, "Battles were always lost by some one making a rush—charging when he was ordered not." He advised us "not to rely much on men—well, I scarcely know how to express it decorously—who are best known in Church Congress circles."

He pleased me much by his invariably diverting our reliance from Conservatives—Do not employ Conservative agents nor prominent Conservatives—make much of Liberals—let Liberal Bishops make much of the fact that they *are* Liberals.

The work has to be done among Electors—we shall not change a vote in the Commons. But petition the Commons abundantly, and ply Gladstonian M.P.'s with small majorities with endless letters. The absence of this would be a sign of a cause given up. Disestablishment of four Dioceses would make Disestablishment of rest far harder to resist.

Opposition must be *deliberate* and *persevering*.

Charges. Meetings. Leaflets. Lectures. Magazines. Not Sermons, not Prayers in Church.

Suspensory Bill so changed, not to be attacked for itself (not worth while), but as first shot of Disestablishment. These were the issues of different lines of conversation. And we finally agreed on a *great* Meeting in London, not an ordinary scratch "public meeting," before Bill comes to Lords: to be the first joint meeting of both Convocations, South and North, both Houses of Laymen, and a great representative body of Churchwardens.

This plan was carried out later in the year, a comprehensive meeting being arranged for May 16th, in the Albert Hall.

While regarding the issue of the matter in the most serious aspect—seeing in the Suspensory Bill merely a first step to the Disestablishment of the whole Church of England, my father met it from the first in the most sanguine spirit. Charles Kingsley once said of my father that he should have been a soldier—the hint of danger to things dear to him roused him to an enjoyed activity; the effect of danger was at once invigorating and calming.

On March 15th he writes at Windsor:—

Immediately on the end of my Chapel Address we came down to dine with the Queen—Lord and Lady Wantage here; delightful remembrances of Villa Palmieri. The Queen too goes there on Monday. Her delight in and knowledge of Florence seems to be very great.

On March 16th he says:—

To-night I am to move the Patronage Bill for second reading in the House of Lords,—and nearly all the Bishops have excused themselves from attending. They are utterly parochially minded, and Church Openings and Confirmations ("important Diocesan engagements") are alleged as reasons for non-attendance at anything Imperial. This is the result of Bishop Wilberforce's ideal worked out in a way to which he never would have assented—and of the rule which excludes every Bishop now for four or five years, the primitiae of his Episcopate, from the House of Lords. To a Bishop of the younger sort the Diocese is much more than the Church, and they cannot wonder that to the Clergy the parish

becomes much more than the Diocese—and now "the Parish Council" is to close the reign of the Parson.

The Bill was warmly supported by a Unionist, a Conservative, and a Gladstonian. Lord Selborne, Lord Cross, and Lord Herschell, Chancellor. And on this comes a letter from A——, whom unfortunately I have not consulted, to say that the Bill disappoints everybody.

The Bill is not intended for a great measure. It is not the moment for a great Church measure on this. But it would effectually stamp out some great scandals in detail, and this must come first.

On March 19th he writes:—

The Bishop of Lincoln slept here to preach at St James's. He is a truly sweet person and immensely beloved. He holds exactly what I do about Fasting Communion—that it is good for those for whom it is good, and to be recommended if people can bear it. But he greatly deprecates the language and practices used and enforced about it by a certain party. He says that Canon Carter, Liddon, Bishop Webb most strongly, and others on that side have all held the same. There is nothing "deadly" in taking food before it. At Ordination he himself always beforehand takes tea and dry toast.

I write down this within two or three hours (and am certain of every word) because he is sure to be counted on the other side.

When the Lincoln Judgment was pending, an engineer on the line told him that he and his mates were anxious about it and they got a Prayer Book and examined into the question for themselves, "and you are quite right about those *am*blutions."

On March 21st he writes:—

Committee of House of Lords on my Patronage Bill. Grimthorpe had set of amendments really helpful. The House made short work of those of them which were otherwise, but readily adopted the better ones, and they are an improvement.

On March 22nd he writes:—

A quiet talk after the address [at Lambeth] with B——. Certainly the great world has some terrific evils in full swing. I know no better help than to keep up this focus of the most striking people in society all bent on being and doing good. The Chapel was quite a crowd of them, and surely their power ought to be great.

March 23. At the end of a quiet little dinner party of the Balfours, Goschens and Lord Halifax, a carriage came with a word from Lady Dudley. The Duke of Bedford[1] has just died suddenly.

In the middle of the day we elected Bertram Pollock at Marlborough House to be Headmaster of my beloved Wellington. He is just a little older than I was when I went there. He is a most loved and spiritual young fellow, as well as an athlete and a *good* scholar. There were better scholars no doubt. But it was a very remarkable field in which many different gifts appeared. I think we have chosen the right one (though I did not think so) and the confidence of the Governors in *youth* is remarkable when the idea of *age* is so much before the world.

On the 24th he wrote:—

To Westgate-on-Sea to confirm—strange varieties of distribution. There was a mass of earnest girls, but few boys in comparison: they say there are no boys. How interesting is the revival of this long, dreary, lonely coast. I suppose early settlers lived all along this coast for fishing and feeding sheep—then ages of solitude and gulls—now tracts of red ornamented houses and thousands of folk.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
6 *April*, 1893.

DEAREST HROF,

This is the utmost limit of paper allowed to shadow the sun of Florence. It makes me quite happy to think of your enjoyment.....

Diocesan interests for the Bishops supersede the Church. In the Presbyters Parochial interests supersede the Diocese. And now Parochial Councils are creeping up to substitute the Layman for the Presbyter. That is an Ultio.

Plenty is going on. There is a feeling about that the Suspensory Bill has done the Church a good turn—but an uttered word is not as if it had never been. It becomes a power even though checked awhile. Is not G. sorry for himself? I think he must be. I am for him.

Love to Edie. Love to Florence. How lovely it must be in the brilliance. "Hommage" to everybody.

Your ever affectionate, E. W. C.

[1] George William Francis Sackville, 10th Duke.

On April 13th he notes:—

Came down to the Herschells[1] at Deal. Opened with a very sweet and quiet Service the Tower, in memory of Lord Granville, at Walmer, and preached.

The Archbishop's text was Habakkuk ii. 1, "I will stand upon my watch and set me upon the Tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me." In his sermon, speaking of Lord Granville, he said, after alluding to Pitt and Wellington:—

Among those great shadows of the past will never be forgotten that gracious presence which seems scarcely to have departed from us—that fine temper, incapable of causing pain, that loyalty, not only to power but to weakness, that attention to all that leaned upon him, that sanguine hopefulness, that large view of human life, even the more kindly because there was in it no lack of humour, the salt of social intercourse.

The Diary continues:—

The last time I was here it was with Lord Granville, and he was full of interest about the new Church and what use was to be made of the old. It was quite touching when at a pause in the Service the bells all suddenly rang out. Next morning, after a very nice talk with Lady Herschell and her bright children, I went on and met Ashcombe at Sandwich for Richborough Castle. He, Hayhurst[2] and I picnicked in a hot sun on the bank below the walls. We have bought it, Ashcombe advancing the money, and shall make it over to Church Trustees: it is quite plain that Augustine must have come up here as soon as he landed. It is a very extraordinary place and I am most glad we have secured it. A courtyard of five acres surrounded by magnificent Roman walls, with some open foundations still remaining; the rest paves Sandwich streets. The vast "Block" of Roman masonry under ground 154 feet long by 104 wide and above 30 deep, must have been made as a substructure for a pharos, and though the walls rest on shallow foundation the base of the great block is among springs, and carrying a high tower is a different matter from

[1] The late Lord Herschell was Captain of Deal Castle, having been appointed by Lord Granville, then Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

[2] The Rev. H. France Hayhurst, Chaplain.

ADDINGTON PARK, 1896.

From a photograph by F. Briggs & Son.

carrying a thick wall. The flat cross on the top of the block must have been formed, I think, by picking away the layers round it. It is interesting that such reverence remains as that in ploughing the men lift their ploughs over it. My plan is to have a Pan-Anglican gathering of Bishops here in the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of Augustine's landing[1]—and then to have sermons explaining what we owe to Augustine, and what we *do not* owe.

On the 19th of April he wrote:—

We have had three lovely weeks at Addington. Nothing can equal the rest and refreshment of this beautiful place—have gone on well with Cyprian and had great correspondence beside. I am nearly getting out of the wood of my terrible African cities. But they are extraordinarily interesting. Only they keep me back. What an amazing picture of a civilisation all conducted by rule and regulation and exact finance and splendid ideas of what cities should be. But what of the natives among whom such glories descended, to dispossess, to impoverish, to starve them? What an enormous despised population there must have been.

The weather has been sublime and bright from morning till evening, all foliage a month before its time. Flowers out all together which commonly succeed each other.

On the 20th of April he writes:—

Jebb[2] at my room at House of Lords to discuss the subjects for the Albert Hall meeting. He has drawn one scheme all concrete. Bishop of Durham another all abstract—astonishing how easily I can put them together—which shows how good each is, and how they have both from their own points of view grasped the position.

Spoke to Young Men's Christian Association, about 2000 or 2500 of them in Exeter Hall. Master subjects—master a subject—Homo unius libri was the one man all knew—now we have "Homo infinitorum libellorum," and now with our *Reviews of Reviews* (horror) infinitorum libellulorum.

On the 25th he wrote:—

Professor Jebb came to House of Lords. I have the subjects for the 16th nearly settled—so that such great speakers may have

[1] This eventually was carried out. Cp. letter of Dec. 10, 1892, p. 444 *ante*.

[2] R. C. Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek, and M.P. for the University of Cambridge.

each a clear line and not meddle with each other's topics. They say this was the failure in the great Irish Unionist meeting[1]—much repetition and much traversing.

I should think such things never happened before. I wrote to ask twelve speakers to speak that day, supposing that three or four at least would refuse, and being armed with a second list to supply vacancies. Every one accepted. This is as much a proof of the grim earnestness with which we determine not to be disestablished, as the immeasurable signatures to petitions and the vast unanimity of meetings. At one place in Wales 10,000 people carried the remonstrance by acclamation and unanimously. In Anglesey a Dissenting meeting passed a unanimous vote against the Suspensory Bill.

What we have to fear is nothing but the lukewarmness of the Evangelical laity, sulky because the High Churchmen are (not very foolish) but successful.

Standing Committee, House of Lords, to discuss the Patronage Bill. Nothing but little improvements made in it—real ones. Lord Salisbury said "three parishioners was a small number to represent the incompetency of a Clergyman to his Bishop:—it had better be five—it was a painful action." I said, "Three members of a Diocese were held sufficient to represent the heresy or Popery of a Bishop." "Oh," said Lord Salisbury, "but that's not nearly so painful."

On the 30th of April (Sunday) he wrote:—

To-day Holy Communion in Chapel. Lambeth. St Peter's. Archbishop of York to talk of the 16th—three proof speeches—little thought, but a sense that God keeps one's heart towards Himself when one *really* cannot, in His service of the world, be at leisure to do it oneself. But one must beware of substituting Martha for Mary in one's inner being—and beware of self-deceit.

On the 2nd of May he wrote:—

The Bishop of Salisbury moved, on third reading of Patronage Bill, an amendment without notice, and when Marquis of that ilk proposed to him, as a matter of chaff, "to postpone the Bill" in order to introduce it with notice, he fell into the snare and pressed

[1] On April 22, at a meeting at the Albert Hall, presided over by the Duke of Abercorn, Bishop Alexander made a fervid speech against the Home Rule Bill.

his amendment. This created some derision, and then on a question of Lord Teynham's as to the propriety of the conduct of the police at St James's Hall, more chaff followed and the House was much amused. There is not in the House of Lords any serious regard for the Church, or desire for its maintenance, much less its dignity, I believe. They think themselves secure and more valued by the country than the Church, and would willingly (I believe) be parted from it. But a man might as well think to save his life by giving up a vital organ. Individuals of course think differently, but the tone is unmistakable.

On the 16th was held the great Meeting in the Albert Hall on the Defence of the National Church. The whole of the arrangements, even, as we have seen, to the choice of speakers, had been made by the Archbishop. It was a singularly impressive scene: the Archbishop opened the proceedings, although he was suffering much from hoarseness. He concluded his speech by saying:—

We are not to comfort Wales by saying "We will stand or fall together."

We have England and God's Church (cheers) and we mean not to go down. We do not stand or fall together, we stand. By God's Grace we advance. Churchmen, this thing must not be treated too much as a matter of defence. It is an incident in our revival and advance against sin and unbelief and misery. It is not for me to minimize the errors of the past. We are now in the light of a revival from an oppression and a traffic which has weighed down and traded upon England as much as upon Wales —and more. It is the revival, the atonement, which has been the signal for war. But it was we who began it by daring to revive. (Cheers.) It is our own fault if fault there be. We began with the Sword of the Spirit, the quickening of pastoral duty, and the extension of educational energy. We began and we have to finish. Our call is not to perish together, but to prevail. (Loud cheers.) Our foes are human. Our foes have hearts. And the Church (that is we) must so live and labour and love, that there shall be no resisting her.—And so

> God's Benison be with you and with those
> That would make good of bad, and friends of foes[1].

[1] *Macbeth.*

The Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

May 16. To-day's gatherings have been rather amazing. After two Early Communions at St Paul's there was at 10.30 the largest assembly I have ever seen there[1]. The music was most uplifting and filled the words with meaning. I Celebrated, and six Bishops distributed the Communion in the Choir, while eight others were distributing it in the aisles beyond the grilles. Both Canterbury and York Convocations filled the Choir, the Prolocutors sitting in my stall and the Lord Mayor's. The Houses of Laymen were there too. Under the Dome ten churchwardens from every Archdeaconry in England and five great laymen from every diocese besides. Everyone seemed to Communicate, and there was a vast congregation in transepts and down to West door nearly.

At 2.30 twelve speakers whom I had chosen entered the Albert Hall which was crowded in every part[2]. As I entered it looked like one of Martin's pictures, the Day of Judgment say: at least I thought of that. Lord Selborne and the Duke of Argyll and the Bishop of Durham all spoke most admirably and most tellingly, and all speakers spoke with great force, and the enthusiasm was immense. Good precautions had been taken to avoid interruption. Once or twice the immense multitude rose to its feet to cheer. In the evening, after a dinner to 46 Bishops, we had a Reception of York Convocation and all churchwardens. Canterbury Convocation was with us last week. It was reckoned by our people that nearly 2000 people came, shook hands and supped. The churchwardens had some of them never been in London; Northumberland men and Welshmen had declined all offers of assistance to travel. There were two splendid Brecon giants. One fine farmer about 11.30 came and asked "whether they were at liberty to go?" I said, "I don't know—have you had any refreshment?" He said, "I did not know, Sir, that there was any to have." I sent him off in charge, and he came back, saying, "Well, Sir, I *am* most obliged to you." They streamed up to the top of the Lollard's Tower with bed candles, explored every place, and invaded the Bishop of Durham in his "high lonely tower at midnight."

My sister writes:—

One incident of the preparations at this time will show the quick energy of his action. On the evening of April 30th it

[1] There were 970 Communicants.

[2] The numbers were estimated at 8000.

occurred to my father that no provision had been made for the entertainment of the Churchwardens, many of them quite poor men, who were coming up to London from all parts of England. It would seem hard that busy men, leaving their industries in the country, should come up to London for the defence of their Church and stay there at their own costs.

On the instant we were set to work. Before the evening was done a list of influential ladies to form a hospitality committee was drawn up, and letters were written. Everywhere the plan was most cordially received. Thus my mother returning from a two days' visit found that in her absence not only had a committee been formed to secure hospitality for the country delegates, but that it had been already arranged that the Bishops' meeting on May 16th was to be followed by a large evening party at Lambeth for the Convocation of York with the Northern house of Laymen, and all the representative Churchwardens.

On the day following the meeting the Archbishop wrote :—

May 17. They have thoroughly got hold of the idea that though the Suspensory Bill is a mean affair, yet it means Disestablishment, and that they won't have it. The feeling throughout the whole country is very strong, and absolutely unanimous, to judge by the shoals of petitions and letters. But what we have to do is to press on with a strong continuous force for the Church as the mover in all good things, a mainspring without which the works of goodness would cease. Our friends are too apt to think they may take it quietly after a demonstration like this. (Politics were well avoided. But Bosworth-Smith[1] made an uncalled-for reference to the "Lincoln Judgment." However it instantly "brought down the House," which looks as if the Church Association were not very strong in Church Defence.)

On the 7th of June he was present when Mr Leslie Stephen unveiled the statue of Henry Fawcett which Sir Henry Doulton had presented to Vauxhall Park. The Archbishop spoke, "uplifted against the blue vault of a blazing summer afternoon," and celebrated in Fawcett the characteristics of "sympathy and perfect independence of judgment."

[1] Assistant-master at Harrow, and biographer of Lord Lawrence.

His youngest brother Charles after a short illness died in June this year. He writes to a friend :—

It was so striking to see such a number of *men*, good men and true, gathered from all sorts of places to the village church at Hook for my younger brother's funeral. It is such a matter to have a loving spirit. It was simply this. It tells more for good than all gifts. How strange that no one knew it before Christ. And nothing so touches *men*.

On the 29th of June Cardinal Vaughan at Brompton rededicated England to St Mary and St Peter. The Archbishop carefully pasted the picture of the ceremony from the *Daily Graphic* into his extract book.

On the 4th of July he wrote :—

Asked Lord Rosebery[1] in the House to give it any information as to the Armenian Bishops, Clergy, Professors and good people imprisoned and threatened with death in Turkey. Lord R.'s answer showed our Foreign Office as taking great pains, and he had just received announcement that two were freed.—But that is nothing. Turkey in her weakness is the dread of Europe, more than ever she was in her pride.

On the 6th of July he performed the marriage ceremony between the Duke of York and the Princess May of Teck. He writes in his Diary :—

July 6. In the very beautiful wedding of the Duke of York to Princess May the sight of the Chapel in brilliance was impressive. Not a uniform but was traditional, not a ribbon or medal but had a great scene or period in history, a conquest or a battle, at its birth. The really finest thing of all was the Queen's entrance. The newspapers have described it from the Programme which stated what *was* to happen, and did not.

The Bishops of London and Rochester and I (with others) were standing in front of the Altar. I could scarcely believe my eyes when the Queen entered the Chapel by the lower end. There she was, alone and began to walk up alone. The Duchess of Teck and her grandson of Hesse were behind her. On she

[1] Then Foreign Secretary.

came, looking most pleasant, slightly amused, bowing most gracefully to either side as she came, her black silk almost covered with wonderful lace, and lace and a little crown with chains of diamonds on her head, walking lame and with a tallish stick. She looked Empire, gracious Empire; was helped on to the footpace by her grandson, and sat down in her chair looking so gallant and commanding, and kind too. Not a soul walked before her backwards or any other way. I wouldn't have missed the sight of her for the world.

The two were delightful—most reverent—followed every word of Service and hymns—very grave, and at each change looking to make sure of what was right. When all was over they bowed and kissed the Queen and their friends, he quickly gave her his hand, and hand in hand they walked out of the Chapel.

The *enormous* crowds were everyone's admiration for their splendid order, good nature, soberness and warm loyalty—not a contradictory note.

On July 17th he wrote:—

An unusually large gathering of the Lambeth poor, halt and blind. They filled the guard-room for songs and music, the picture gallery for tea, and the Chapel for a little Service. The Lambeth poor are a remarkable example of a survival of real old country ways and country feeling—a great simplicity and a great deal of sense, and unspoilt care for the place in which and the walls under which they have lived. There are still oddities of dress among them, and when the Taits came to live here the women still wore the long hanging ringlets which had passed away elsewhere. Many have lived 30 or 40 years in the same little houses. But now little houses and little people are passing away and the huge factories fill "the Element with poisoned steam."

On July 18th he notes:—

Governing Body of Charterhouse School met the first time at the school itself near Godalming. The place, with the Boys' library and museums, its armoury and great hall, is really magnificent—and it is much to be wished that the style which is nearly good had been quite good. But this would require the removal of a good deal which was thought "lovely" when it was built. Architecture should be drest as the "goddess sage and pure" is

drest in Milton. Of all the Arts she is the only one which can be "commercing with the skies[1]."

On July 19th he writes:—

At Soc. Antiquaries Rooms presided and spoke on the British school at Athens. A large and good meeting relatively, but a Society doing such good work as the Hellenic Society and this is shamefully supported. We had Sir E. Monson[2] and Mr Egerton[3], the two Ministers of H.M. at Athens, Professor Jebb, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge[4], Allbutt[5], Penrose[6], Lord Lurgan[7], Charles Evans[8], Sir J. Evans[9], and all of those who formed the audience are themselves experts and patrons. My subject was Megalopolis and Aegosthena[10], the work done at Athens and the beautiful publications here.

Thirty or forty years ago our fathers would have gone wild at the discoveries. But now while immense sums are spent at every sale in acquiring for self unique things, bad or good, one can but hope that this forming of collections may lead to a high tone of acquiring for the nation, and admiring not singleness but truth of Art.

On the 25th of July he went down to Winchester to attend the celebration of the Quingentenary of the College. This was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and many other notable people. The day began with a Celebration. Then there was a service in the Chamber Court of the College, followed by a service in the Cathedral. The Archbishop was met at the West door by the Dean and Chapter; he preached from a pulpit in the nave, ornamented with William of Wykeham's arms. His text was Romans v. 3, 4, "tribu-

[1] From *Il Penseroso.*
[2] Now Ambassador at Paris, and formerly Minister at Athens, 1888–1892.
[3] Now Sir Edwin Egerton, Minister at Athens.
[4] Dr John Peile, Master of Christ's College.
[5] Thomas Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge.
[6] F. C. Penrose, author of *Principles of Athenian Architecture*, &c.
[7] Now State Steward to the Viceroy of Ireland.
[8] Formerly Headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham.
[9] President of the Society of Antiquaries.
[10] Where my brother Fred had been excavating and surveying.

lation worketh out patience, and patience experience (probation), and experience (probation) hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." The keynote of the sermon was the phrase used of William of Wykeham by his contemporary, "opus feliciter consummavit." It was an elaborate biographical study, and showed how Wykeham contrived to complete all his greatest works, though in every case they were interrupted by some great calamity. He said that Wykeham's was that real originality which consisted in accurate development. He made a touching allusion to the death of his eldest son at Winchester, fifteen years before.

Mr E. D. A. Morshead writes:—

I had not seen him for a year or two—I had never heard him preach before. When I saw him that day I noticed directly that he seemed to have aged, during the comparatively short time since I had seen him: the head looked more venerable and the face more lined, than before. When he ascended the pulpit, I saw him survey the congregation—and, if I mistake not, he was surprised at its size, and looked so (as perhaps you know, relatively to the size of the school during the last 40 years or so, it *was* remarkably large). He began rather low-voiced, but became clearer almost directly—just as if the ascent had momentarily tired him. I noticed particularly and have never forgotten, the remarkable and no doubt unconscious skill with which he made the repeated quotation of "opus feliciter consummavit" sound, each time, fresh and more full of meaning: not an easy thing to do, I thought. The other thing was close to the end, when he spoke of personal remembrances "of a Baxter, a Moberly and a Walford"—he paused over the names with a sort of wistfulness—I remember saying to myself that he was in the frame of mind Tennyson describes—when "some had visions out of golden youth."

In August the Archbishop went with his family to Switzerland. He wrote:—

Aug. 9th. After a hot but most easy journey we are at Zermatt. Minnie and Maggie and Hugh, C. B. Hutchinson,

Amy[1] and I. In spite of all civilising ideas I cannot but feel the railway up this valley a profanation. I only expected it to be a commonplacement. We find Madame Imfeldt's youngest brother, Seiler's grandson, killed on Monday on the Matterhorn through mere wild animal spirits and impatience, rushing on and missing his footing and pulling his companion Biner, the handsomest boy in the village, down two bounds, one of twelve feet and the next a thousand. Hundreds of guides from all parts and all the visitors from the hotels were at Biner's funeral yesterday, bareheaded in the burning sun—and young Seiler will be buried to-morrow at Brigue. "He was such a nice boy," his poor sister says.

The hotel and our landing full of the presence of Nellie's clever and self-sacrificing nursing of Maggie here eight years ago, when it was such work in their mother's absence to keep up the spirits of the rest while we were obliged to seclude ourselves from all our friends, who were many here, and invent such pretences as enjoyable picnics—to evade the visitors.

Aug. 11*th.*—Am obeying, and resting, in the attempt to do nothing until Monday when I must begin my Charge. Doing nothing not very resting—walked slowly up and down in rain with Amy, who is the most goodnatured and energetic of companions, to the Riffel House. Fine effects of rain, cloud and mist. Read Memoirs of Duc des Cars; certainly fearful picture, quite unintentionally, of what the world had made of the Church—the incapacity of religious persons and virtuous ecclesiastics, to look on the Church as if there were anything incongruous in using it to make "the largest fortune in the family." The young fellow would have none of it—but though he thought it wrong, and would not consent to be a "mauvais Prêtre," yet if he had desired to be a "good priest" he would have seen no harm in accepting any number of pensions from Abbeys, "rich priories," and every kind of preferment without a notion of any obligations to the places or people from whom the revenues would come.

Our Tomlines[2] and Moores[3] were of the same mind. But they were really commercial adventurers. In France the whole "church" was of the same mind—Were we? At any rate that

[1] Miss Hutchinson.

[2] Bishop Tomline, afterwards Pretyman, Bishop of Lincoln and afterwards of Winchester.

[3] John Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1783–1805.

spirit seems dead. But the world has its more refined spiritual traps and engines now for the Church—but in what different ways!

A little Odyssey—a walk through the mutilated and savagely hacked Arolla pines. It is my favourite tree—quite.

When we lost our Nellie I remember saying, "I will never go to the Riffel again," for it was here she was last in all the pride of her strength and alertness in expeditions, and in all the life of her sustaining cheerfulness. My wife said, "Oh yes! in a few years we shall love to go again for her sake." And so she seems to feel it. But though I do not murmur at that terrible loss, feeling a surely satisfied and unwavering certainty that God judges the best for us all and has us all before Him, and though I pray for her and for Martin always ἀδιαλείπτως[1] in perfect peace, my prayer being only for their advancement in all perfection and their refreshment in His eternal light, and though I thank Him for His gift—yet I cannot explain, except by the penetrating sense of the loss of her even when I am not consciously thinking of her, what it is or can be that is on me here. The forms of all things seem more noble, and I feel their vastness more, and the animation, which I am satisfied fills all nature, seems more potent and bound up with the uncomprehended purpose of God for Man, and yet, I cannot rise to-day into the true happy feeling of living and loving. The reality of Death, the power of his check, the breakage by him of the best things, the sense of his enmity lasting longer than all enemies, is coming out so strongly before me—the thought that I shall soon succumb to him—the wonder (to use a bad word) of how far the deliverance is assured to me among such incessant reasons for self-complaint and self-judgment, do make me realize to an unwonted extent that the death of Nellie, so unexpected, in the midcurrent of her love and service to every creature that she knew wanted it, has been meant to be a far more affecting and effective act of God towards us, towards me, than I have been able to take in. Why has it had so little power to change me, while yet I feel that its power and reality and awfulness have changed in an unspeakable way the feeling with which I look on those vast mountains and the elemental powers which work about them on so great a scale? This is certainly not a line of thought

[1] "Without ceasing," 1 Thess. v. 17.

and feeling which I often write down. But to-night something constrains me—Yes, and what *is* that?

On Aug. 12th he writes:—

Walked with large party, Cross, who married Geo. Eliot, C. C. Cotterill, nephew of Bishop Cotterill, and Headmaster of a large school at Liverpool, Miss Wyatt, the great "walker," Professor Dixon[1], Martin, head of Training College at Winchester, and Minnie, Maggie, Hugh and others to the number of 20, up to just below the higher seracs on the Findelen glacier, getting on the glacier as soon as we could—a walk on which we spent $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours of this brilliant day. Most pleasantly, for the talk of old friends whom we had known was the most refreshing. Truly I have known memorable folk.

Cotterill, a very nice man, takes the world and its ways much to heart, and feels an abandonment of Greek in education will be a declension in National culture and a declaration of preference of "getting on" to all else.

It is curious to think that as the Clergy will always be taught and to some extent will know Greek, there will be once more a definite advantage on their side in respect of cultivation and literary intelligence.

Cross once asked Gladstone how he finds time to read so much—to which he replied with sonorous voice, "I have no fringes of time. Every hour is planned."

On August 13th he says:—

C—— read part of Service and twice preached—read as if saying "The English Liturgy is really fine—I wish you would just let me read you some passages."

Little Chapel quite full at Matins with Communion, and nearly at Evensong, and a fair gathering at Early Communion. Lefroy[2] said a Frenchman said to him, "A Chapel here! The Englishman goes nowhere *sans Dieu*."

On the 15th he writes:—

Arthur and Hugh with Tatham up the Riffel Horn for practice. I walked with Hugh to the little lake where Maggie sketched. The beauty of the clear water at our feet with its wonderful fringe

[1] Of Owens College, Manchester.

[2] Dean of Norwich, chaplain at the Riffel Alp Hotel.

of a plant lying smoothly out on the surface, with its beautiful forest of upright stems and undergrowth of soft cloud-like plants, and numbers of delicate creatures ranging to and fro among them—well said Tennyson of such a sight, "What an imagination God Almighty has"—and all before us, in incredible contrast to all this minute perfection, the gigantic awful perfections of the Matterhorn and his peers.

On the 16th he writes:—

With Amy through the forest to the bridge over the icy stream from the Findelen which through these hot suns is in full flow, and to the Chapel where is the beautiful reredos triptych, with its wretched figures of the last century inserted under nice traceried sixteenth century canopies with well-painted figures of same date, of the Magdalen and Saint Elizabeth of Hungary on gilt and patterned backgrounds. The Chapel itself has dry earth for the floor under the seats. Back by the straight-up woodman's path.

We saw a very pretty thing as we came up by the side of the big watercourse which the path and the glacier cross. We were just saying how odd it was this hot summer to see the stony rocky bed with not a drop of water in it, when we remembered it flowing so copiously in all its channel, when we lunched beside it years ago. At this moment a sound of water from above made us look up, and all the upper channel was brimful of rushing water and little cascades, while below all remained stony and dry. I suppose that here and downwards there is a deep channel filled up with rocks, so that the water has to fill its pits before it runs over the rocks of the surface. Then it rises and goes on so that we watched the downward stream advancing quite slowly until it was full and then it rattled down in fresh course. This happens daily in the afternoon at this season, when the strong afternoon sun has melted enough of the snow and ice below the Gorner Grat.

Sat with Sir F. Leighton, who finds that in a hotel of 250 people he can best isolate himself to write his Biennial Presidential Address. He was amusing, and made most pertinent and withal reverent remarks on the Sunday Sermon—more reverent than the sermon itself.

Adeline Bedford is come to Zermatt this evening and comes on to-morrow here.

On the 25th he wrote:—

We walked with B—— to the Findelen—lunched by the stream which was just beginning to fill. We had very good talk about Prayer and Petitions, and also about the nature of Spiritual Power in a man. "Seeing human life from the Divine point of view, and dealing with it in the Divine method," is her definition.

He adds, with reference to an instance of bribery in a law-suit in Persia promoted by the Assyrian Mission:—

Have written to the Minister (Frank Lascelles[1]) at Teheran, for it seems to be a case of extortion, and it does not appear plain to me that the decision is on our side. We ought to abolish these corrupt governments by one or other straightforward means—Turkey and Persia reproach civilisation with its impotence.

The old Duke of A—— was perfect in languages and *knew* nothing. He never read anything (literally) except three books which he really knew by heart, Swift, La Fontaine and *Faust*. Besides these he read the Vulgate pretty steadily, chiefly with a view to carefully twisting texts. How amazingly characteristic of the old cynic.

On Aug. 27th he writes:—

In the evening Sir F. Leighton came and made many fascinating monologues. Was very amusing on C——'s eloquence and logic, "and oh! the incongruities." This is a good instance of what the well-read and experienced layman cannot and will not stand, while the well-to-do vulgars revel in it.

The Archbishop came home early in September to attend the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, in the House of Lords. He writes:—

Sept. 8th. The scene in the House of Lords was more striking than anything I have ever seen. I came home on purpose to attend. The seats were absolutely full, not another peer could have been seated. There was a thick body of them standing all between the rail of the throne and the woolsack. The Peeresses' gallery quite full and the dresses most rich. The strangers' gallery full to the top and all the Ambassadors. There were

[1] Now Sir Frank Lascelles, British Ambassador at Berlin.

twenty Bishops. Lord Cranbrook spoke with the utmost fire. The Bishop of Ripon really held the House captive with his moderation, his happy quotations, his wit and perfect skill. Lord Salisbury was very fine and yet somehow not all that I had expected. But the voting was tremendous—the wretched 41, so many of them Gladstone's new creations, or new favours—and the other side 419—the Prince's Chamber quite packed. There was great seriousness and quiet through the whole debate.

I got in a little consultation with Dibdin about Parish Councils Bill and Parish Vestries. The *next* attack on the Church. We must let pass all the civil part, and only fence ourselves against Disendowment by side winds.

Looking back I think Herschell's speech disappointed me most. He attempted to grapple with the reason why the Irish, supposing them to have Parliament of their own, should be also represented by 80 members in our Parliament. I gave myself up to him, for now (I thought) I shall have a true man's defence of it. But it passed in a cloud, and all he said was that it was a detail. Salisbury's most impressive point was, that 38 members of House of Commons had been described by the Judges as being associated with the organization which mutilated cattle, withheld rent, and murdered, while doing nothing to stem or remedy, "and the majority which passed the Home Rule Bill in that House was 34."

Days after, the tranquillity on the subject is marvellous. No one seems to feel what the crisis is. No one knows what Gladstone will next do. No one seems to mind. The papers bray exactly as before. But no effect seems produced. Is it because the whole thing was so expected? Is it because no one thinks it will come ever to anything? Or is it a lull before a storm? There seems scarcely irritation enough.

On Sept. 17th at Addington he says:—

A good rain last night. The first for many weeks. No season has in my life been like this. The grass is brown everywhere and has grown so little that cattle cannot be sold, for no one has any grass for them, whatever the price at which others are ready to part with them. But often on slopes exposed to the south the grass has the appearance of being quite dead, black and powdery. Some fine trees have their heads quite bare, and leafless while the rest is green—new catkins have come out

on hazels, and there are roses and red haws on the bushes at the same time. Honeysuckle is again in flower. The sunsets have been too magnificent—burning red in flaring waves, while the sky has been covered with the most delicate white threads enlaced with red threads against the purest pale azure. Horses seem all to crawl till they get to some ground where there is a breath of air—which sometimes has been northerly and sometimes easterly during the drouth. Rabbits do not appear at all by day. The swallows are beginning to muster.

On Oct. 3rd he attended the Church Congress at Birmingham. He received a most enthusiastic welcome, and preached at St Martin's Church, where he had been baptized. The sermon[1] opened with a reference to Balaam, and was on the quaint text, Numbers xxiv. 1, "He went not, as at other times, to seek for enchantments: but he set his face towards the wilderness." Speaking of the world's witness to the Church's permanence, he said:—"By these magnificent marks he [the Seer] knows Israel, the Church of God; by its redemption, its silent power, its Catholic reign, its universal blessing." He found the "three characteristic seals which must be imprinted on every work of our Church" to be quietness, unworldliness, sincerity. "No Christian work," he said, "could be brought to good effect in noise and glare."—"There is no cure for worldliness but an unceasing struggle against the world-spirit. We are said to yearn for Unity. Unity would come rapidly if we yearned as much for unworldliness." And he ended with a striking passage: "The Church in her long history has felt the spell of those great instruments and used them—impression, policy, diplomacy—to the full....They are attractive still to the eager Churchman. They are full of romance and brilliance and enchantment. Be it so. *We* will go no more out as

[1] Published under the title "Things which cannot be shaken" with his Charge *Fishers of Men*. (Macmillan & Co.)

at other times to meet with enchantments. We set our face towards the wilderness."

On Oct. 9th he writes:—

Assisted at stone-laying of Seamen's Home (provided by Lord Brassey) by Duke and Duchess of York. Lunched with him at Fishmonger's Hall in its striking situation commanding the Port of London, and with their relic of William Walworth's dagger. Two sensible young persons, determined to do their best at their duty. He rather a determined man and with good sailor-like hate of humbug.

Then installed the new Mother at All Saints. A very impressive thing in their beautiful ritualistic Chapel, the whole area as well as stalls filled with the white winged caps. It is a noble place, but I'm not sure that the spirit of faction is not as strong there as in the world, and perhaps lately rather busy.

On Oct. 14th he writes:—

Nearly finished my Charge and came to Blackmoor on Thursday evening. Lord Selborne wonderfully bright, a good deal owing to Sophy's wonderful care of him. Lord and Lady Waldegrave here with their nice young daughter, and Miss Yonge, getting old, but with an odd majesty and kindliness which are very strong. In the morning a long and most useful talk with Lord Selborne on the amendments which I have got Chancellor Dibdin to draw on the Parish Councils Bill. In the afternoon Lord Wolmer came with his two children. It is a noble thing in these days to find a whole great family keen for every sort of Church Question, and interested in everything which opens before the Church, not only in a wise political way,—political in its true sense—but also as a matter of deep love and loyalty.

At the end of October he delivered his Charge, *Fishers of Men,* to the Diocese at Canterbury, Ashford, Maidstone and Croydon. His characteristic hopefulness, his view of the great position and present opportunities of the Church, even in this time of danger to her establishment, was never more marked. "Where she grips the present day with a Galilean grasp, by any of the handles which it offers, there she becomes strong." The nation "will not dislodge

us till it dislodges itself." "In all times the struggling, shooting seed has been with the Church. One task of hers has been to hold society together. Another and a fulfilled one has been at the same time to nourish the hope, the uplifting idea of the future." And again he urged that we should "ask ourselves whether we think that the ancient divine problems have ever been before the world or the Church in grander outlines than in these years of her fast closing nineteenth century." He writes of this time in the Diary :—

Oct. 24. To-morrow begins my visitation of the Chapter of Canterbury—a full attendance to-day of the Cathedral and City Clergy at our *Quiet Day*: I addressed them twice and Canon Elwyn twice. We had silence and common meals in the Library. It was helpful. My second address was given also to the singing men and Choristers, and all the Cathedral workmen. They are a protected and affectionate body—and how permanent their work is, and done not to make earthly profits for any one, but (if they will only see it) to the honour of God. A peculiar class.

I instituted Mason to an honorary Canonry after Matins in St Anselm's Chapel, and in evening he was installed. It is happy to have him back as my Chaplain, after having lent him so long.

The Agricultural Depression is having an aweful effect on the Chapter. If the stipend, which ought to be £1000 per annum to each Canon, reaches more than £200 this year, it is as much as it will do. They struggle on with the utmost gallantry, not letting either fabric or service suffer. But it must be most serious to some of them.

On Oct. 27th he says :—

Came last night to Vintners. Walked this morning to see Mr Richards at Bexley—blind nearly—deaf extremely—unable to walk—every organ out of order—once captain of University Eight, and a great rider—a perfect pattern now of faith, love and resignation, which scarcely seems to be resignation it is so simple, a going on in courage and spirit, as God allows. More telling as a Pastor now than any one could be besides.

Afternoon drove with M., Mrs Whatman and the Hoares to see Thornham, pronounced Thurnham, and Bicknor and Hucking Churches. Canon Durst at Thurnham, formerly so vigorous a restorer and parish Priest at Lynn. All three Churches poor and nearly rebuilt, bare and unhomelike. Bicknor by Bodley with a flat storey of stone and pierced quatrefoils very big on the tower—a high placed east window and a most unsuitable carved reredos. Asked to revisit it not long since Bodley said, "It was an early work of mine, and I dare say I should not approve of a single thing in it." That is what becomes of our old village Churches! However I believe Bicknor was nearly a ruin. Our way was along the Pilgrim's road, now thought to be the ancient track from Cornwall to Sandwich—up the beautiful Hollisbourne lane with its yews and rich foliage up above, the most picturesque line of chalk cliff on to a perfectly uninteresting level.

My Nellie, My Nellie! Three years! In pace. Quando?

On Nov. 11th he writes:—

Bishop of Rochester to dine and discuss the absolute necessity of dropping Goulden's College from the list of Theological Colleges—no reality in it. The men obliged to teach in the Sunday Schools "The Mass," and the Presence of Flesh, Blood, Soul, Divinity upon the Altar—and other equally un-Anglican tenets. It is monstrous, and we cannot be accomplices in it by silence. He must and he will end it.

On Nov. 12th he says:—

Preached at Croydon to the new Mayor attended by the Corporation, it being also the inaugurating of the Tower, which has been renewed with stone from top to bottom, now first since the fire, and of the beautiful new screen work and organ front in the Choir—a fine Service. I preached on the business order of the world as working out a Divine intent. Thence to Keston at 3 for a village Confirmation. The great Church and the little Church were alike crowded, attractive and reverent. But it cannot be said that all the education "emollit mores" for the village boys. Afterwards tea at Holwood, with Lady Derby. The excellent Sackville is 45, which accounts for its being 33 years since she first gave me my tea at Hatfield.

To the Bishop of Dover.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
5 *Dec.* 1893.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I am in continual heaviness about the Cathedral and the beloved Chapter.

Meantime I don't see how there can be further depreciation next year unless there is another *seventh* bad season, which since the days of Elijah has not been a common phenomenon.

But my own private opinion is that for reasons of Equity we must try if we can get legislation to the extent of a review by Ecclesiastical Commissions of Cathedral Endowments in the case of their application to them.

The Equity case is so strong that one would think it would be listened to. The difficulties are these. The present Government if it lasted is probably as good as any because Mr Gladstone has a love for the Order of the Church which is I think deep. But *he* is weighted by the unscrupulous Welsh and Nonconformist party.

On the other hand if a Conservative Government comes in, they do little or nothing for the Church because they are already sure of its adherence. Very pathetic. These are the difficulties. We must see how we can deal with them. I am very anxious and troubled about all your difficulties.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To his daughter Margaret, then at Athens.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Dec. 10, 1893.

MY DEAREST MAGGIE,

Your two letters dated 16th and 28th Nov. came by same post. You will think me a heartless father, but it is "armless" in the best MSS. My arm has gone on in such rheumatic vagaries that I have written as little as I could—i.e. a little short of always. And as people who have to control their expenses begin with their subscriptions, so I have left off letters of affection and friendship.

It is pleasant to think of your basking in Hellenic sunlight, such as you show in your very pretty sketch sent to Mama. (It coloured me pea-green.) I remember when I was a small boy of 11 being so delighted at learning that the proper name of Greece was Hellas, and it is a name that always sums *nearly* all I want to see of the earth.

I think I know Athens nearly as well as if I had lived there. I have always so pored over it. But these excavators go fast.

What enjoyment and *thrilliness* there must be in it. Aristophanes and Thucydides are I think my most typical Athenians. Socrates is the world. But they are Athens, and I should like to creep about where they were. It is a famous thing to have 3 sketches going at once—study your foregrounds.

I have a photograph of the little metropolitan church—a perfect study for you in Byżantine.

I shall have to write to Fred later. I am going away for nearly a week, and my arm won't stand above another letter which is due. I like his "commonplaces" *immensely* all but Mrs Naseby[1]. I shouldn't care to read some of them aloud, and he has kept clear of *suggesting* that you should cry. Tell him I'm always thinking about him. What is his exact work just now? Thank him for his letter.

You know about dear Mama. I'm thankful to say she is better to-day. But she won't be with me as I hoped among the Kentish folks this week. "20 per cent." of the village children (as Mr Leweth puts it clearly) are down, mostly with whooping-cough. My Charge which has tormented me beyond its merits is now nearly ready. Tell me all the Greek gossip you can—and modern Greek saws and antient reliques—and everything to make one feel one was there with you. Dear love to Fred.

Ever your loving father,

EDW. CANTUAR.

It will be well briefly to sketch how the organization for the diffusion of Church Knowledge, initiated this year, developed through the years that followed. It had met with so warm, so enthusiastic a response, that it could

[1] *Six Common Things*, by E. F. Benson.

not be allowed to pass away without further effect. Moreover in 1893 the Suspensory Bill alone had been in question, in the next year the Disestablishment measure itself was to come on.

Yet a sustained development of the movement was fenced with new dangers.

"The formation for the first time of a 'Church party' in the House of Commons is a dangerous and very Caroline symptom," my father writes, "yet when the other side makes Disestablishment in Wales a great rallying cry it is hard to know what else is to be done."

As a Church party in politics was dangerous, so too, he thought, was a political party in the Church. The new movement must not degenerate into an organization to canvass for votes. If the Church was to organize resistance to measures designed to separate it from the State, the organization should not merely be a defensive organization; its aim should be to provide such instruction as would promote an intelligent comprehension of the position of the Church, of its history and of its relations to the State. Such resistance as must be made should not be an arbitrary rallying to some uncomprehended battle-cry, but the intelligent resistance of Churchmen to what, from such a point of view, must be an unnatural and undesired divorce.

An extremely influential private meeting was held at Lambeth on May 5th of the next year (1894), at which the movement was started. The work was to be done:

1. By a union of Church people carrying on personal conversations in their own neighbourhood, explaining why the Church should be defended and made more efficient.

2. By the diffusion of a knowledge of facts and truths about the Church:

(*a*) By Leaflets issued by the Literature Committee.

(*b*) By an Intelligence Department, which through

the Press would circulate true information and correct false statements about the Church.

3. By the promotion of public meetings.

All this was carried out by a Committee of Laymen representing the Provinces of Canterbury and York called the Central Church Committee, in connection with which was a Ladies' Central Committee and large General Committees. Each Diocese had, under its Bishop, Diocesan Church Committees which working through Rural Deaneries endeavoured to form a Church Committee in every parish. An Intelligence Department of men, and a Literature Committee of ladies were at first distinct, but later became, as they are now, one mixed Committee.

"It will be a large business if God prosper our work," my father wrote.

In an extraordinarily short time a very large number of parishes had Committees in full working order, and within a year over 5000 had been established.

The principle on which the Committees were to work may be judged from a letter to Lord Stanmore in 1894.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Dec. 11, 1894.

MY DEAR STANMORE,

I agree with your Correspondent that if the working of our Parochial Committees had a political bent they would work ill for the Church and peace.

But the point of those Committees is expressly and entirely to spread information; and by *talking* to get the information understood.

"I am not so foolish as to distribute leaflets without a talk," somebody quoted the other day—did not you?

We are persuaded that people would not go in for Disestablishment if they had *knowledge*. Well, the object of the Parochial Committees is to diffuse and bring home and rub in the *knowledge*. The ignorance is in the villages. And *there* must the

information go. And it is of little use sending *strangers* in. In such places the talking must be done by such people as the villagers know and trust. It must be the people who live in and near the village who can alone distribute leaflets and books and get up illustrated lectures with effect.

But all our parochial workers are specially cautioned not to talk politics or parties.

In organizing, if ever our people are known as politicians we send them only to places where they are not so known, and with a special charge to be silent about politics.

If this advances to a political struggle we shall have had no part in constituting, still less in stirring up strife. The enemy will be an enemy in any case, and will seek to eradicate us anyhow, whether we have taken any steps beforehand or not. But it is wrong to sit by and say, "I will not teach; I will not enlighten this ignorance, for fear of strife."

To teach simply and honestly the tale of the Church and its doings is the best way to prevent strife and to take away bitterness if strife can't be prevented.

I had a letter from a lady this morning who has an extensive and present-day acquaintance with the working classes of a great,—a very great,—London district. She writes, "The ignorance is appalling, but everywhere the Clergyman is the offending party, because he lives on the rates"; and that false belief is in the country as much as in town. Will any one say that to explain to people the noble old deeds by which the Clergy are maintained in order to make them free of the Church and its ministrations is to *stir up strife?*

As a matter of experience we find parts of England where a Liberationist speaker is doing his work in every parish—and others where he can stir up no feeling simply because the people are instructed in facts on the simple lines of the Parochial Committees.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. CANTUAR.

Throughout this movement nothing was further from the thoughts of the Archbishop than any wish to injure in any way or to interfere with the work of that Society which

had done so much in the past to defend the Church. Over and over again he dwelt with gratitude upon the work which the Church Defence Institution had done, and he was convinced that the two organizations should work together in perfect cooperation. Finally in 1896 a complete amalgamation was effected by the Archbishop, and the composite body is now known as "The Central Church Committee for Church Defence and Church Instruction." It would be useless and uninteresting to go over all the details of that amalgamation now. But it cost the Archbishop an immense amount of patient labour. He mastered every detail. He had sympathy for everyone. He attended endless meetings and had endless private interviews. He had only one anxiety, and that was to secure for the Church the best possible organization for making Church people understand and value their Church. For although there is little doubt that this movement was a turning point, and largely affected the Election of 1895, the end of the movement was not just to meet a particular danger. As he himself said, "It is certain that Defence is by no means completed, or future danger averted, unless the true *principles* asserted in that Church movement are understood, carried much further and much deeper, brought home to the ignorant and the apathetic, and grasped with intelligent knowledge by English Church people at large."

A few months after the amalgamation was completed the Archbishop died. But the enthusiasm with which he had inspired the movement was not dead. The Committees are still doing their work. The Intelligence Department and the Literature Committee, now combined, are living organizations. And if at present the Church "walks warily in times of quiet," there is to hand a widespread organization to enable her to walk "boldly in times of trouble" whenever the evil day may come.

The Archbishop spent the winter of 1893 at Addington.

To Chancellor Dibdin.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
4 *Jan.* 1894.

MY DEAR CHANCELLOR DIBDIN,

I was talking the other day with the Bishop of Oxford and found him really rather discomfited with the Roman Catholic attacks on the Church, which are now so bold.

He said that what is wanted on our side is a real, strong, lawyer-like statement of facts and arguments. They ought to be dealt with as Lord Selborne has dealt with the questions which in his books he has taken up. "Popular Histories" go for nothing and may be written on both sides. And histories that are not popular contain facts so ill marshalled, or superfluous, or fail to insist on the crucial point, that the arguments drawn from them are weak and fail of their mark. They are not drawn out with the accuracy and *netteté* with which a lawyer with a good case developes his issues.

The facts are all on the side of the English Church, and the justice of our cause and precision of our case against Rome is certain.

There are, Bishop Stubbs says, plenty of people who could supply all the matter of a historical sort, documentary and other. But he says that, even if he himself attempts the arguments, his historical tendency to develope every detail, whether it is to the point or not, to work up all to the same level of information, disables him from casting it into that form which is necessary to produce conviction. I wish I could put the need better. But I thought I might venture to say that he mentioned your name as the person able so to build and educe the argument and to present to the English people the structure of thought and reality which our Church *is*.

Of course his own historical knowledge and resource is limitless, but he says it wants the form which I so lamely describe. The thought has occurred to me, "What a book might be produced by Stubbs and Dibdin" if they could co-operate. I wonder whether it is a wild dream.

Yours sincerely,

E. W. CANTUAR.

To the Bishop of Oxford.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Jan. 6, 1894.

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

I am rather appalled at what I have done. If I have done wrongly, what will you say to me?

I felt so much the force of what you said in our last talk of the need of a lawyer-like putting of the case of the English Church against Rome, and the nullity of the Roman case, that I told Dibdin, whom you named, all about it—as much as I could in your words—and told him that you said there were plenty of people ready to provide the results of research and historical investigation if the lawyer could be found who would marshal all, and require points to be made certain, and omit the really irrelevant, however important and interesting to the scholar. If Dibdin could undertake it he would just do the thing wanted. I send you his answer and now I am rather aghast. However I do so thoroughly feel the necessity of a masterly argument—and do so believe that Dibdin would be an excellent *collaborateur*, that I cannot say my repentance is worth much. And now I wonder what you will say.

Yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Every best New Year wish and hope.

On Jan. 24th he had a private meeting at Lambeth to discuss amendments in the Parish Councils Bill. He writes :—

Lord Salisbury was very good in wishing that amendments likely to be invidious should not be moved by the Bishops but by lay Peers. Lord Selborne is persuaded that as the Bill stands the "Offertory" itself is liable to be invaded by the Parish Council.

On the 26th he spoke in the House of Lords on this subject. The *Pall Mall Gazette* said on Feb. 2nd, that the Church owed much to the Archbishop and the Bishop of Peterborough[1] with regard to this Bill. It continued, "The

[1] Mandell Creighton, D.D.

marvel is how these two Bishops, with a burden of daily business such as few are competent to bear, have found time to examine the probable effects of the Bill, consider a policy and to weigh amendments as they have done." A passage in the Archbishop's speech was, however, misinterpreted by opponents of the Church to mean that he did not propose to concede the use of Church Schoolrooms for meetings of Parish Councils. This, it was stated, was intended to result in or would result in driving Parish Councils to meet in public houses. On Feb. 8th the Archbishop wrote a letter which appeared in the *Times* to make his position clear with regard to Parish Councils and Church Schoolrooms. He explained that though in many cases the Schoolrooms would be willingly lent, in other cases where they were nightly used for meetings and lectures, it would be difficult to arrange a night or nights for the Parish Councils to use them, without disarranging existing programmes.

The *Westminster Gazette* of Feb. 8th had an amusing caricature of the Archbishop in apron and shirt-sleeves locking a Schoolroom door and waving Councillors to a bar where Bishop Temple appeared enthroned behind the tap-handles.

On Feb. 4th the Archbishop went with my mother to Oxford. He writes:—

We went to Oxford to stay with the Vice-Chancellor[1] yesterday and had a very agreeable party. The old Warden of New College[2], young as ever, unchanged since I stayed with him 25 years since. This was a curious day. The Lord Chief Justice fixed his Assize and would not take another day, this being the day when the Humility Sermon, founded in 1612, is preached. I had to choose one of a set of texts, and took great pains with my sermon. The Chief Justice said he would like to hear the Humility Sermon, provided he was prayed for in the Bidding Prayer in full. The University wears no scarlet and no hoods on this day. I expected

[1] The Rev. H. Boyd, D.D., Principal of Hertford College.
[2] Dr James Edward Sewell.

the Chief Justice to rise like a sun at midnight. But with excellent taste he came in black. There had to be an adjustment of processions. The Vice-Chancellor took me in procession to the Choir. Then he met the Chief Justice at the door and brought him in procession to the Vice-Chancellor's Chair. Then fetched me in procession to the pulpit and similarly managed in returning. All this being Official and not Personal, offended not Humility. But one section of my sermon went to show that Humility was the only Dignity. Which gave the C. J. occasion to tell Roffen at the Athenaeum that I had preached against Humility, but very well.

The Vice-Chancellor showed us afterwards his noble sketches of Norway. We took tea with Canon Bright and the Dean of Christ Church, and Mr Paget came and told interesting things of Pusey and Newman. But I never find any Oxford man realise how weak a man was Newman.

In the evening we had the College Hall packed as close as St Mary's was this morning, and had excellent speeches from Sir Charles Turner[1], Bright and the Dean on the Assyrian Mission. The Vice-Chancellor has been a royal host.

Bright does not allow enough for verbal difficulties in the Nestorian Controversy.

On the 9th of Feb. he writes:—

Every evening this week (except Wednesday) the Lords Debates have continued in the most thorough and exact and conciliatory spirit. Very hard work, from 4.30 to 11.30 at least every night. I have sat through all as last week, when we had the added horrors of Convocation three days from 11 a.m. to 4.

I have had several brief speeches to make. But by Lord Salisbury's advice all the amendments made on 24th and since have been committed to lay Lords. Lord Selborne has been splendid, speaking with the quiet of age and the vigour of youth, and using admirable language as well as clear, consecutive argument. So far we have saved the Parish Buildings, the Churchyards, and Parochial Charities which have had Clergy and Churchwardens for their Trustees. And we have cut out the audacious Cobb's[2] Clause. Mr Fowler[3] has attended every debate on the steps of

[1] Ex-Chief Justice of the Madras High Court.
[2] H. P. Cobb, then M.P. for the S.-E. division of Warwickshire.
[3] Then President of the Local Government Board, now Sir Henry Fowler.

the Throne, and it has been ludicrous to see Lords Ripon and Kimberley on the perpetual trot from the front bench to Fowler and back, so that I have had their endless race past me. Fowler does not think that there is a chance of the Commons taking an of our amendments, and I doubt if Lord Kimberley is the least aware of what he now has in its present shape. So far from thinking that the country will listen to a cry against the House of Lords for their dealing so straight with this and the Home Rule Bill, I find the Lords very popular. A person who lives in the thick of Lambeth and sees the lower and middle classes always tells me their genuine sentiment here at present is, "Thank God we have got a House of Lords."

To this he adds:—

Yesterday my wife, Lucy and I, accompanied by Edwin Freshfield, went down to visit our dear grave in the Cloisters at Winchester. All sweet, still and beautiful. There was never a sweeter rest for a sweeter creature. But His removal of such a bright intellect and such a stedfast will is one of those fearful riddles which most help one to realise that there is a living Providence. No fate or chance could have directed such an arrow. It is marvellous and happy to think of him with Nellie, and it would be more marvellous to imagine they are not together and not praying for us.

On the 19th of Feb. he wrote:—

The times are strained. I think Roffen is really frightened by the abuse of the Bishops which is rife in every Radical newspaper. It is the Radical cry in fact. Joseph Arch[1] told the people at Gainsborough that "the Bishops had voted that Parish Councils should be held in public houses." Harcourt left the same impression at Portsmouth. What they did vote was that "they should *not* be held in public houses when any suitable room elsewhere was to be had free or reasonably," and that, "if there were no other suitable room they should have the school." But Watson, who has been at Portsmouth, says they are rabid there, have not seen my letter to the *Times*, and would not believe it.

To-night the Lords reaffirmed the Employers' Liability Clause, but it is said the Church will be "jockeyed" as to Parish Councils; that they will give up in the Lords all the savings for the Church

[1] M.P. for N.-W. Norfolk, founder of the National Agricultural Union.

which they lately passed, to avoid conflict with the Commons. If so we must die with a good grace. The Duke of —— told me this evening that now the principle was conceded that "three labourers might settle anything" and that land was to be assigned *compulsorily* to a *class*, not to public good, it was no use to contend for anything. This, I think, will prove to be the Lords' view.

This morning we all, Chaplains, Duchess of Bedford, Minnie and Lucy, went up with the Dean of St Paul's into the scaffolding close to the roof to examine Richmond's mosaics. They are very fine, much finer than Salviati's, and every workman is English.

Levée at two o'clock, seemed large, but I went through in a few minutes. One thing I noticed. There was no knot of Ministers gathered chatting and waiting, as is usual when one passes from the Royalties.

There appeared the other day in all papers an account of how ill the Bishop of St Asaph was received at Colwyn Bay, interrupted, not heard and finally defeated. He dined here to-night and says he was well received and quietly listened to.

On Feb. 20th he wrote:—

Lord Selborne to consult and lunch. Very low in his mind. Evidently thinks great evil is near and that the future of the House of Lords is very uncertain. Bishop of Rochester dined; also very anxious. Thinks the Bishops, however unjustly, are quite lost with the Radical party, which he thinks is the strongest. Abusive declamatory paper from Guild of St Matthew without a straw of argument in it, and a Jeremiad from B——. The Bishops the great hinderers of the Church. Meantime the only grounds they (the Radicals) give are false grounds, e.g. that the Bishops voted that Parish Councils should meet in Public Houses; that the Bishops have prevented the free interesting discussions of the labourers on Imperial affairs. The falsity shows how great the enmity is.

The *Westminster Gazette* was full at this time of amusing caricatures directed against the Peers and the Bishops; such as the Archbishop riding with Lord Salisbury to the tune of "Proputty; proputty" (*Northern Farmer*), arm-in-arm with Bumble, and grasping a large pie called "Parish affairs" to the exclusion of a labourer who demands a slice.

My father used in cheerful moods to smile at these and say the Bishops would not be attacked unless they were really doing something, but when depressed he used to feel them to be very melancholy misrepresentations, and even fantastically augur that he might himself some day meet with a violent death at the hands of Radicals.

On the 3rd of March he wrote:—

Went to A—— and confirmed 170 most attentive people —many old—many strong young men—all was managed with beautiful order and reverence in that attractive Church. Have succeeded in persuading B—— to have in his Church the figure of our Lord on the Cross draped and Royal as in the Volto Santo di Lucca. This is the second, Bexley the other. I trust this reverend symbol will come in.

There is a very general sense of mourning or at least depression about Mr Gladstone's resignation[1]. If it was a confession of failure it would be sad.

Rosebery would be ill-advised to take the Premiership. The Session must be a dolorous fragment and must begin with a fearful Budget. He had better let this Session run as it will. After that he may come in.

On the 8th he thus analyses a typical day's work:—

To-day. Holy Communion in Chapel at 8.30. Then, after trial of a horse, Institution until 11.40, with an objurgation of A—— B—— for moving away church furniture from his Church actually before institution. At Ecclesiastical Commission I presided until 12.45, then interview with Bishop of Dover and Leslie Goodwin, as to a Deputation to the Council of Education, who have arbitrarily stopped what they sanctioned for a Higher Elementary School; considered with Mr Brock[2] the plans for C—— Church. Interviewed Bishop of London as to steps to be taken if Welsh Disestablishment appears in the Queen's Speech next Monday, and with Sir Michael Hicks Beach as to the policy of a "Church party" in House of Commons. Home for a long interview with Bishop Tucker, as to supposed advance of

[1] Lord Rosebery succeeded Mr Gladstone, and Lord Kimberley went to the Foreign Office.

[2] Thomas Brock, R.A.

a Mahomedan wave in East Africa, which he does not believe in, and as to whether the English are to maintain their footing there. Letters till Dr Ogle came at 5. Then E. McArthur as to shape of new rochets, and letters again till dinner: the Napiers, the Talbots, Hanham and Lindsay, and much about Mr Gladstone —wrote to Duncan [1], and Bishop of London on National Society's need for a new Charter, and to Sir R. Webster on introduction of Patronage Bill into House of Lords. Sleep, tea, bed 12.45 a.m.

It was such pressure of important business as that of which this day gives an example which used to make my father frequently say that what the Archbishop of Canterbury needed more than anything else was a small strong Council of wise and statesmanlike ecclesiastics, to whom he could refer important matters, and who would be at hand and free to deliberate carefully and thoroughly about any matter on which the Archbishop needed advice, besides originating proposals affecting Church matters. He used to speak laughingly of a College of Cardinals. The practical difficulty, he realised, was that though there were several suitable persons holding high office in the Church of England, yet it would be impossible to detach them from diocesan duties, and expect them to fulfil the weighty task he would demand of them without any adequate remuneration. He used to speak regretfully of the suppressed Prebends of Westminster as being the very positions wanted for the purpose. The Archbishop he used to say, as head of a department, had often neither the time nor energy left to deliberate widely and closely about Church needs; and he thought it impossible to originate wise and fruitful schemes for Church progress under the severe pressure of official life.

[1] Formerly Secretary of the National Society, Canon of Canterbury.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

(*On the Church Party.*)

LAMBETH PALACE.
8 *March*, 1894.

DEAREST HROF,

Sir Michael thinks the "Church party" is and will be a very useful body. It is and must be rather "Churchy"—represents Clergy rather than Laity—ought to do so, as Clergy have no representation—can't himself go all their way. Approves of giving them Patronage Bill to work—thinks they would get second reading—not more, but this would do good. Thinks Welsh Disestablishment will not get beyond a second reading. "Registration" must take all from Easter to Whitsuntide.

Bishop of London wanted first to have the Bishops and the "leaders on our side" on Wednesday next. But realised the impossibility presently, and agrees to my sending out after Monday a Notice to the Bishops to meet after Easter—"how to rouse the Country" he thinks is the point.

Sir M. H. B. says you can't now any longer help the defenders of the Church being Conservatives, since "Welsh Disestablishment" has become a party cry. The Liberal party have taken their line and absorb their men. The line is drawn.

I daren't ask for any chance of seeing you.

Yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Sir M. says ex officio position of clergyman on vestry is not altered, only his chairmanship.

On March 11th he writes:—

Asked Pelham to tell Dean of Llandaff[1] that I hoped to appoint Colin Campbell my Chaplain, all owing to a strong expression of the Dean wishing that he might be one. Pelham has been tenderly ministering to him daily and the Dean is a little rallying to-day. The Dean received the fact with great pleasure, Pelham tells me, and as if all the kindness had not been always on his side, said, "Give the Archbishop my dutiful love, and thank him for all his kindness, and especially for the loan to me of his son—*whom I love.*" This I record for dear Hugh's sake.

[1] C. J. Vaughan, D.D.

The Dean's has been the most serviceable life in the Church in my time. His great sense, true Christianity, and wonderful power of expressing both, in the purest and most idiomatic modern English, have held a constant congregation of the ablest men and lawyers at the Temple, and he has trained 350 of the best young clergy, in scholarship, in love of Scripture, in wisdom and moderation of view, at a time when all those qualities are least valued and most valuable.

On March 12th the Archbishop writes:—

The House of Lords opened with the Queen's Speech in which the Irish party have gained so much in a few days that an Evicted Tenants' Bill is to take precedence of all other measures, even Registration. The Mover of the Address, Lord Swansea[1], made a cumbrous mess of statistics 20 or 15 years old, and said the Church was doing more harm than good in Wales. He met me after and said he hoped he had said nothing to hurt my feelings. "Dear no!" I said, "You are so much behind the times." "I gave nothing but facts." "I have no doubt you thought them so." Lord Salisbury powerful, said no doubt "the government which spoke mildly now, would hereafter smite with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." No one smiled. Lord Rosebery made a very good presentment of all his causes with great care and precision of language. But he excused himself in answer to Lord Salisbury's question, "Why they did not again introduce the Home Rule Bill which was their real faith," by saying that "England was the ultimate judge, and while the opinion of England is what it is against the Bill, they must wait till the conviction of England herself has changed." If that be so, and that be the principle, the House of Lords was absolutely right in rejecting the Bill!

To Chancellor Dibdin.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
March 13, 1894.

MY DEAR CHANCELLOR,

I think it is good for the Church Party, and for the Church, that they should assert the right of the Church to legislation and carry it as far as they can. We shall find it fatal

[1] Sir H. Hussey Vivian, who was forty years in the House of Commons, died 1894.

if we acquiesce in the view that the Commons can't be moved to pass a necessary Bill, and it will open the flank of our enemies if they oppose it on disgraceful grounds. The Bishops must not be at cross-purposes with them, while they must not politically commit themselves to whatever may happen. The Bill[1] which they will introduce is the Bill which I have passed twice through the Lords, and in principle I hope it will not much be changed. Sir R. Webster took great pains last year with it. It would be quite natural that you should speak to him. No doubt your experience will suggest amendments, but there are some desirable things which it is of no use to try. We have felt many pulses. Last time I stated, and churchmen very fairly accepted, that the Bill did not of course represent my ideal, but it was a careful collection of improvements which could be *claimed*, which it would be indecent to refuse, but which would make a considerable difference to our powers of dealing rightly with cases. Gain that platform and it will be a footing for more ideal measures. I don't want the Best to be any more the deadly enemy of the Good. We climb through degrees of comparison. There is one thing which I do desire and which I think might be obtained in substitution for the proposals. I wish we could *abolish Sequestration* altogether. Lord Halsbury agrees with me that it does much more harm than good. The Bill is well backed. If it reaches and obtains a Second reading it will have impressed people with the force of the Church. More than this I do not look for at present. But if we get the ballot we ought to get *that*. I mean to suggest "Vestries Bill."

Sincerely yours,

E. W. CANTUAR.

The following day he wrote in his Diary:—

A curious thing has happened. No writ has been issued summoning Convocation. This was because no order had been passed in Council for the writ. On enquiry I found that this was because Convocation had not been prorogued by the Queen. This again was because it was stated in Council that Convocation had been already prorogued to the 24th of April. So it had, but only by *me*, according to an old use of the word "prorogue" for

[1] Patronage Bill.

"adjourn" in Convocation. As it never was prorogued by the Queen our Session continues, and on April 24th we can sit. I have got this from the Lord Chancellor in writing. But it may form a curious precedent two ways. (1) It is not of necessity that Convocation should be prorogued when Parliament is. (2) The Archbishop's prorogation is recognised in determining the meeting, irrespective of any other document.

In the course of the month he went with my mother to Florence to visit Lady Crawford at the Villa Palmieri. This was, as always, a great rest and refreshment to him. On the 18th of March he writes:—

Florence. To church in the magnificent ballroom of the Pucci Palace. What gorgeous life must have *then* been, and how vast the chasm in human society between then and now. A—— read the lessons in a high dramatic form and Harrison preached with much fluency. Princess Beatrice spoke with me coming out. In the afternoon the Queen called—very lame, but shrewder and fuller of knowledge than most men.

To Canon Hutchinson.

VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.
20 *March*, 1894.

DEAREST H.,

We found ourselves, as we always do when we find ourselves abroad, indebted beyond all things to your thought and care.

The Queen called on Sunday and sat a long time and was as shrewd as she is gracious. She has unhappily not her Roffen with her who, to my great grief, has a return of his symptoms. But she has made arrangements for the Chaplain here to serve her Chapel, so that I have nothing to do but letters. In spite of all, they are serious.

With best love to you all and endless thanks,

Your ever loving friend,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.
Good Friday, 1894.

DEAREST ROFFEN,

Thank you for your letter very much indeed. Let me first say that you are really not to write if it is the least undesirable for you to do so, but let any number of letters rather accumulate. Edie will give me any special message.

You yourself, my dearest friend, will (I trust you) keep quietly down all thoughts and plans of which the background would be the happening of what the doctor says will *not* happen. I should indeed be the first to say, "Be prepared for all," but if the doctor says there is no more fear than ordinarily, then surely to *think* to a key which he says is a false one disorders all thought. What is wanted is to "keep in Peace"—and that is best served by keeping to the holiest, sweetest, most cheerful tones of a Christian man's thought under a great trial. It does seem the immediate guiding of a more than mortal finger which at this very moment forces you back from what seemed so naturally and well arranged with a "Hold thee still." The only thing—(which you can do better than most men)—is to "hold thee still in the Lord and abide patiently upon Him." Forgive my writing what is more obvious to you than to me. The only thing is that even an echo reminds us that there are greater things and greater laws than our own about us.

About Rosebery one feels that the real difficulty is to know what he *won't* say. It is very strange this apparent effect of various pressures. Perhaps others will begin to press. He "parle et parle beaucoup" but he will find it hard "à faire tout ce qu'il a dit."

Love to you both. You are surrounded by our constant thought in prayer.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. CANTUAR.

At the same time he wrote to Canon Mason:—

Florence—Ah what a place—but the Churches dead! The Orders dead! The Clergy nowhere! Roman doctrine totally incapable of regenerating!

He left Florence for a short tour to some Italian cities. On March 28th he writes:—

Assisi. Left Perugia early. Went to the tomb of the Volumnii (Felumne)—an underground deep chamber, of which the stone door lies against the walls—all is hewn out of travertine, the roof too which is panelled with a terrible Medusa in the midst, 2 genii like angels hang by iron rods—a serpent's head protrudes out of the wall—2 owls—a sun—dolphins—a head called Apollo's. Difficult to put together the Etruscan idea of death. But it seems as if they thought there were kind presences, light, healing and something of Divinity to dwell in, after death had frozen and petrified them. Volumnius the chief lies on his elbow with his patera in his hand, and his wife and others each on the roof of the chest or house holding their ashes. Blessed be the excavators who have left this family resting in peace where they found them, instead of shelving and glazing them in infinitely more perishable museums.....

At last the dome and big plain classical Church of S. Maria degli Angeli. The Pope ruthlessly swept away several early memorials to honour St Francis with a Basilica. An earthquake which went on with tremblings and quakings for near six months disabled it throughout in 1832, then it fell in all but the dome, and has been rebuilt. A little way off is the garden of thornless roses with blood-spotted leaves, which by these freaks are supposed to preserve their own record of Francis rolling himself there for penance, and have never been selected or cultivated with any purpose, and beyond this again, the grot or hole in the ground in which he lived for some time, now spoiled into the shape of a Chapel, and then again at near distance, another shrine (with Francis's cord spotted with blood from the Stigmata in a glass case) obliterating the spot on which he died so sacredly on the ground, as he had lived, all love, humility, and self-effacement. Even were all these relics true, it is sad enough to see the personal and the trivial pushing out for all who visit the place for religion's sake, or at least absorbing, the interest which should be taken in his character and example. But how difficult to realise the man who is thus exploité. What was he like—what were his leading aims? Far be it from me to answer those questions even from myself. I know that I cannot attain a standing point from which to measure. But three

things seem clear. 1. An absolutely literal interpretation, without regard to times, climes or tones, of the "precepts" of Christ—as precepts, not principles. 2. A determination to create a place of pilgrimage to rank with Jerusalem, Rome and Compostella. There was no want of secular wisdom in the means taken to ensure this end: and it implied a trust in material discipline for spiritual perfection, which is contradictory to St Paul's principles, subversive of them, as to the growth of sanctification. 3. The extreme evangelical belief that the announcement of Christ to the most unprepared spirits may be expected to effect conversion, and does impose responsibility. These are serious misbeliefs in the case of a man whose intensity of love, compassion and devotion makes him the predestined guide and example of such masses of mankind, but they cannot be weighed against qualities which, except in Christ Himself, have perhaps not been surpassed. And it is an equally serious thing that no form of protest against Roman errors seems likely to develop equal intensity in any of its sons.

The hope seems hopeless. It seems as if there were too much gnosis among us,—so strong a sense "that an idol is nothing"—that there is no call for enthusiasm for God.

St Francis himself is such an overpowering person, especially when one feels what awful need the Church has for a Hero, just now—that it was half strange to give half the day to seeing what Art had made of him. The Convent is an amazing place, and the Art which it enshrines a worthy Art. It is the Art of Faith, of simplicity, of severity. Even the ultramarine ceilings of the Lower Church, which came out of Queen Hecuba's visible porphyry vase, are only an answering cheer to the skies above, and a declaration that Heaven may be in the earth and under the earth. The clear and splendid telling of the tale of Francis in so many scenes by Giotto in the Upper Church is of course less spiritual and mystic than the Wedding with Purity and the other scenes over the Altar of the Church below, and as it is of no use to tell myself what I like best and love best, let me just remember the heresy of (I think) Cavallini's (Giotto's pupil) picture to be the most beautiful. The Child Jesus with such intensity expressed in the clutch of the left arm as well as in the use of the right arm, and in the marvellous face telling His Mother, who listens rapt, just asking with her thumb, "Is that the Man?" that He has found one whom He loves only second to St John, who stands sweetly

behind, while the subject of the story stands as one who is too modest to bear even "Euge bone serve," with his upper lip curling and shrinking from the lower as self-forgetfulness is compelled to become self-conscious.

I have studied on the spot many architectural effects, and I have never seen Italian Gothic which can stand being tested, spite of its perfections of technique, against Northern Gothic, Bourges, Rheims, or Lincoln. But I think I have never seen such an effect as the entrance to the Lower Church, with the light behind one, of combined line and colour, light and shade, complexity and unity.

And outside, what do I know like this porch, loggia, and double staircase, all grouping together?

The frati here had a vespers meagrely attended by themselves and very poor and harsh in comparison with their brethren degli Angeli—and have blocked themselves off from the high Altar by a hideous organ, a parody of the Porziuncula. Poor frati, blocked by the government into a tiny corner of the home they created, which with its cloisters and refectory, and dormitory, and this superb arcade built mountain high against the slope, has been handed over to a middle school with a lickspittle marble inscription, thanking some dwarfish Minister of Instruction for his "spontanea liberalita" in giving them a school. (Lucy says "there will be a similar tablet soon in Lambeth in honour of Sir William Harcourt.")

If material work is what the State wanted out of the Church, what material work has the State done that can compare with the grandeur and copiousness of the Church's work? And if the Government dissolved the Communities because they kept men idle, have they not created themselves a far vaster class of a virtually idle army, whose maintenance is oppressively drawn out of industry, while the Church created industry, and which takes tens of thousands of young men for their best years, out of the regular course of industry, and renders it most difficult for them to resume it? I doubt whether the substitution of class for class will be a profitable one, or if the people already think it so; but tributes of withered wreaths abound to "Il glorioso Capitano de' oppressi popoli." He may not have been a glorious or even a respectable capitano, but *there* lies the point! "Gli oppressi popoli." They *were* oppressed. The Church did not help them. Therefore they went out. That

it is a costly crushing army that has for the time taken their place in the ideas of men, is the best assurance that it is *but* for a time. The Church will come in again. God grant she may come with a new love of ἀλήθεια[1], with a Franciscan Agape,—Will she use her schooling? And *we*? Shall we profit by hers? or require one of our own?

The Government has actually pulled down the grand early Mosaic screen and marble pillars of the 14th century which surrounded the High Altar of the Lower Church. "Perché?" I asked the Black Sacristan Friar. "Perché sono matti" was his answer. It lies stacked and perishing in the Cloister of the Cemetery,—making that sweet court of Death and Cypresses hideously squalid.

Professor Villari was disposed to defend this removal—"not a part of the original Church"—but what a canon of Taste in restoration!!

This evening F. Bernardin has sent me two roses from the garden of St Francis—one for me and one for the Queen.

We drove home (1½ hour) after visiting the Temple of Minerva, knowing that we had seen strange things, under the richest possible glow of sunset—feeling we had had a day of that gladness which "brings sad thoughts to the mind"—wishing we could understand more about it—and content with each other—and hoping God will show our children His glory.

On the 29th he writes:—

Perugia. Conversation with an interesting young Franciscan who had preached daily for forty days in the Duomo, every evening to good congregations he said, and had confessed people for 15 days, and was going back to his convent. He dwelt on the kindness of the "patricii" who had given him many presents; the signorelle had given him *aquarelle* and many other things. I asked whether the "*poveri*" had come in numbers, and whether he had had many *conversions*. He quietly said "Yes," but this did not seem to him to be at all the point of the business.

What are we about? What are we about, with Christianity itself at stake? Are we near the like in England? Oh God, are we? What wilt Thou have us to do?

And after all I travelled home with Mr A——, the great Methodist, disguised in yellow brown dittos—who told me the

[1] Truth.

Nonconformists were becoming fully conscious of the dangers of disunion, and intended to have a service to preach unity next Whitsunday, and won't the Church do the same? and that B—— was developing with great power his idea of a Civic Church, and was to have an interview this year with the Pope—"and his idea is that the Pope will work his church for him." "He," B——, "is to supply the Pope with just views of the system."

There is talk of Unity. But what single fact yet shows that there is any desire at all except to have other folk to agree with the proposer?

In April he says:—

Holy Communion in Chapel, and Evensong, as each Sunday. Heard —— preach a sermon on the Resurrection, which was suited to confirm any doubts which one could have entertained on the subject. He first established that any previous arguments, but particularly Butler's, were "unsatisfactory."

On the 3rd he writes:—

We dined again with the Queen—only our two selves, two ladies and Sir Henry. Most pleasant, most ready to be amused. "No politics." A great incredible person who shall be nameless had sent a Ring to wear on little finger of left hand as a "certain remedy against rheumatism." Told me I might send her the Assisi Rose. Told her I should be afraid of doing so without leave lest it should seem to be a pendant to the *Ring*—but that if she had both she would have "the Rose and the Ring." Much interested to hear all about Perugia and Assisi.

From the Queen.

VILLA FABBRICOTTO, FLORENCE.
April 6th, 1894.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Pray accept my best thanks for your kind note accompanying the very curious rose, which I shall carefully preserve with your note as a most gratifying relic and mark of the kindly and Christian feeling on your part and on that of the Franciscan Prior. Might I ask you to thank him for me?

I hope Siena has also proved interesting like Perugia and Assisi.

We had a very good report of Bishop Davidson from Dr Barlow this morning.

What splendid weather but very hot.

Ever yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

The Diary continues:—

The Queen thinks "Arthur's speech to Guinevere most beautiful." Tennyson "rather exaggerated that uncouth manner on purpose."

Thinks the children she sees all so neat—no rags—well mended and good clothes.

On April the 9th he writes of the conclusion of his visit:—

Our last day with those delightful Lindsays. As nothing can express their loving tender kindness to us, so it is difficult to realise their knowledge and ability and capacity and culture, and not believe that one exaggerates it. But in truth, on all subjects alike one learns new things and gains new lights in every talk. The conversation at every meal and in every walk has been full of interest and refreshment. As full as can be.

O God, strengthen me by such examples, and refresh my soul by all Thy lovingkindness, which streams in on me by such hands as theirs.

The morning with Maggie at the Uffizi. Bought two stately candelabra. Evening walk up the valley of the Mugnone, crossing at the Quarry.

On the 19th of April he says:—

Assyrian Mission Committee: much to be anxious about. Dined with the Fishmongers as their chief guest, and had to make a speech on things as they are going. Heard it characterised to my satisfaction as "a good fighting speech of a man that's not afraid."

Hear privately that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill will allow no surrender of vested incomes capitalised to a Central Body, but will pay each man his stipend while he lives, so that the Church may (unlike the Irish) die of exhaustion. The Churches and Parsonages to be under the Trusteeship of the Parish Councils. The Home Secretary goes about talking of the "indulgent"

provisions which are to be made. The indulgence is that of the calf-butcher. And the rest is like putting a ward into the guardianship of his heir.

May 5th. A two hours' meeting in the morning at Lambeth to determine the line to be taken about Welsh Disestablishment. Lords Salisbury, Selborne, Cross, Cranbrook, Cranborne, Wolmer, Halifax, Bishops London, St Asaph; Boscawen[1], Dibdin, Lord Egerton[2]. York and R. Webster couldn't come, nor Balfour. Hicks Beach ill. The discussion good and close. Lord —— good in urging to do what is right, without considering possible interpretations of conduct as giving any light on that rightness. He added, "Every cause and every person in England is stronger for being abused"—(when I mentioned this to Bishop Oxon he said, "How many things which have puzzled me that explains"). It was settled that I was to form a Committee of seven men to enter on wide plans—and to form an organisation of ladies—"The most certain way of affecting opinion, is by organising private conversation"—relations to be friendly with Church Defence Institution, but not to be mixed up with it. Wales to form its own. Duke of Westminster's fund not secret service.

Royal Academy dinner. Rosebery amusing, but by far the most amusing and in a higher flight and full of sense was the Bishop of Peterborough[3]. Everybody came up to me afterwards to congratulate me.

On the 1st of May the Archbishop went down to Norwich with my mother, for the re-opening of the Cathedral. They stayed at the Deanery. The following day he preached on the modern possibilities of Cathedrals. It was a very hopeful sermon. He began by a touching allusion to Bishop Pelham, who had died the day before. He went on to speak of the history of Norwich Cathedral. "The Cathedral exists," he said, "to pour these virtues upon our souls, to breathe these sanctities over our faces. It is no museum; it is no historical monument; it is the House of God. Outside we have to practise what we have

[1] A. S. T. Griffith-Boscawen, M.P. for the Tonbridge division of Kent.
[2] Of Tatton.
[3] Dr Mandell Creighton, now Bishop of London.

learned within." He received addresses from the Diocesan Clergy and from the ten Mayors of Boroughs in the Diocese; spoke at a public luncheon and returned the same day to London.

On the 7th of May he wrote:—

Dined at Grillion's to welcome Lord Lansdowne on his return[1]. It is not the custom to make speeches. But Lord Esher said, "If it was a rule, he was prepared to be rebellious." He rose and said, "He presided in a Court which was entirely occupied with breaking rules, and therefore he proposed Lord Lansdowne's health," etc. Lord Salisbury said, "The court must now decide what penalty is to be inflicted on the Master of the Rolls,"—and with his wonted audacity presently added, amid much merriment, "to compose a speech in honour of the Lord Chief Justice."

On May 8th he writes:—

Should not like to go through another such day. Twenty-three Bishops in conclave discussing my draft address[2] word by word. Like all the Masters looking over one's copy at once. I preserved the appearance of patience, I believe. There were two important alterations, but they wrote next day to say they would sign.

Very large dinner party of Bishops, English, Colonial, and American. Archbishop Dublin assured me there is no immediate intention of consecrating Cabrera in Spain. I had sent him many dispatches from Foreign Office—very anxious, showing a real Roman Catholic revival in Spain and with its bigotry awakening.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

(*On the Bishops' Manifesto on Disestablishment.*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
8 *May*, 1894.

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

I am glad you feel able to sign the document[2] in spite of its unworthiness. I am very much obliged to you for oil and wine, but I can't take quite the same view of my work, or accept it as anyone else's.

[1] From being Governor General of India.
[2] The Manifesto; see below and p. 573.

I have no doubt you are right, and I thought it most likely that the Bishops would recast the whole or commit it to a Conference.

But it is not in me to write solemn and dignified brief utterances; still I quite admit that if it is a pronunciamento to frighten our foes or encourage our friends that would be the style. But I don't think either of these would be affected for good or ill. My idea is that the Bishops giving their judgment, with some reasons shortly put, would weigh something with the vast ignorant middle, and make them pause. For their sakes also I think it right to call it what it is—an "assault," and not to let them think it is a tepid justifiable compromise.

But it may be quite true that it wants a more solemn and spiritual sentence than any we have, and I hope you will supply one with your emendation paper. I will do my best to bring it in.

I greatly regretted that we were not allowed to hear any of the active counsels discussed at the other end of the table. They would have improved us and it. But what I care for more than all is that *you* should not be overstrained or exhausted by any of these things.

Ever your affectionate,

Edw. C.

On the 11th of May he writes:—

Am altering the East window of Lambeth Chapel. I abolish one of the two scenes from Abraham's Sacrifice and place the other pane where it was originally with the Hexameter[1] restored under it. The same with the Brazen Serpent, and I replace the Hexameter also under the Crucifixion, and abolish the scene of Jonah being pushed into the whale's mouth, which is a strange type of Resurrection. The Restoration of Jonah I retain, and add Daniel delivered from the lions. This gives me room to restore the two panels of Soldiers and Priests, each with the old motto beneath, which had been abolished at the recent Restoration, or rather not restored. I supposed they were abolished at Laud's death. The correct particulars are given by Prynne, and have been followed humbly by me.

When Mr Rate first proposed to restore the Chapel and decorate it, Archbishop Tait said, "Well, you may otherwise do

[1] Ecce Pater Mystes, ubi Natus Victima tristis.

what you please, but I charge you not to do anything which will cause me to incur my predecessor's fate."

To the Bishop of Rochester.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
Ascension, 1894.

DEAREST HROF,

We will of course talk as much as you like next week. It would be strange if I could not find a few minutes for you, who have never grudged me, however pressed or however ill you were, the *hours* that my selfishness or my necessities asked.

As to the subject you mention for those minutes—what you have as a child of God, a κλητὸς ἐπίσκοπος[1], to think over *now*—in peace—is to:

1. *Recognise* your limitations. Everyone has them; they are *gifts* to us in our so easily over-balanced conditions; "to one after this manner, to another after that."

2. To lay out your work according to those limitations. Not to say I wish my work were other and then the limitations would not fret me as they do. Of course they would not, and you would have lost the gift. And not to say, "I will strain against the limitations as much as I can and minimise them." When you do that, you lose part of the gift, and also you injure your work much more than the limitations would.

I do not think we have any of us quite recognised your limitations and helped you to do so. But we must, though you yourself must bear the chief burden of recognising them and ruling yourself within them.

It is Ascension Day and I can't help preaching on it. It teaches us not only Ascension but *how to dwell below.*

The infinity of restrictions which He submitted to when He took our ἀσθένειαι[2].

Don't compare my practice and preaching and forgive my bringing οἶνον ἐς Κῶ[3].

About Disestablishment. We want you, but can't have you, at a private meeting here on Saturday morning. I shall try to hold to taking "*no* steps till we *see* the Bill." Balfour thinks we

[1] Called to be a Bishop.
[2] Weaknesses, sicknesses.
[3] A Greek proverb for what is otiose, like "bringing coals to Newcastle."

shall not see it. But I think we must proceed as if we should. If we persuade other people that it is Academic we shall be unprepared if it does come, but we shall also be encouraging it to come. It would certainly come, if it were believed that we could make no fight, at any moment. Though I say *no* steps till we see the Bill, I do not agree that the time *may not come* when we shall "fall to prayer." We believe in prayer being not only inspiring, but δυνατὴ παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ[1], and I think a day will come in which we can make it, if we speak in time, *true* as being charitable, and *true* as being not fanatic; and we may hope to be attended to, especially now that X—— has shown himself such a termagant with his "*swirl*." I have in my mind what I think possible, at the right time. You must not be like the Verger at Westminster, so afraid of "having people praying all over the place."

Norwich was most beautiful. Very well managed. The Bishop spoke most strongly against Disestablishment of Wales.

I have got a copy which I will show you of the R. C. Bishops' Educational Programme. It is a policy indeed. And so good from its own point of view that it may have an effect and a considerable one, and then there will be another "swirl" round the Bishops—indeed there will be as soon as it is circulated, which may I suppose be to-morrow or yesterday.

Ever your affectionate,

Edw. Cantuar.

On the 17th of May the Manifesto of the Bishops against the Welsh Church Suspensory Bill was issued, protesting against the "dismemberment" of the Church of England. The Manifesto showed that the Church in Wales was no "intruded Church," but the "earliest and most sacred institution" of "an ancient and religious race"; that there was no proof that Churchmen were a "marked minority" and that the supporters of Disestablishment had been persistent opponents of a religious census. While urging the Clergy to use opportunities of influencing opinion in a question which was distinct from questions of party, the Manifesto exhorted them "to keep the House

[1] Powerfully availing with God.

of God sacred from contention even in a good cause." It was respectfully received by the leading papers.

On June 9th the Archbishop wrote:—

Held at Lambeth the first meeting of the new Church Committee, which is intended to carry an organisation into every parish, for the purpose of rousing a spirit of Church defence. Lords Selborne, Cross, Wolmer, Cranborne, Egerton, Sir R. Webster, Professor Jebb, A. G. Boscawen. They agree to have no distinctive name; we are to communicate with all Bishops, and through them with all Parishes, to have rooms and an Organising Secretary at once, then to form a ladies' committee, a general committee, and a literary committee. We are to work by leaflets, and by conversations, and by public meetings. It will be a large business if God prosper our work. Quod fiat.

Prayed at opening of new Medical Schools at St Thomas' Hospital by Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

Came to Chenies—very pleasant to find what interest Duchess has taken in making the house more suitable and laying out trim gardens. All too new to judge of effect, but the delicious stream not spoiled, and as full as ever of trout.

If want of clear issues be a feebleness, what is the condition of our Government? Their budget[1], through its extravagant death duties, will be the ruin of the great houses and great collections which are the pride of England, and the discharge of all families dependent on a great estate at each succession. Their followers sniff at the Registration Bill, and if it fails they must pass at once to Welsh Disestablishment. Their principal reliance is on the popularity engendered by Lord Rosebery's winning the Derby[2].

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is to be brought in by Dunraven. The Gladstonian peers (?), 12 or 13 in number, make the probable division much more obscure. We cannot spare one vote.

On the 15th of June he wrote:—

Deceased Wife's Sister Bill introduced into House of Lords by Dunraven in a speech intended to be conciliatory towards the Church. He was not aware that his Bill was leaving them

[1] The Finance Act, 1894, introducing the graduated system of Death Duties.

[2] The winner was Ladas, on June 6.

exposed to action at Law for refusing Holy Communion to persons married at the Registrar's Office as he proposed.

Lord Selborne moved rejection of second reading in a speech which grew very long and faint. The House was very full, and while nearly all the peers on the benches were attentive, a constant low conversation at the upper end round the Throne was kept up by young peers who had no interest in the Bill or its subject, and were brought up only to vote. The noise was disgraceful. I got a rather better hearing, but was told that the House could not be kept together beyond 7.45, and that if I exceeded that hour we should lose. I had, therefore, to race against time, for I had much to say, and much new matter to meet what was said at the moment, and also to protest against an appeal circulated, it would seem, to the Lay Lords only, though it specially appealed to the Spiritual Lords in an unfair way "not to use their exceptional position." I had to demolish such language. The Duke of York was not there. We carried the rejection of this mischievous business by only 9 votes, 129 to 120. Such is the House of Lords which greatly needs reform but can bear but a little of it.

On the 14th of July he wrote:—

Thirteen lustres fulfilled. But alas! for the work which God gave me to do.

Yet to-day is not a bad image of this busy life, which leaves so little time for reflecting and none for recording.

Correspondence till 11.30, then the British Museum, where we spent £900 on a single drawing of Raffaelle, and £483 on a single glass vessel enamelled of Venice, and said to be the first of its kind. At 2 had the All Saints' [? Sisters] in my Chapel, and after Prayers gave them a Benediction to disperse them to India, the Cape, and the Wide World. Then drew up a list of books on Church history for the Workers in our new Organisation. At five came the Czar's[1] Confessor, Father Janischeff, to talk, and see Lambeth. I received him with affection, remembering the savage letter he once wrote me[2]. And Birkbeck, who came with him, told me that the whole time he heard him mutter a silent

[1] The late Czar, Alexander III., who died in Nov. 1894.

[2] In answer to one from the Archbishop written as an appeal to the Czar on behalf of the Jews.

prayer to God that I might have forgotten his letter. Rode with Mabel Lindsay, and Arthur and Jeanie and Mason dined here.

On the 16th of July he christened the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York at the White Lodge, Richmond.

In the summer Dr Warre, Headmaster of Eton, lent my father and mother his delightful house, Baron's Down, Dulverton, in Somersetshire, where the whole party stayed for a month. The most interesting extracts from the Diary at this period, bear upon a subject of so much importance that they demand treatment in a separate chapter.

In September he went down to stay with Lord St Germans and preached at the re-opening of the ancient parish Church of Port Eliot.

Afterwards he visited several old Cornish friends, and attended a service in the Cathedral at Truro, at which Bishop Wilkinson preached for the first time after his illness.

To Mr Duncan McInnes.

Private and Confidential.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Aug. 10, 1894.

MY DEAR MCINNES,

We are all such busy people that like almost all old friends in England we never write without some special cause.

For Churchmen to resist this Disestablishment Bill seems to me the absolute sequel to reading it. I send it translated into English by a very great lawyer.

I am forming a few Committees to resist it. And one central one to nominate them all.

I want it to be a thorough comprehensive Committee. To invite people of all walks of life, and of all politics, who agree in this *one* thing, that the Church shall not be disestablished.

I want the Central Committee not all to work in London—there are enough for that—but to have *one* good outpost in several great cities. I want *a man* in each who would be in

touch with this Central Committee, while also forming an integral part of any organisation started locally.

I send you some papers which will explain fully. But of course we don't want "The guinea, but the man," as Robert Burns might say.

Now, in the name of all our old work I want to print your name for the East of England on our Central Committee. May I do so? I am hoping to get three or four good men and true—Alderman Phillips is one. But as you know I want Liberals as well as Conservatives. Alderman Phillips is an out-and-out Gladstonian in everything else. He lives at the London Docks. (Not Alderman Phillips of London, but Alderman Phillips of Great Ham.)

Of course I do not want to interfere with anything the Bishop may do, but to support it. I would promise not to give you too much to do, we do not expect much of anybody in the way of added time or work, but the great numbers who join us make that not necessary—only I should like to see you in London some day—and the main thing is talking sense to one's ordinary acquaintance.

Yours always sincerely,

EDW. CANTUAR.

Will you tell me of any men elsewhere you would have confidence in?

In November he writes:—

Nov. 23. After this hideous blank which is due to the abundance of things that ought to have filled it.

To-day a Conference of representatives of Committees; of the Central Church Committee and of the Church Defence Institution.

Both sides behaved like angels to-day. And we resolved to recommend our several committees to commit *all* organisation to the Central Church Committee, which touches the whole Church system—to arrange all leaflets and all speakers by a joint committee, and all finance by another joint committee. The angels were "me," Lord Egerton, Sir F. Powell, Wolmer, Cranborne, Boscawen, Tomlinson[1].

Certain Christians of Malabar request Mar Shimun to appoint

[1] W. E. M. Tomlinson, M.P. for Preston.

and consecrate for them a Bishop,—a most interesting request if it comes really from the Syrian Church,—but we think it must be some schism, and we therefore wait till we have inquired.

The School Board Election for London: to-day results to be declared. How momentous the issue. If the election goes wrong, at least one generation will be brought up expressly *not* "to know God." I can't think more than one. But even that terrific!

To the Bishop of Durham.

(*On the Atonement.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Advent Sunday, 1894.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

A—— very blessedly—has had a talk with my wife, in which he says he believes the doctrine of Atonement in which he was brought up is not now held by the Church of England. And he wants to know very earnestly what the "new view" is. In what strange darkness those illuminati live! But it is a very serious thing with him and may of course considering his influence be important. B—— has been telling him that "the *thing* is real and with us, though the form is changed."

A—— now wants a book. And I own I would rather give him a book not by a Presbyterian or by a N. C.—not for other palpable reasons, but because I think he will say, "I daresay outside things have moved. I want to know what is the teaching of the *Church* at present."

I would ask you also to name to me passages and sections of your own books, but with them another book which you think would be best suited to his thinking powers and state of mind. For he would say again, "I am prepared to think the Bp of Durham would have gone deep and wide, but I want some evidence that the Church goes with him."

The doctrine he was brought up in was the old Calvinistic line which stopped with Evangelicalism, and when the family began to lead on to the High Church thought in the very days when Pusey and Newman *began* writing, it accompanied some of them with no loss of force. It was that, sin being committed and God being angered, sin must be paid for in punishment, and that,

as the guilty could not bear it, an Innocent one must be found capable of the penalty and so the wrath appeased.

If I must fall back on the ordinary obvious books I must, but I thought perhaps you could help such a person better.

Ever yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Archbishop of York.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
11 *Dec.* 1894.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

I am very certain that the *Yorkshiremen* deserve your confidence and will answer to your leadership. Though I am not sure that they will always respond to the invitation to place themselves under the direction of the Parish Priest. Our circular invited them to make a lay organization and keep the Vicar in the background as much as they could. I need not say that *I* believe in *Danes* however, and in the Nidd, the Wharfe and the Aire.

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Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Bishop of Durham.

(*On the higher criticism.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
15 *Dec.* 1894.

MY DEAR BISHOP.....,

Ah! those fatal *Reasons!* What a weapon we put into the hands of the Thurlows and Dunelms of this world, when once we mention them. They are as bad as contexts. M. B——'s niece, who had been brought up in irreproachable Evangelicalism, began to read her Bible with the sad help of some of your Higher Criticism. The poor thing said, "The contexts seem to make a Text mean anything! you never know where you are with them."

Yours ever affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

In the Advent Ordination this year one of the great desires of his life had been fulfilled, and he writes:—

We have had a happy Ember Week—19 men who have passed very well, and give every promise of true ministers. I had the wonderful happiness of laying hands on my Hugh. He had passed First Class in the Universities Preliminary Examination, and was first also in the part which is done here and especially in the Sermon. All the Examiners agree. Accordingly he was Gospeller. His pre-eminent interest in Theology, and the singleness and eagerness of his character, give us beautiful hopes of his humble service to God and the poor. He begins indeed among the lowest at Hackney Wick in the Eton Mission. God keep him stable and strong in His Son Christ. Mason preached a very striking but not very sympathetic sermon at Croydon on the occasion. He quite overthrew Cardinal Vaughan's blatant assertions. This Cardinal in the face of the *ordinal* declares the Church of England does not even profess to confer any power of Absolution!

We are unspeakably indebted to Dean Vaughan's wise, searching ἐπιείκεια in training our Hugh. When you multiply such a debt as this by the number of men for whom he has done the same, I doubt whether the Church owes so much *to anyone* at all. What is greater than the formation of Ministers for the spreading of the Kingdom?

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUESTION OF REUNION.

"*Sed idem*
Pacis eras mediusque belli." HORACE.

IN the autumn of 1894, as has been said, an incident took place, which may perhaps be hereafter regarded as one of the most important events of my father's Archiepiscopate,—as a critical point of English Church policy in relation to the Church of Rome.

The Archbishop of Canterbury as chief official of the most important and influential Reformed Church, stands in an unique and singularly delicate position with regard to the Church of Rome.

He is pressed on one side to enlist the co-operation of Romanists in England in many social questions, in some of which, as for instance that of supporting Voluntary Schools, circumstances appear to make the interests of the Romans coincident, though not identical with those of the English Church.

On the other hand, a large section of English Churchmen, subscribers, for example, to the Irish Church Mission, are vehement advocates of complete isolation from the English Romanists, whom they regard as traitorous and unscrupulous foes, and the Archbishop is urged even to denounce their work on every opportunity.

Again, from another direction the desire for Reunion

with Rome is urged upon one whose ear must be equally open to the appeals of communities whom Rome abjures—ancient and oppressed Oriental Churches, or continental reformers, who are in harmony with the English Church in the rejection of falsifications of doctrine, and arrogance of empire; one to whom already the hand of fellowship is being stretched out by the great Churches of the East.

Such was the position official, social, and ecclesiastical, in which my father found himself, and it became his immediate duty to consider afresh, in what was now to him a problem of practical policy, his former predilections and principles in the matter.

It is not too much to say that from boyhood there had been steadily growing up in him a deep antagonism both to the errors of doctrine and to the arrogant claims of Rome. Perhaps the doctrinal questions were what moved him most deeply. To render to the Virgin any part of the homage, to the Church any part of the trust due to their Lord, struck him with a peculiar horror. And this did not diminish with the years. It was indeed in later life that he sometimes exclaimed with a hushed vehemence that he could almost believe that Rome was Antichrist.

How free his antagonism was from personal bitterness may be judged from his life-long friendship with his old school-fellow, Father Purbrick. Even so it will have been noted how he wrote—after real enjoyment of renewed intercourse at Stonyhurst—of the stupefaction of unreality which Roman method of reasoning produced in him; "it seems to belong to a world where reasoning is a mere sequence of words, and the Bible has another Gospel in it."

On the 4th of March, 1889, Father Purbrick lunched at Lambeth; the Archbishop notes in his Diary:—

> Father Purbrick, S.J., lunched here—a very odd coincidence about falling pictures, which I have written out under "Coinci-

dences" in "τόποι ἄτοποι" [a notebook which he kept of remarkable coincidences and omens]. If ghost believers would notice such meaningless frequent coincidences, they would be far less moved by the superstitious stuff which they now call a kind of "research."

The coincidence referred to was this: the Archbishop, at luncheon in the Guard-room, pointed out to Father Purbrick the portrait of Laud, which Laud himself had found fallen on to its face on the ground just before his impeachment; after luncheon the Archbishop proposed that they should walk in the garden; they passed through the Archbishop's private library—which communicates by a stairway with the bowling-green—where all was in its usual position, but they found on their return that the great panorama of Rome which hung at the south end of the library, had fallen from its place on the wall, and lay on its face on the ground.

The Archbishop continues :—

He [i.e. Father Purbrick] spoke with some sharpness about what he called "the Anglican sham"—and after that complained that I should regard the Roman Church as "enemies." "You lately singled us out as enemies," he said. "As you are." [I replied.] He resumed, "Look at Leo's utterances—are they not all gentleness?" I said, "I am afraid we are almost more afraid of your gentleness than of your attacks—but I cannot conceive how, with the intensest individual regard for *you*, you can possibly expect me not to regard the Roman spirit as most *hostile* to all we prize most. How can you take any position but that of *enemies*?" He said, "Well, if I did not love Rome I should be a villain, should I not? But that makes no difference to my old constant affection for *you*." He is a dear devoted old man.

The early view of the spirit and teaching of Rome was strengthened in later life. How far the influence of Bishop Wordsworth at Lincoln acted on my father in this respect may be conjectured; that his historical studies, especially the life of Cyprian, affected him, cannot be doubted. The

Roman falsification of history and the ignorance of it angered him[1]. His own study served to confirm the total absence of foundation of the Roman claim, and the sense of the heavy bondage of the Roman yoke.

He wrote in his *Seven Gifts* of "the foreign papal wedge which to its [the Church's] great hurt had been interposed and driven continually and ever more cruelly between nation and Church," until the latter "repudiated the Pope's supremacy and declared itself truly English by recognising in all causes the supremacy of the king; then first realising the first words of Magna Charta, 'The Church of England shall be free[2].'"

Into his feeling on other practical results of the principles of the Roman Church—"Confession insisted on, Confession enforced; the yoke, the terror, the deceivableness of Technical Confession[3],"—we cannot here enter; but it would grievously misrepresent his view to treat it in any sense as a negative opinion. His study of history was not of more force in teaching the unfounded nature of the claims and doctrine of Rome than of establishing the true historic position of the Church of England—of her Evangelic doctrine with its English and not Roman ritual, of her Apostolic Ministry, of her peculiar mission, of "the masculine sense, the unsurpassed knowledge and the keen historic insight of her Reformers[4]."

That he feared Rome he spontaneously denied. "The ancient Church of England is with us. I do not fear that the Italian Mission will make anything of our clergy or of our people[5]." Yet a constant resistance to Rome he felt

[1] E.g. "Large-minded men may be amused, but surely not without indignation, at being assured that 1200 Roman Catholic Bishops have refused to admit the validity of English orders; as if that contained some argument—as if we did not know what the position of these good men is." *Fishers of Men*, p. 123.

[2] *Seven Gifts*, p. 208.

[3] *Seven Gifts*, p. 94.

[4] *Fishers of Men*, p. 123.

[5] Pastoral Letter, 1890.

no less necessary. "What a moment is this to be fingering the trinkets of Rome[1]," he wrote in 1893.

The very social questions vexed while they amused him. He declared that whenever he refused or hesitated to join a charitable Society, or to speak at a social function, the promoters always said to him, "We hope to get Cardinal Manning," or, "Cardinal Manning has consented to attend." "Just as," my father added, "when the dog won't eat his dinner, we call out 'Puss, puss!'" Of the question of Cardinal Vaughan's precedence he wrote in the same strain, yet with an amused irritation.

A more serious matter was the question of combination with the Romanists on the subject of Voluntary Schools. He approved, it is true, of a joint deputation of Anglicans, Romanists, Nonconformists and Jews to the Education Department, on the subject of the Rating of School Houses, and the Secretary of the National Society tells me that he was authorized by the Archbishop as a matter of courtesy and convenience to supply Cardinal Vaughan with early reports, so that the Roman Catholic Bishops might know the action determined on before it was made public,—yet nothing could be stronger than his declaration "that Church people would find themselves in a very great difficulty if they did more than insist upon the full teaching of their faith with the same earnestness as the Roman Catholics insisted upon the teaching of theirs." "Church of England people ought not to have any kind of alliance with the Roman Catholics[2]." And the next year—explaining that in his previous speech he had meant no disparagement of the piety of the Roman Catholics, he said that "the policy and principle which it might be possible for the Roman Catholics to adopt might be totally unsuitable for adoption by the Church of England...the

[1] *Fishers of Men*, p. 122.
[2] National Society's Annual Meeting, June 21, 1893.

Roman Catholics held principles which were not the principles of the Church of England[1]."

These utterances, as was only natural, met with strong disapproval on the part of some of his staunchest friends, but he never wavered in his opinions, or concealed them.

When he was appointed to the Primacy, Canon Mason had urged him to send a formal notification of the fact to the occupants of the Roman and other great foreign sees, as had been done in ancient times, but he definitely declined to do so. In 1887 Canon Mason suggested that the Archbishop, without making any proposals, should send the Pope a friendly present on the occasion of his Jubilee, in the hope that an act of personal kindness might smooth the way towards the healing of the schism between the Churches. To this suggestion the Archbishop replied:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
27th Nov. 1887.

AGAPIT,

I thought I had long since made it sufficiently clear that I would not approach the Pope. But "Is not the hand of Joab with thee in all this?"

We are utterly guiltless of any schism. Till the eleventh year of Elizabeth, when we were as we are now, there was no thought of such a thing. Then we were impiously excommunicated. To accept a false doctrine, piled with false doctrines, is the price of removing that act, *ἀσεβὲς καὶ μιαρὸν καὶ μυσαρόν*[2] as it was.

To that has been recently added the uncatholic and unchristian act of sending an Italian Mission to attack this ancient Church. And they are mining with great effect.

It is impossible that your proposed present from me to him should be "personal." You yourself say its value would be greatly more significant because the Lambeth Conference approaches.

It is the Pope's business to eat dust and ashes, not mine to decorate him. Therefore, my dear Mephibosheth, hold thy peace.

Your loving, EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] National Society's Annual Meeting, June 19, 1894.
[2] Iniquitous and abominable and detestable.

It is not, I think, untrue to say that it was his deeply-rooted desire for the real Reunion of Christendom—true, wide, and enduring,—which led him to shun any hasty compromise, any sacrifice of truth and principle, any shallow pacification which might stand in the way of a greater peace.

In his Pastoral Letter in 1895 he said:—

> The aspiration after unity, if it be intelligent, is a vast one. It cannot limit itself to restoring what is pictured of past outward unity. It must take account of Eastern Churches, of non-Episcopal Reformed Churches and bodies on the Continent, at home, and among the multiplying population of the New World as well as of the Christianity of Asia and Africa under extraordinarily varying conditions....
>
> History appears to be forcing upon the Anglican communion an unsought position, an overwhelming duty from which it has hitherto shrunk....Thinkers not of its own fold have boldly foreshadowed the obligation which must lie upon it towards the divided Churches of East and West.

Eastern Churches had appealed to him; he had answered not only with the Mission to the Assyrian Christians, but by taking every opportunity to express fellowship and Christian courtesy towards the Orthodox Churches.

The problem of the Church's relation to Nonconformity had been brought specially before him in Cornwall. In summing up a discussion at a Truro Diocesan Conference, upon Home Reunion, he said:—

> While on the one hand we are all alive to the fact that premature comprehension might be the introduction of fatal separation, on the other hand we do look forward to comprehension, not premature, which shall be a real and lasting union of the Church in Christ. There are, and always will be, complementary tendencies in the minds of men, which have existed in all schools of philosophy, and must extend to all churches. That seems to be not only a physical but a metaphysical fact, which philosophers have called the phenomenon of polarity. Everything that is beautiful, and good and strong, is produced by the combination

of those polar forces. They have no tendency really to fly asunder, owing to their different characteristics, but their tendency is to blend, and as it is in all God's work so it is with the Church of Christ. But, on the other hand, we do believe that the Spirit of God comes to all those who, whatever their degree of faith, call upon Him in the name of "our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all, but especially of them that believe." If they go on ever invoking with pure hearts the Spirit of God to make his dwelling among them, then surely and certainly union will come to pass, when they are all permeated by the universal Spirit of God, who is the one Spirit which will actually melt all into one another. We have many of us stood on the bridge of Lyons and watched the Rhone and the Saone flowing side by side for miles down but still separate; yet a little further we see that the mingling has begun, and in another half mile no one can tell but that they were one stream. So it will be in the Church of God. Let only such religious feelings, and such philosophical views prevail among us in the Church as have been enunciated this afternoon in this room, and let our dissenting brothers go on in their own way, clearly and earnestly seeking the Spirit of God, and endeavouring to arrive at the truth, and the day will come when all parti-coloured streams will be one, flowing to the great ocean at last as one Church, the fulfilment of Christ's own prayer.

Again, in his first Visitation address at Canterbury, he had alluded to the admiration, the respect of the Church for "the Christian work of those who work close beside her but do not see with her; and she loves themselves[1]," adding in a note, "few have more literal assurance of the reality of the words of the text or more ground for the affection spoken of[2]."

The basis he desired was not only a general charity, but sound knowledge.

I cannot but believe that the intercourse which, henceforth increasingly, will here [in the Universities] take place between those

[1] *Seven Gifts*, p. 116.

[2] He speaks thus of the Wesleyan revival :—"A movement English of the English, and in its origin Churchly of the Churchliest." *Christ and His Times*, p. 195.

who have been nurtured in varied opinions, churches, nationalities, and even distant nationalities—the free yet forbearing enunciation of diversities—the inevitable comparisons of systems, and the arguing out of truths for the truth's sake, with living experiences and with pure aims—may be in an unlooked-for way a progress towards reunions, a prophecy, a self-fulfilling prophecy of a Catholic Church reviving[1].

Such work he neither expected nor desired to see quickly done. "The dream of Union is simply inappreciably and infinitely far off"; he wrote to Bishop Davidson, when he was working for it. But as he saw the foundation of Truro Cathedral laid in hopes that it might be finished in the course of centuries, as God pleased, so here he worked to build, slowly and surely, no makeshift, temporary edifice, but that which would stand the test of fire.

The idea of a practical *rapprochement* between the English Church and the Church of Rome was brought very prominently before the Archbishop in 1894 by Lord Halifax. Lord Halifax, who has most kindly favoured me with a full memorandum on the subject, explains that he had, when in Madeira some years before, formed a friendship with a French priest, the Abbé Fernand Portal, belonging to the Congregation of St Vincent de Paul and later a Professor in a Theological Seminary at Cahors. The subject of a possible reunion of the Churches had often been discussed between Lord Halifax and the Abbé and many letters on the same topic passed between them. It seemed to them that though the decree of Papal Infallibility was a serious obstacle to any reconciliation, yet that, in view of possible explanations, if both sides earnestly desired it, the prospect was by no means hopeless. Consideration of the subject convinced them that if anything was to be done in the interests of peace two things were indispensable.

[1] *Seven Gifts*, pp. 223, 224.

The first was, in their opinion, to kindle and spread the desire for union. The second to discover some definite point which should not only excite those desires, and give expression to them, but should provide a point of contact if the authorities on both sides desired it. It seemed to Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal that such a point could be found in the consideration of English Orders. It was as a step to such discussions that the Abbé Portal published, under the pseudonym of *Fernand Dalbus*, a pamphlet entitled *Les Ordinations Anglicanes*, which, though its arguments would seem to lead to the opposite result, concluded, *pro forma*, for the invalidity of English Orders[1]. This pamphlet created much interest abroad, and the Abbé Duchesne, a well-known Theological writer, formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the *Institut Catholique* at Paris, and since 1895 head of the French School of Archaeology at Rome, reviewed the pamphlet in the *Bulletin Critique*, in which review he affirmed the validity of English Orders[2]. Cardinal Bourret, Bishop of Rodez

[1] This statement requires some qualification. *Les Ordinations Anglicanes* is written in the most conciliatory spirit; M. Dalbus admits that Archbishop Parker was truly consecrated, and that Bishop Barlow, the consecrator of Parker, had himself been effectively consecrated; but he casts doubt on Barlow's intention in consecrating Parker, and maintains that owing to the omission of certain words in the Ordinal (accipe potestatem offerre sacrificium Deo, missamque celebrare), and owing to the discontinuance of the "traditio instrumentorum" (i.e. the delivery of the chalice and paten, with unconsecrated elements), the Priesthood has become extinct. In this connection it is well to remember that the first Doctor who taught that the "traditio" was an essential ceremony was Thomas Aquinas (XIIIth Cent.), that the Pope who first proclaimed it a necessity was Eugenius IV. (Council of Florence, 1439) and that Leo XIII. in his condemnation of English Orders says that the matter of the Holy Orders is the laying on of the hands, and the form an appropriate prayer or benediction.

[2] 15 July, 1894. The Abbé maintains that the "traditio instrumentorum" is *not* essential, and that in any case, if a bishop is duly consecrated, that consecration carries with it priestly ordination *per saltum*. He further states that the Roman Church has never condemned the Anglican Ordinations, and that the reordination of Anglican priests in the Church of Rome is a mere question of practice justified by prudence.

and Vabres, also wrote to the Abbé Portal on the subject, expressing interest in his pamphlet, and attacking the position of the Anglican Church, and his letter, together with Duchesne's declaration, led to the Bishop of Salisbury addressing a printed letter, through the medium of his publisher, to "Fernand Dalbus," recognising the knowledge, piety and goodwill of Dalbus's pamphlet, and endeavouring to explain the Anglican position, and the teaching of the Anglican Church, and to correct some of the errors into which Cardinal Bourret had fallen. This was published in 1894.

In the summer of 1894 the Abbé Portal came over to England to judge for himself of the condition of the English Church. Lord Halifax wrote to the Archbishop asking if he might bring the Abbé to see him; he added:—

The Abbé tells me the letter of the Bishop of Salisbury has produced the *best* effect in France. Everyone felt that the tone of it—quite as much as the matter—was that of a Bishop. The comment was—"*C'est une lettre vraiment épiscopale.*"

What I want your Grace to hear from his lips is the very favourable dispositions entertained abroad about the Church of England at the present moment. There is the greatest desire to know more about us—at present they know nothing.

It is certain that we have an opportunity such as perhaps has never existed before for doing something towards at least preparing the way for a future peace. Leo XIII. wishes for nothing so much, and any expression on the part of the Anglican Church of a *wish for Unity*—nothing more even than the expression of a general wish for peace—would at this moment be productive of the greatest good....

But I should like your Grace to hear all this from the Abbé. Life is so short, and the divisions of Christendom are so disastrous to Souls, that any little thing we can do to become better known to one another is a thing one thanks God for—and I should indeed thank Him from the bottom of my heart if the sorrow which took us to Madeira should have been over-ruled by His Good Providence to have been the means of helping forward the cause of the Church's peace in our days.

The Archbishop replied that he would be glad to see the Abbé Portal in Lord Halifax's company, adding :—

There are however just these things to be considered.

How it will affect his ability to do good in a good cause, if he is known to visit Ecclesiastics in England, when he finds himself again among such disputants as [a certain Bishop]?

And again how it will affect our serviceableness if we are known to be receiving "Emissaries."

It should be clear to him that *I* have no doubts as to our Orders which make me more grateful to him for seeing the facts, than I should be grateful to him for acknowledging the Copernican or Newtonian systems, but that I honour him for saying so in the teeth of the ignorance which surrounds him.

But I suppose he cannot misunderstand my position. He has fought out his points to admiration.

Lord Halifax eventually brought the Abbé Portal to Addington; it was merely a visit of courtesy, and the question of Reunion with Rome was only alluded to in the most general way; the Archbishop expressed his sympathy with any attempt to heal the dissensions of Christendom, but the subject was only, so to speak, academically discussed, without reference to any practical measure. The Archbishop was interested by the Abbé Portal, and admired his eagerness and dexterity of speech. The Archbishop subsequently wrote a short account of the interview; he said :—

As to the interview at Addington it was simply that Lord Halifax asked leave to bring down Portal (Dalbus) to breakfast to introduce him to me as the author of the "Ordinations Anglicanes." The conversation was simply on that book, with great satisfaction expressed by both Halifax and Portal that Duchesne had satisfactorily refuted Parts iii. and iv. of that Essay (the Ordinations Anglicanes) and had accordingly, so to speak, established the validity of English ordinations.

After that the conversation fell into my maintaining the duty of the Clergy, and all persons responsible, to teach the Truth which they knew, and to Portal's maintaining that you ought to

teach it only to fit persons[1]. That "Higher Criticism" so called might be lectured upon to fit chosen audiences of students, but not be published for the Church at large. Halifax held that the ignorant should be treated as children. I said this was the difference that underlay everything else between England and Rome, that it was alike prudent and right to impart truth. Portal asked me what I thought of the Pope's Encyclical on Scripture, and I was obliged to say that though very beautiful Latin it was full 50 years behind the present state of actual *knowledge*, and that I could not have believed that such a paper could have been written *now* by any theologian.

The unofficial character of this interview may be judged from the fact that several members of the Archbishop's family were present.

One of those present said that the Archbishop's whole attitude was one of the greatest caution, and that he kept the conversation as general as possible, avoiding any dangerous discussions or compromising statements. To use a picturesque French proverb, he talked "with his paws in the air" ready to dart away at the least sign of any proximity to dangerous subjects.

The Archbishop's view from the first seems to have been that an attempt was being made from Rome, working through the sincere and genuine enthusiasm of Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal, to compromise the official chief of the Anglican Church. Before narrating the difficult and complicated history of subsequent events, I must mention that if it had not been for the ready help and cooperation of Lord Halifax, it would have been impossible for me to have disentangled the intricate succession of incidents, or to

[1] Lord Halifax tells me that according to his recollection the discussion arose not as to the *truth* which a person might know, but out of the Higher Criticism and such speculations as those in *Lux Mundi* as to our Lord's human ignorance and human limitations; it was these that the Abbé said should only be brought before fit persons, and it was the same point to which his own words referred.

have laid a consecutive account of what took place before my readers.

The Archbishop's action in what follows must be judged for itself, but one may be pardoned for trying to elucidate the principles, which, in accordance with his life-long view, seem to have inspired it.

The very greatness of his desire for Unity would not allow him to evade his responsibilities towards the Churches of the East as well as the West, towards Protestant Reformed Churches both in Europe and America.

He was determined not to compromise the status of the English Church, not to stand at the bar of Rome, not to give up the truths won back in the struggle. If his method was thus cautious, it was above all things open. He would not, as he said, answer a question that had not been asked. He would not on the other side make any advance that he could not officially substantiate, or descend to any "un-English" way of acting.

While the Abbé Portal was staying with Lord Halifax, he visited the Archbishop of York at Bishopthorpe, and the Bishop of Peterborough (Creighton) at Peterborough; he also saw the Bishop of Lincoln, some of the English Sisterhoods, and attended services at several churches, mainly of a pronouncedly High Church type.

It would seem, from what Lord Halifax tells me, that shortly after this visit to England, the Abbé received an intimation that it would be agreeable to Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State at the Vatican, who was interested in the questions to which the pamphlet on English Orders had given rise, to see him at Rome. The Abbé accordingly went to Rome, and was received both by Cardinal Rampolla and the Pope.

I am told that he was encouraged by the Pope to mention any steps which might be taken in the interests of

peace. The Abbé suggested a letter from the Pope to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York which should open communication and eventually lead the way to Conferences between Anglican and Roman theologians on the question of Orders, in accordance with the idea entertained by the Abbé himself and Lord Halifax of bringing both sides into contact on a subject which should naturally lead to the joint discussion of other points of difference. The Pope seemed to welcome the idea, and Lord Halifax considers it probable that such a letter would have been written to the Archbishops if Leo XIII. had been left free to follow his own inspirations and could have assured himself that friendly overtures on his part would have been met in a similar spirit in England. It seems that what actually took place was that the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, wrote a letter to the Abbé expressing the pleasure with which he had read the Abbé's pamphlet and the interest he took in the subject, and going on to say how much might be hoped from friendly conferences in preparing the way for peace and reconciliation. It was understood by M. Portal that this letter was to be taken as an indirect step, "*un ballon d'essai*," towards ascertaining the friendly dispositions of the English Archbishops, and that it might be communicated to them. The Abbé was also told by the Cardinal that it was the Pope's intention to desire the Abbé Duchesne to prepare a memorandum on the subject of English Orders for his information. The Abbé Portal was so much impressed with the importance of this communication that he travelled straight back from Rome to England. In September the Archbishop left Addington for a short holiday which he spent, as I have said, at Baron's Down, near Dulverton, a beautiful secluded house lent him by Dr Warre, Headmaster of Eton. Lord Halifax wrote on Saturday, September 22nd :—

HICKLETON, DONCASTER.
Sept. 22, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have a very important communication from the Abbé Portal which I think will both please and astonish your Grace very much. It seems to me so important that it has caused the telegram I sent off this morning. I am not certain whether I can get to Addington on Monday, even if your Grace were disengaged, as I am pledged to take the chair at a meeting at Leeds, but if your Grace were free I think I should try to come up at all hazards. I have some very wonderful things to tell your Grace.

I am always,

Your Grace's most faithful and devoted,

HALIFAX.

The Archbishop explained that he was away from home, and on September 27th Lord Halifax telegraphed :—

BOLTON-ON-DEARNE.
Sept. 27, 1894.

To Archbishop of Canterbury, Baron's Down, Dulverton.

Would get to Dulverton 9 a.m. to-morrow or Monday as most convenient to your Grace, should return at once.—HALIFAX.

It will be noted that neither in the letter nor in the telegram did Lord Halifax happen to mention that he would be accompanied by the Abbé Portal. Had the Archbishop known the nature of the communication which was to be made to him, he would have asked for delay, and it is very doubtful whether he would have consented to receive the Abbé Portal at all. However, Lord Halifax and the Abbé went down to Somersetshire and arrived early on the morning of Sept. 28th.

Professor Mason, who was staying at Dulverton, was present, and took careful notes of the interview. I give a few extracts from these notes :—

Thursday, Sept. 27th, 1894.—Telegram from Lord Halifax

to say that he would come to-morrow morning with very joyful news.

Friday, Sept. 28th.—About 10 o'clock, Lord Halifax arrived, accompanied unexpectedly by the Abbé Portal, Professor of Moral Theology in the Seminary of Cahors. M. Portal..... came dressed in his cassock. After they had had some breakfast (they had been travelling all night), we went into the study... M. Portal could only speak French. He began to give us a narrative of extraordinary interest, which may possibly affect the whole future of Christendom. After his last visit to England in July,.....by the advice of his own bishop, he sought access to the authorities at Rome. He was enabled to approach Cardinal Rampolla,.....and the result was that he was summoned to Rome. Directly a Retreat which he was conducting at Bordeaux was finished, he started for Rome, where he arrived on the 11th of this month (Sept.), and had an interview the same evening with Cardinal Rampolla. He told him his impressions of the English Church, and at the end Cardinal Rampolla said, "You must by all means see the Pope." The next day (Sept. 12th), he had an audience of the Pope which lasted an hour. The Pope made M. Portal tell him everything quite frankly. He told him what he had seen in England—that the Church was at the head of the intellectual movement, that in dealing with the English Clergy he was dealing with men of real learning; of our services and ritual, convents, and other features of English Church life; that there was a great feeling for union, and that many were praying every day for it. The Pope...asked M. Portal what he could do. M. Portal said that if he were not prepared to make the utmost concessions that could possibly be made, it would be of no use to take any step at all. He suggested that the Pope should write a sympathetic letter to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.....

The Pope asked how such a letter would be received. M. Portal assured him that it would not meet with a rebuff.....

The Pope said in an impassioned manner, "How gladly I would say my *Nunc Dimittis*, if I could make the smallest beginning of such a reunion!" He said to M. Portal more than once, "You know I am 85 years old." The Pope told M. Portal that he would write, and bade him come back to the Vatican in two days' time. When he returned the third day he found that there had been a *mouvement de recul.* It had been felt that it

would be incautious for the Pope to write at once in person; and other people had been giving him different accounts of our condition. It was now decided that instead of the Pope writing direct to the Archbishop, Cardinal Rampolla should write a letter to M. Portal (nominally to communicate to M. Dalbus) which he was not to publish, but which he might show to those whom it concerned; he was told that the Pope intended to commission the Abbé Duchesne to examine at length the question of our Orders and report upon it[1]. This, as Lord Halifax pointed out, and M. Portal also, was already a great step, as M. Duchesne had already stated his belief in our favour—and that in spite of the decisions of Eugenius IV. and the Council of Florence on the subject of the essentials of Ordination. M. Portal was much disappointed at the indirect method being adopted, saying that he thought the other quite simple, but justly feeling that a great step had already been taken. A day or two later he had a farewell audience with the Pope, who was as warm as ever upon the subject, and...said that if Cardinal Rampolla's letter were well received, he would then write in person.

When this narration—often interrupted for explanations and comments—was finished, the Archbishop immediately adopted the line of criticism. He commented on the *recul* of which M. Portal had spoken. He said that they were trying to make him commit himself, when the Pope had not committed himself—that Rampolla was a minister and could be disavowed, while it would be impossible for himself to employ an agent whom he could disavow, and that many Popes had acted in this manner—that they were endeavouring to make him take the first step, while it was the duty of Rome to take the first step in such a matter.....He insisted that the change of mind which led the Pope to write through Rampolla instead of writing himself was proof that the two things were not identical, and that he could not be put at a disadvantage. He pointed out that Cardinal Rampolla's letter (even if he were considered as identical with the Pope) was only

[1] This, it would seem, was actually done. But Mr Gladstone talking to the Archbishop at Hawarden in Oct. 1896, the day before the Archbishop's death, stated that Duchesne had received a private admonition from the Vatican not to open up the question from the beginning. Mr Gladstone, speaking of the part he had himself taken in the matter, said with great indignation that he had been deceived and that nothing would have induced him to meddle with the matter if he had known of this secret understanding.

written to a private person, and that he could only take notice of it accordingly.....The dispute on this particular went on for some half hour or more; and at last, seeing that things were not getting forward, and that the Archbishop was tired[1], I knelt down and asked him whether this was not a question of form, which could be arranged, and whether it might not be possible to devise a way in which the letter might be replied to in the spirit in which it was written.....Cardinal Rampolla's letter was then fetched; and the Archbishop said it was a nice letter, but very general. It contained several expressions offensive to us, as that the Roman Church was our ancient "mother and mistress," and "the only centre of union." I ventured to defend the expression "mother" as against the Archbishop, and M. Portal explained "mistress" in the sense of "teacher," as having taught us at the time when she became our mother. The Archbishop did not admit either statement. The Archbishop protested that Infallibility was by no means the only thing (A)[2] that stood in the way of Reunion, but other matters, particularly the supremacy over temporal sovereigns—so at least M. Portal understood (B and C)[3]. He was by that time very tired; so I proposed to take Lord Halifax and the Abbé out for a short walk till luncheon time. They evidently felt that the Archbishop had met their message unsympathetically. I assured them that it was his honesty,—that he would not allow anybody to give the Pope the impression that Union would be easier than it would. They pressed me to say what I thought might be done, and I said I saw no difficulty in his Grace writing, through a chaplain perhaps, a letter expressing pleasure at the letter of Rampolla, taking exception to certain parts of it, but recognising the spirit in which it was written. Halifax asked whether it might not contain some recognition of the primacy of the Apostolic See over the West; I said I thought it had better deal only with generalities—a willingness to cooperate with Christians of every kind to promote unity. They dwelt long and earnestly upon the greatness of the step which the Pope had already taken—which they did not think the Archbishop

[1] Canon Mason, in sending me this memorandum, adds, Nov. 1898, that he thought that the effort of attending closely for so long a time to an argument conducted in French was fatiguing the Archbishop so much that he was not doing himself justice in the conduct of it, or at any rate was in danger of not doing so.

[2] See below, p. 600. [3] See below, p. 600.

had felt. M. Portal said, throwing out his hands, "*Maintenant c'est à vous*," and said that if we met such a step coldly, we must bear the responsibility.....

With reference to what the Archbishop had said about supremacy over national Governments, he said to me that while nothing whatever was known abroad about the English Church, there were also misunderstandings on our side; and that if such a statement as that of the Archbishop were made in his class at the seminary, "*nous ririons*." He said that any recognition of the very existence of the English Church would be an astonishment to the French, that they knew of a Western Church and an Eastern Church, but knew nothing of any independent Church in the West.....

Dr Mason prepared an account of the interview from the foregoing notes, which the Archbishop read, and pronounced substantially correct, adding however a few notes: I append those that are of importance. The Archbishop wrote:—

(A) I said Infallibility was not the only difficulty in the Pope's position, and the Pope's position not the only difficulty in the Roman doctrine.

(B) M. Portal understood me quite rightly. I said the constitutional difficulties in the way of any kind of reunion would be very great; the fundamental claim of the Pope's Supremacy would be a bar at once: the oath taken by the clergy of the Queen's supremacy was made in order to bar it. This (i.e. the suggestion of the Pope's Supremacy over temporal Sovereigns) is what Dr Mason says M. Portal said would be laughed at as entirely out of date as an idea of the Pope's claims. (I think it still.)

(C) In a desultory talk which here followed for five minutes I said that Portal had only seen one side of English Church life with Lord Halifax; and that the Pope could have had no complete view of England before him.

The Archbishop's reception of the suggestion was a profound disappointment to Lord Halifax, the Abbé Portal, and even to Professor Mason himself. But it must

be remembered that the Archbishop was not prepared for the advent of M. Portal, and that he was determined not to be drawn into any course of action by which ultimately members of the Church of England, and many loyal Protestants not belonging to the Church, might legitimately be scandalised, if any inaccurate report of the incident were to be made public; that he considered M. Portal's hopes, originating in conversations held with the Pope and with Cardinal Rampolla, as to the ease with which difficulties raised by the English Romanists could be surmounted, were far too sanguine. Moreover, all through the interview it was strongly in his mind that an attempt was being made from Rome, working through and taking advantage of the eager sympathy of Lord Halifax with the cause of Reunion and the genuine enthusiasm of M. Portal, to entrap the Primate of the English Church into committing himself to some statement which, if it did not directly advance the cause of Rome, might at any rate damage the Church of England.

Whether this view was justified or not, the profound distrust manifested by the Archbishop seemed to some of those present to be an exaggerated feeling. But in view of the utterances of Cardinal Vaughan, and the subsequent publication of the Papal Bull condemning English Orders, it is clear what his position would have been if he had made such a move as it was suggested he should make. The Archbishop was certainly justified in feeling that it was not prudent that so momentous an interview should be sprung upon him, and that he ought at least to have had a chance of deciding beforehand whether he would receive such communications at all. At any rate he was deeply annoyed and made no attempt to dissimulate his feelings.

Lord Halifax subsequently wrote to the Archbishop as follows:—

HICKLETON.
Oct. 15th, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

I enclose a memorandum in French drawn up by the Abbé Portal and myself, which gives a summary of what has passed. Your Grace will see on reading it over, how very important it all is.

I cannot doubt, all the circumstances are so remarkable, and have come so entirely of themselves—that is, not of our provoking—that they are God's doing. Humanly speaking, it seems impossible to see how peace is to come—but it is well to hope, and hope largely. It is enough to take one step at a time—and so long as that step seems right in itself, I do not think we need trouble ourselves about the next. That we may leave to God, who has guided us so far, and, if it be His work, will guide us in the future.

Meanwhile, will your Grace, in conjunction with the Archbishop of York, write *me* such a private letter as I can take to Rome? Your Grace may trust me—I know all the difficulties, and I would say and do nothing which could, if it were to be made public to-morrow, compromise anyone but myself.

What I want is a letter which should speak generally of peace and union—which should point out that whatever mistakes have been made in England, and whatever we may have to reproach ourselves with—we have honestly desired at least to adhere to the "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus"; that none can be more sensible than we are of the miseries of disunion—and the infinite injury they do to the cause of truth in face of the infidelities of the present time; that, apart from the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, we see no hope of solving all the social questions which are everywhere raising their heads; that the Pope's recent Encyclical urging to unity, has all our warmest sympathies; that we rejoice that he who is by universal consent the *Primate* of Christendom, should have taken so great a matter in hand, and that there are no sacrifices *we* are not ready to make—and no labours we are not prepared to undertake, for so blessed an end as the Reunion of Christendom, on the basis of the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints, etc.

Your Grace will see the sort of thing that seems to be wanted. Such a letter to *me* would, I believe, elicit the "démarche directe" from Rome, of which the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla have spoken.

That "démarche" must be *open* and public. It is impossible to have any *private* arrangement; such would only increase the difficulties in the way of doing anything. But I believe if the Pope would write to your Grace such a public letter as the one I have sketched out, and which I enclose, there would be no difficulties at all, and that *everyone* in England, Non-conformists and all, would be thankful and grateful that it had pleased God to put it in Leo XIII.'s heart to write such a letter, and thus to pave the way for such an eventual reconciliation of those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth as might in the years to come be brought about.

I entreat your Grace to think much of this—it is a great opportunity.

Dante assigns the lowest place to those who, having a great opportunity, refuse to take it.

It is the highest ideals that really influence the world; and I am *satisfied* that nothing could be so blessed in the interests of the Church at large, and in the interests of the Church of England in particular, as to carry through what I am sketching out for your Grace's consideration. England cannot afford to stand alone and in her present isolation. If our Bishops have their rights, so have the rest of the Bishops of the Catholic Church. We are bound, in view of our past history, to make good our position in the eyes of the world,—and if anything were needed to show how useful such a step would be to us, all this recent controversy in the *Times* upon Anglican Orders is enough to show it.

My dear Lord, forgive me for writing as I do; no one can be more conscious than I am of the amazing liberty I am taking; but the circumstances are so extraordinary that I cannot help it. My whole heart is here, and I write as the thoughts come.

Your Grace knows that I am now as always,

Your Grace's most devoted,

HALIFAX.

P.S. The Abbé Portal was astonished at his audacity in talking so freely to the Pope. I am amazed at myself in writing as I have to the "*Alterius orbis Papa.*"

It must here be mentioned that shortly before the interview between the Abbé Portal and the Archbishop, Cardinal Vaughan delivered a speech at Preston, which seemed to cut short all attempts at reunion by the statement contained in it as to the necessity of absolute and unqualified submission on the part of the English Church to the Church of Rome, before reconciliation could be thought of as a practical question. The irritation provoked by this discourse in England, was not allayed by a communication shortly afterwards addressed by the Cardinal to the Archbishop of Toledo asserting in the most uncompromising way the nullity of Anglican ordinations. The Archbishop of Canterbury did not believe that Cardinal Vaughan could be acting independently of the Vatican in the matter, and was not unnaturally suspicious of overtures so friendly in character being made to himself, at the very time when the doctrine of submission was being so publicly insisted upon.

These considerations weighed with the Archbishop in determining what reply he should make to Lord Halifax's letter. He was in communication on the whole subject with the present Bishop of Winchester, and after careful consultation with him, he wrote the following letter.

ADDINGTON PARK.
Oct. 15*th*, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD HALIFAX,

I need scarcely say how much thought I have given to your late visit to me at Baron's Down. I need not assure you that I can conceive of no greater privilege or happiness than to be used by our Lord as an instrument in realising that unity which He treats as the consummation of His Gospel. I am sure that you hold that there could be no unity except on the basis of Truth, and that you would be first to impress on me that this responsible position of mine binds me above all not to risk Truth for the sake of any policy of unity.

If I had known, when you asked for that interview, that

M. Portal would accompany you, I would have pointed out that my position almost required that I should be informed beforehand of any very grave matter which he had to lay before me, and I will ask you now kindly to excuse anything that could possibly seem harsh, by remembering that my interview with him was a great surprise.

The sum of what then passed was this:—

M. Portal gave me a copy of a letter from Cardinal Rampolla to himself based on the representations which M. Portal had made to his Eminence of the state of Religion in England. The letter breathes a spirit of charity and strong desire for unity, but is written in very general terms which do not commit its author to any definite statement, but he apparently regards with satisfaction the arguments with which M. Dalbus (and M. Duchesne) combat the unfounded difficulties raised by ordinary Roman Catholics as to the validity of English Orders. M. Portal added that he knew from the very highest authority that M. Duchesne (whose views are known) is to be entrusted with the production of full researches upon the question. He (M. Portal) had himself had personal experience of the amicable views of this authority.

It is important to observe that M. Portal desired that this communication should be *private*, but he wished me to express in writing a favourable reception of it.

I must first say, as I said then, that the Archbishop of Canterbury is not in a position to take a private and unofficial line with secret agents from great powers. It is not our English method of procedure. It is not possible for me to say more upon that letter than that I also most deeply desire and pray that all the dissensions of Christendom might be ended, and rejoice that others long for it.

But among its kindly lines that letter contains expressions totally inadmissible and inconsistent with the primitive model to which England appeals.

But what is most important is that at this very time (before and since that interview) the head and representative of the Roman Catholic Church in England is officially declaring in a series of public utterances the absolute and uncompromising repudiation by the Papal See of the Orders of the Anglican Church.

How is it possible to weigh the private conversation of a private person on the private sentiments of a great power against the open declarations of the one most dignified and accredited

agent of the same power? Whatever you may believe as to those private views you cannot wish me to ignore the fact that Cardinal Vaughan has spoken with an authority that nothing but public authority can contradict.

I shall await with the utmost interest the result of M. Duchesne's research, and also its reception by the Pope. It is impossible that any step could be taken whilst the validity of our English Orders remained unacknowledged. And I shall then venture to hope that further investigations may be deemed not impossible on the part of the Roman Catholic Church into that doctrine and practice of the primitive Church to which the English Church appeals.

Meantime the spirit of Love which Cardinal Rampolla also invokes is the best preparation for fruitful investigation. "Pectus facit Theologum," and no one will rejoice more than I if Theology working in that spirit leads Christians to perfect Unity in the Truth.

To the Archbishop's letter Lord Halifax replied:—

BOSAHAN, CORNWALL.
Oct. 22, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

Time to consider your Grace's letter does not diminish the distress I feel at having seemed to have treated your Grace without due consideration. Nothing indeed could be further from my thoughts and intention.

But your Grace cannot really think that I had any idea I was putting your Grace in a difficulty by acting as I did. The Abbé Portal was no secret and unofficial agent. He was merely one earnestly desirous of promoting the unity of the Church, who was convinced that a great step might be taken in that direction at the present moment.

It is not as if there were no difficulties attaching to our own position. Can we deny that there is much which must seem hard to reconcile with Catholic doctrine and practice in the circumstances of the Anglican Communion as it must appear in the eyes of even well-informed foreigners? What are we to say of our lack of authority and discipline—to mention only one point which must strike everyone who is acquainted with our condition?

What inducements has Rome to acknowledge our Orders—if

we refuse any overture and stand aloof saying, we will do nothing to help to put matters straight between us at least on this point?

I feel sure the fault must be mine in not having made this clear, and so have given your Grace a wrong impression. It seems to me, if I may be so bold as to say so, that your Grace's letter as it stands could only have the effect of closing the door to much that might have been productive of consequences inspiring the brightest hopes—and that if it could be modified in certain particulars,—modification which, I believe, if I had more clearly explained myself, would have been unnecessary—as your Grace's letter would have been very different,—it might still, without incurring any sort of risks—risks which I should be as sensitive about as anyone—be productive of incalculable good. Would it be possible for your Grace to confer with the Archbishop of York on the subject, who also saw the Abbé Portal after he returned to England from Italy.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's very faithful and devoted,

HALIFAX.

To this the Archbishop replied, enclosing a letter in general terms.

[Covering letter.]

Oct. 27th, 1894.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

The Archbishop of York was here yesterday. Perhaps the enclosed letter may make clear to you, in the way you wish, what are my general sentiments.

As to particular points, I have already expressed myself to you.

Yours,

E. C.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

Oct. 27th, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD HALIFAX,

I have been much interested in all that you have brought to my knowledge as to recent indications of a more friendly feeling towards the Church of England on the part of certain persons of influence in the Church of Rome.

The Church of England must always be desirous to stand in amicable relation to all other branches of the Catholic Church so long as this can be done without any sacrifice on her part of scriptural truth, or of the great principles for which she has contended in making her appeal to primitive antiquity, to the "*Quod semper*" as well as the "*quod ubique et ab omnibus.*" It is her daily prayer that "all who profess and call themselves Christians should be led into the way of truth and hold the faith in the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life"; and she will always welcome every hope of a better understanding between those who are in any way estranged or separated from one another within the fold of the Church of Christ.

In our great and unceasing conflict with the powers of evil it could not fail to be an unspeakable gain to the cause of Christ and we may reverently believe a source of joy to the Head (our Blessed Lord Himself) if all the branches of His Church although separated from one another through diversities of National character and history or even through the frailty of our human nature, should stand side by side; striving with one spirit, if not always with one mind, for the faith of the Gospel; upon the one basis of evangelical truth and apostolical order.

These letters Lord Halifax acknowledged, hinting that the Vatican was not altogether disinclined to disavow the advanced position which Cardinal Vaughan had taken up.

Early in November Lord Halifax visited the Archbishop at Addington; the Archbishop notes:—

Nov. 6th, 1894. Lord Halifax came to Addington: his main object in coming was to get me to write a (third) middle letter between that of "Oct. 16th [15th], 1894" and that of "Oct. 27th, 1894," which should express sympathy for the Roman interest in us and say that Vaughan's action had rendered further steps impossible. Such a letter he wished to have to *show*—(I suppose at Rome—for he means to go and *see* the Pope there)—and then he thinks he can induce the Pope to write a letter (in the style of Mrs Bond[1]), according to a sketch which he would show him. Halifax is like a solitary player of chess, and wants to make all the moves on the board himself on both sides. I rather think that the best

[1] The Archbishop afterwards drew his pen through these words.

way is to let Vaughan's action be unnoticed. It must close anything projected, but it may close it in silence. I do not know, however, that there is much harm in this proposition—(i.e. if *I* write it). He does not see that a private letter written by a public person in order that it may be shown about, and especially to another authority, cannot be a "private communication."

Lord Halifax proceeded to draft a letter, such as he would desire to obtain from the Archbishop. It was constructed out of the Archbishop's previous letters, with suggested additions. To this draft, which is in my possession, are appended the following notes by the Archbishop:—

Halifax's draft omits from my letter among other things, (1) that Rampolla's letter is based on the representations of Portal as to the state of religion in England: (2) that Rampolla's letter is in very general terms: (3) that some of its expressions are wholly inadmissible and inconsistent with teaching of Church of England.

In December Lord Halifax wrote again to the Archbishop:—

HICKLETON, DONCASTER.
Dec. 12*th*, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have been anxiously hoping for and expecting a letter from your Grace. The Archbishop of York told me he was to see your Grace at Addington about a fortnight ago, and I had in consequence almost counted on a letter from your Grace which should enable me to decide in what way the present situation, so far as the little I can do is concerned, can be turned to the best account.

Rightly or wrongly—I trust rightly, for it would not be to the credit of the Church of England were it not so—the authorities at Rome have been given to understand that there is a real desire for unity in England on the basis of the faith of the Undivided Church—and as a step towards such reunion, though obviously a very remote one—Rome has been induced to take steps to look into our Orders in a way she has never done before, and under conditions the most favourable to ourselves. Simultaneously with this there have been, whether intended so or not, very unfriendly—to say the least of it—utterances on the part of the Ecclesiastical

Head of the English Roman Catholics, which however are known to have been viewed with disfavour at Rome. It is obvious that nothing can be easier than by a mistake on our side to play into the hands of Cardinal Vaughan and to give the impression at Rome that his view of the Anglican Church is the right one, and in consequence to throw back the favourable disposition of the Pope, and to risk all that might be obtained under present circumstances from the investigation by the Abbé Duchesne, a most favourable critic, into our Orders.

It was for this reason that I so earnestly besought your Grace to write me such a letter as I had ventured to put together out of the two letters your Grace had been good enough to send me. May I still ask it, and with all the earnestness of which I am capable. There was nothing in that letter which could compromise anyone—it merely gave expression, if one may say so, to sentiments which everyone who believes in the Catholic Church must feel. Will not your Grace trust me in this, and accede to my prayer? In any case will your Grace let me have back the letters your Grace was good enough to send me, which I left at Addington the last time I was there?

I am, my dear Lord,

With much respect,

Your Grace's very sincere and devoted,

HALIFAX.

To this letter is appended a memorandum, written in the Archbishop's own hand; probably the draft for a contemplated reply:—

Let the Pope silence his Rabshakeh who talks to the men that sit on the wall, if he wishes Hezekiah to listen to a secret messenger of peace.

His Cardinal is filling all English minds for many a day with the idea that their Orders are at least so doubtful that any Sacramental teaching or life in the Church is practically impossible.

Let him push enquiry as to our validity on his side. We don't want to be in a Conference with the prospect of being ignominiously dismissed with a "not proven." Let him appoint his own learned men as the Russians did.

Pope himself says (in his memorandum) that to settle Orders is the first point.

The reply sent by the Archbishop to Lord Halifax's letter of Dec. 12th was as follows :—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Dec. 14*th*, 1894.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I know how much tried and how anxious you have been. I hope all this diminishes. After much consideration I feel able to write with confidence on the compound letter which you offered me for adoption. I really cannot accept it. It omits safeguards which I had used. It inserts phrases which would compromise me extremely in England, and which do not represent my views. The effect is to alter the tone and *animus* of both the letters, entirely different as they are from one another. But this is what you intended naturally. I do not know what importance to attach to statements in newspapers as to the views of some Cardinals or as to the trust assigned to the Abbé Duchesne. I have no proof that the question of English Orders is being examined. If it is, still it is not the enquiry, but the result arrived at which would matter ; I expect they are a long way off from that. If they did acknowledge our Orders, it would not alter *our* view of our position. We know it, and *their* coming to a sensible and historical standpoint on that particular might give some hope, but would not settle the Roman Controversy. There are questions of primary importance unconnected with *that* question, which keep us apart in doctrine and in discipline—vital questions. All that I have openly and avowedly before me on their part is that their representative in England had gone with more and more violence and contumely into an assault on our Orders and our whole position. There is no proof whatever that he has not the Vatican at his back. If he has not, their counsels must be strangely divided. What they themselves state is that he is gone there to advise on the Conversion of England.

All this affects the position you take. And I must be pardoned for saying, what it is only the part of friendship to say, that I am afraid that you have lived for years so exclusively with one set of thinkers, and entered so entirely into the usages of one class of churches, that you have not before you the state of religious feeling and activity in England with the completeness with which anyone attempting to adjust the relations between Churches ought

to have the phenomena of his own side clearly and minutely before him. And as to me, any action of mine in the matter of the relations of Churches is *ipso facto* by the nature of the case public action. It is impossible for me to accept private assertions as to what is going on. It is equally impossible for me to adopt the part of a secret diplomatist among the Counsels of the Church.

Secret Diplomacy is a recognised part of the machinery of the Church of Rome, and it is contrary to the genius and sense of the English Church.

The only thing for me to do consistently is to wait until public proofs are produced, and then to see what they prove.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

You misunderstood that the second was drawn by the Archbishop of York. E. C.

Lord Halifax shortly after this delivered an address at Bristol on the subject of Corporate Reunion, copies of which he sent to many of the English and Scottish Bishops. He asked at the same time what answer he ought to make if he was asked at Rome what would be the attitude of the English Episcopate towards a step on the part of the Holy See in the direction of suggesting a possible conference on the validity of the English Orders.

To this the Archbishop replied :—

LAMBETH PALACE.
March 3rd, 1895.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I thank you much for writing to me again, and with so much patience and warmth. I believe that you really know how I sympathize with the far-off desire and hope of the Unity of Christendom ; but I am sure I must say at once that it would be impossible for me to frame or approve any answer to a question which has not been asked.

If I were to attempt to do so, it is certain that, without any thought of such a result, mere accidents of phraseology in the subsequently formulated question, might make the answer appear very different in colour from what had been intended. But even

apart from such a possibility, I do not think you would yourself consider it wise or prudent to provide an answer for any hypothetical question.

Neither, I am afraid, can I give the most capable and trusted person leave to give to any probable supposed question replies in my behalf in any specified direction.

This would be constituting a delegacy—almost appointing an ambassador, which I certainly should not think of doing, however great my confidence. Misunderstandings would ensue. But even if it were not so, no such plenipotentiary delegacy ought to exist when responsibility is so great as mine is.

You however know, I am certain, something at least of my views and of the strength of them, as to the gain which would accrue to Christendom if the Church of Rome would take pains to understand the History and Principles of the Church of England; and you are able to judge of what would be our attitude towards any genuine and generous attempt to understand the facts of our position.

To extend their study and knowledge of those points could only be productive of good; and as it must precede action of any sort on either side, any attempt to secure it must be welcomed by everyone who loves the truth and peace.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

In the month of April the Archbishop and Mrs Benson went to Florence to stay with Lady Crawford at the Villa Palmieri. There he again heard from Lord Halifax, who wrote from Rome.

On the 9th he wrote to Lord Halifax :—

VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.
April 9th, 1895.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I will not attempt to answer your most interesting letter in full, both because you have more to tell me and also because I am not over "fit."

I suppose the Jesuits have been at work on my letter as on all

other (earthly) things,—revising it for the press. No chance could have produced such a version[1].

The one most necessary thing now is that all people in England should be well assured that neither you nor anyone else dreams of Corporate Reunion without Rome's admitting the possibility of error on her part, while we affirm that she "hath erred." If she lays down as a fact the historical genuineness of our Orders, there is a footing for discussion on fair terms, although we are then no nearer to Reunion than the Greek Church is. But even that is an approach to Christian charity and concord for which every Christian soul must be devoutly thankful.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

While at Florence the Archbishop had several talks on the same subject with Lord Halifax at the Villa Palmieri: the Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

April 20th. Very long talk with Halifax about his interviews with the Pope, Rampolla, Duchesne, Von Hügel, Gasparri, Gasquet, Vaughan, etc., etc., at Rome. He has, he says, prevented the Holy Office from pronouncing against our English Orders directly or indirectly[2]. The subject new to Romans. English Roman Catholics bitterest against them, French rather disposed to take Portal's part, Duchesne quite clear of their validity. Halifax does not seem to have done harm or compromised us, but to have made himself pleasant to them. It is not a very important question, for if they admit them, we can but hope they may go a little further in enquiring. But they will only have come to what we know without a doubt. Halifax thinks the matter should now wait for the Pope's Encyclical to our nation. It is an Academic affair. But good feeling is a gain.

The Pope's Apostolic Letter, "*Ad Anglos*," appeared in the papers two days later. It showed no recognition of

[1] This refers to a French version of the foregoing letter made to be shown to the Pope.

[2] Lord Halifax tells me that this is too compressed a statement and that what he said was that he believed that his visit to Rome had prevented the Holy Office, at the instigation of those who were anxious to prevent any change in the attitude of the Roman Church to English Orders, from pronouncing directly or indirectly against them.

even the existence of a Church of England, but was addressed by Leo XIII. "to the English people who seek the Kingdom of Christ in the unity of the faith, health and peace in the Lord." How far the Pope was from going half-way to meet English Churchmen, how singly he was bent on welcoming Anglicans back to Rome, as to an allegiance to which they had been disloyal, can be judged from such extracts as the following. He writes:—

> That the English race was in those days wholly devoted to this centre of Christian unity divinely constituted in the Roman Bishops, and that in the course of ages men of all ranks were bound to them by ties of loyalty, are facts too abundantly and plainly testified by the pages of history to admit of doubt or question. But, in the storms which devastated Catholicity throughout Europe in the sixteenth century, England too received a grievous wound; for it was first unhappily wrenched from Communion with the Apostolic See, and then was bereft of that holy faith in which for long centuries it had rejoiced and found liberty.

And again he mentions his own sympathy with a project already initiated

> for extending a society of pious people to pray for the return of the English nation to the Church—[1].

The Archbishop's Diary continues:—

April 22nd. Halifax, very much agitated about the Pope's "Encyclical to the English," which appeared in our papers to-day—very anxious I should make an answer in the same spirit, and say nothing of difficulties—very determined in minimising every Roman error as if they were all matters of taste, pious opinion, or "allow a large liberty, and say nothing about it now!" as if it were a matter of which the English ever could think yet lightly. These principles in which all Teutons *see* Latins bewildered. As if the Reformation did not rest on principles far beyond all he talks about. But he is a most saintly man of heart.

April 24th. A useful talk with Lady Crawford. Her feeling is strong on Halifax's behalf. But she admits that he minimises the difficulties on his own side, and minimises the difficulties that

[1] From *Guardian*, April 24, 1895, the official translation.

good Romanists must feel. If the difficulties on their side can be explained and smoothed away, why have they made so many suffer the loss of all things for their sakes? Do not array the difficulties before him. Ask him and press him to say *what* steps must be taken to carry out his wishes.

On the 26th of April he says:—

Read very carefully four long memoranda given me by Halifax, one presented to the Pope by him, one a narrative of his interviews in Rome, one a letter from himself to Cardinal Rampolla, and a supplementary account. I wrote a first draft of a letter to him on my position, which he must show to anyone to whom he gives the rest. He represents me as desiring to reconcile our Church with Rome, only desiring to do it prudently, and hesitating only because anxious about the effect in England. This is the *effect* of his *Mémoire*. I have pointed out to him that I have always stated that Union could only be on Truth. That it was impossible to unite with Rome as it is. And that even if they recognised our Orders (I am quite sure they cannot so stultify their action) this would only be a preliminary to Conference. That our Orders cannot be submitted to the decision of a conference with them, though we are willing to supply them with proofs. But that we sue for no recognition, as if our view, or anything else depended on their view.

On April 28th the Archbishop writes:—

Signor X——, a leading banker here, has a brother who is one of the Pope's chaplains and secretaries, who says the Pope cannot be got to talk about or attend to anything except Union with England. X—— thinks the Encyclical excellent, except that it names two things sufficient to spoil all its effect: Indulgences and the Cultus of the Virgin. I said I thought the Pope was trying his best to be honest, that hereafter it might not be said that his letter had compromised doctrine or held out any hope of modification.

The following is the letter alluded to above as having been drafted on April 26th:—

LAMBETH PALACE.

April 29th, 1895.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I have carefully read the papers which I have received from you, and I feel that I must again restate the position which I

have tried in writing and conversation to affirm as my own. The *Mémoire* which you presented to the Pope does not describe it as accurately as you would wish. Forgive me if I feel that the fulness of your conviction minimises not only the difficulties of the subject, but also the force of your friend's convictions.

An unbiassed reader of the *Mémoire* would conclude that I am desirous of "reconciling the teaching of the Church of England with the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Rome"; that I regard the Church of England as possessed by "prejudices," and only desire to proceed with "prudence" in meeting them; that my "hesitations" are due to the thought of how any action would be regarded in England.

These are really not my views. It has escaped you that your not considering it necessary in such a *Mémoire* to be complete would lead to misunderstanding on the part of people who do not know me.

It should appear from the first that the basis on which alone our Union with Rome or any other Church could take place is a basis of Truth, a basis of Faith. If conference showed any point to be not vital, good. But to reconcile our Church to the Church of Rome as it is, only to do it prudently, is not my view.

With my whole soul I desire Union. Disunion with Nonconformists, Foreign Reformers, Rome, Easterns, is the main and most miserable cause of delay in the Christianisation of all men in Christian and heathen countries alike. The Love of Christ compels a burning desire for Unity. There is no doubt that this is rising in many unexpected quarters—I am truly touched by the tender Christian spirit of the late Encyclical.

As to minor points: I should regard the recognition of English Orders as a sign of being in earnest. But we do not sue to have them recognised—we know the facts, are sure of their validity, and, though quite ready to supply the proofs, we could not submit them to the decision of a conference. Their recognition would make conference on other subjects possible.

"Secret and private" correspondence would be certainly impossible—any communication should be duly arranged. I have said that it is impossible to say what answer I could make to any proposal without having it before me. Cardinal Vaughan's utterances were no surprise to me, and did not irritate me into any change of view, but they exemplified what I had said was the natural view of a Roman Ecclesiastic in England.

I assume that you will kindly allow this appendix to be submitted to anyone who may have seen the *Mémoire*.

As to the main point, I should once more say that I desire as earnestly as you can for all Christian Churches a unity for which you are generously and wholly ready to sacrifice yourself, and that I can welcome nothing more than practical efforts directed to that great end. Meantime, we shall all be moved by the exhortation which is repeated simultaneously from many quarters that we "ought alway to pray and not to faint."

Believe me,

Ever yours most sincerely,

E. W. CANTUAR.

Lord Halifax wrote to acknowledge this, and promised to subjoin the Archbishop's letter to the memorandum he was preparing for private circulation.

On the Archbishop's return to England he wrote further in his Diary (May, 1895):—

Long letter and printed memorandum from Lord Halifax on the position between Rome and England, wants the Bishops to take a step corresponding to that of the Pope in wishing and praying for unity. If they do, it will be with a total ignoring of the Pope and the Church of Rome. For in addressing the English people, the Pope makes no allusion whatever to the Bishops and Church of England.

In his speech at the Diocesan Conference in the summer of 1895 the Archbishop said:—

The Roman Communion had once in its bosom the whole of Western Christendom, but it proved itself incapable of retaining those nations. And now the representative of the Roman Communion had, in his desire for reunion, spoken to the English people as if they possessed no Church at all, apparently in total ignorance of the existence of any Church with any history or claims, and offered this reunion with a parade of methods of worship and of rewards of worship which was totally alien to the feelings of a nation which had become readers of the Bible, and

who could never admit that such things had any attractions for them. They did not question the kindness which invited their common prayers; nor the sincerity of an appeal which was transparently sincere; but those two qualities only made more evident the inadequacy for the plea for unity which it contained. Its acceptance would mean the bidding farewell on their part to all the Eastern Churches and to all the other reformed Churches of the race, and the setting aside of the Truth which had been gained by severe sacrifices, which was deeply cherished, and which they believed to be the necessary foundation of all unity.... It was the duty of the laity as well as the Clergy to preserve in purity and loyalty the Faith and practices which characterized the Reformation, which had this peculiar mark—that nation and family and individual all had part in it.

At the end of August 1895 the Archbishop wrote a Pastoral Letter, published early in September, which, though it could not from the nature of the case be a reply to the Papal Letter in April, was on the subject of "a certain friendly advance made from a foreign Church to the people of England without reference or regard to the Church of England." He embodied much of what he had already said to the Diocesan Conference, adding:—

A desire for sympathy among classes, for harmony among nations, above all for reunion in Christendom, is a characteristic of our time. We recognise the fact. We cannot fail to find in it a call to renewed faith in the mission of the Church, and to more strenuous labour for the realisation of Christ's bequest of peace. We, therefore, commend this call to the candid thought and prayers of "all who love the Lord Jesus in uncorruptness." We know that our divisions are a chief obstacle to the progress of His Gospel. And we accept the many expressions of anxiety to be delivered from them as a sign among us of God's purpose at the present time. [The Anglican Communion] by its * * * Apostolic Creed and constitution, by the primitive Scriptural standards of its doctrine and ritual, by its living catholicity and sober freedom, by its existence rooted in the past and on the whole identified with education and with progress, by its absolute abstention from foreign political action, by its immediate and

intense responsibilities for the Christianity of its own spreading and multiplying race and of its subject races, it seems not uncertainly marked by God to bring the parted Churches of Christ to a better understanding and closer fellowship.

The Pope eventually appointed a Commission to investigate the subject of Anglican Orders. But the course taken was not the one which had been contemplated by Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal and which had inspired all their action. From what Lord Halifax tells me I learn that instead of conferences on which both sides would have been represented, a Commission was appointed composed exclusively of Roman Theologians. M. Duchesne was no longer to be entrusted with a sole commission, as was supposed to be the Pope's first intention. Further, the question, instead of being considered as a point on which both sides could be brought into friendly contact, with a view to future discussions,—as had been contemplated in the letter addressed by Cardinal Rampolla to the Abbé Portal in September, 1894,—was limited to a mere discussion of the validity of English Orders, and that in a way which put the opinion in favour of their validity at an obvious disadvantage. What led to the change, if, as Lord Halifax thinks, there was a change? The attitude taken by Cardinal Vaughan from the beginning of the proceedings may perhaps supply the answer. On the invitation of one of the members of the Roman Commission, and without the knowledge of the Archbishop, the Rev. F. W. Puller, a Cowley Father, and the Rev. T. A. Lacey[1] went to Rome to give any information in their power that might be required. The Commission finished its sittings in June, 1896.

[1] Mr Lacey is Vicar of Madingley, and joint author with the Rev. E. Denny of a book named *De Hierarchia Anglicana* which discusses the question of Anglican Orders.

Mr Puller says:—

After my return from Rome in June, 1896, where I had been in company with Mr Lacey, for the purpose of giving any information which might be needed to the more friendly members of the Commission appointed by Leo XIII., I thought that it would be right to report to the Archbishop of Canterbury any matters connected with our doings in Rome which might seem likely to interest him. I therefore wrote to his Grace, asking whether it would be agreeable to him that I should pay my respects to him at Lambeth.

The Archbishop returned a very kind answer, appointing Wednesday, July 1st, for the interview, and at the same time defining precisely the position which he would occupy at that interview. He said:—"I am sure that you realise that you come to me unofficially, and simply by your own desire, and that I am not doing more than hearing anything that you may wish to say to me upon a matter of the highest importance and difficulty."

Accordingly I waited on the Archbishop at the time appointed, and gave him various details about the Commission, and about our relations with some of the more friendly members of that body, as also with some of the Cardinals. He asked whether we had seen the Pope, to which question I replied that from beginning to end we had refrained from taking any initiative in any matter. We had gone to Rome on the invitation of one of the members of the Commission. Friendly members of that body had called on us continually to obtain information, which we gave to the best of our power. We had called on certain Cardinals, because an intimation came to us from Cardinal Rampolla that it would be desirable that we should call on those particular Cardinals. But that, pursuing our policy of never taking the initiative, we had not asked to be received by the Pope, and that therefore we had had no interview with him.....

The Archbishop was kind enough to say that we had acted wisely in not asking for an audience. If we had done so, our action might have been misinterpreted.

The Papal Encyclical, *Satis Cognitum*, on the Unity of the Church was issued on the 29th of June, 1896.

In September followed the publication of the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*, which declared English Orders entirely

null and void partly on the ground of previous Roman decisions, partly on the ground of defects of "form" up to 1662, and also on the ground of defective intention on the part of the framers of the Prayer-book. The Bull threw a great obstacle in the way of all further *rapprochement*[1].

The *Revue Anglo-Romaine*, which had been started by friendly French ecclesiastics in 1895 for the purpose of diffusing information with regard to the English Church, was suddenly suppressed by authority, and the movement came to an end.

At this time the Archbishop was in Ireland, and speaking at Dublin on the restoration of the Cathedral of Kildare he laid stress upon its "witness to the historic continuity of that branch of the Church Catholic to which we have the privilege to belong." Alluding to the "struggle to be rid of the yoke of Rome," and to the renunciation of its "alien jurisdiction," he continued :—

This very day the papers tell us of another new defiance of history on the part of that great Church, a new defiance of history which is perfectly in accord with all we knew of Rome before.

[1] It was published at Rome on the 13th of September, 1896.

It did not reach England till about a week later. A Bishop of the Province who had received several letters on the subject, wrote to the Archbishop, who was then in Ireland, suggesting that he should reply to it, and that certain other Bishops should so far assist the Archbishop as to collect materials which might be of service to him. The Archbishop agreed to this. Several letters passed between them on the subject; and just before the Primate's death a document reached him embodying the suggestions of one of the Bishops concerned. It must have arrived on the Saturday night or Sunday morning, and a few days later it was returned unopened, much to the disappointment of the sender.

The Archbishop therefore contributed nothing directly to the *Responsio*. But his brave and strong words, the last he wrote, were, as the two Archbishops remark in the *Responsio*, which was published on Tuesday, 9th March, 1897, a legacy to the Church and a commission to them to take up the question. "In his last written words" (they say) "he bequeathed to us the treatment of the question which he was doubtless himself about to treat with the greatest learning and theological grace."

We could not imagine, we could not reasonably expect, that the present authority of the See of Rome would be asserted in contrariety to so much that has been asserted in that See heretofore. But it may be a lesson of the greatest possible value to those who have been led in quiet years to believe that the Church of Rome has become other than it was[1].

On his return from Ireland, in Oct. 1896, he was working at a draft reply, while on the way to Hawarden, which might or might not have been intended for further qualification: there is no possibility however of discovering his exact intentions in the matter, for the draft was written only the day before he died.

The document appeared in the *Times* on the 22nd of October. It runs as follows:—

Some letters which I receive expect, (I believe mistakenly) that positiveness of assertion may still have an effect on some who mistook the kindliness of a personage for the thawing of the frozen Church-policy to which he is committed. If there remain any such, after the strong disavowals that have been made, they ought not to be thrown over, they are the very persons to be treated with tenderness.

I write these to say that a statement will shortly appear which may, I hope, comfort any who think it is required. Infallibility has, happily, this time ventured on reasons. But the subject of Orders, as needful to a perfectly constituted Church, has been as jealously scrutinized in England as by Rome, and with much more knowledge of facts. Authorities of theirs have till lately, at any rate, taught mere ludicrous fables about English Orders, and the late Papal document exhibits ignorance of which their own scholars and critics are as well aware as we are. The result of scrutiny with that fuller knowledge was, and is, to establish that our Holy Orders are identical with those of the whole Catholic Church. They are in origin, continuity, matter, form, intention, and all

[1] From the report given in "Archbishop Benson in Ireland," pp. 24, 25, 26, taken from newspaper reports but not revised. See note, p. 5. His MSS. notes for the speech give "*a new instance to-day of defiance of history perfectly in accord with all we knew of Rome. A lesson to those who thought Rome open to argument.*"

that belongs to them, identical accordingly with those of the Church of Rome, except in the one modern point of subjection to the Pope, on which point at the Reformation we deliberately resumed our ancient concurrence with the whole Catholic world besides. There is not a break anywhere in our orders, sacraments, creeds, scriptures, spiritual gifts, in all that compacts and frames the "holiness" of the "one Catholic Apostolic Church" of the ages.

And, as it would be an evil unfaithfulness to saddle with foreign allegiance the gifts that we derive from Christ, so now this remarkable challenge, with its accompanying offers, undoubtedly moves Churchmen to consider what we are exposed to through our unworthy separations, to be really in love with unity at home, as well as abroad, not to be deceived by pretensions to unity and assertions which have historically created the widest and deepest of all separations, but to draw closer together in faith, firmness and forbearance.

The gravity and delicacy of the controversy which has been described need no comment; the last word has not been said on the subject.

To show the Archbishop's desire for a unity which should be a unity in truth and a freedom, not a mere uniformity, words more fitting can hardly be found than those with which he concludes his *Cyprian*, the book at which he was working all through his most vigorous life, and up to the day of his death.

Such unity as the Lord prayed for is a mysterious thing. It is no fantasy, but it answers in no way to the idea that, "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" can be condensed into one Rite, one Code, one Chair. A mysterious thing. Nothing formal, mechanical or limitable by words.....

A true Unity has to take account equally of Christ's Prayer and of Christ's Laws; of the Prayer which He offered over the Sacrifice of Himself, and of the Laws which Himself, our Creator, impressed on the intellectual existence of our race. One centre we have, but the approaches to it from without, the radii of thought, are infinite[1].

[1] *Cyprian, his Life, his Times, his Work*, p. 534.

CHAPTER XII.

DIARIES AND LETTERS.

"*The sure traveller,*
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on."
GEO. HERBERT.

ON Jan. 4th, 1895, the Archbishop notes:—

At about ten minutes before seven this morning I did not know that I was sleeping. I twice saw Fred's face very pale, with rigid lines, and with pale eyes looking at me feebly and wistfully—face only—against a confused dark background. E. C. at Addington, F. at Luxor.

About this time he wrote to Bishop Davidson:—

A—— has a fine way of lecturing you on a phrase of yours to which he assigns his own meaning; and of laying down what you said, with great solemnity, as a larger and more sensible view, and then a noble platitude to conclude.

He will be a great success in House of Lords.

And again:—

* * * * *

B—— seems to have meant no harm, but like a cuttle-fish to rejoice in the amount of Ink discharged all round.

To the Rev. A. W. Upcott.
(*On Church Reform.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Jan. 29th, 1895.

MY DEAR MR UPCOTT,

I have not yet thanked you for your very interesting and suggestive letter. But it was not unfruitful. I have shown

it, as putting very well what I think we have all in mind. One leaflet by an eminent lawyer will come out of it, and I hope others. The difficulty is there are so many views of what *is* reform and what is not, that at this moment it is like changing saddles while swimming horses over a stream.

I think few people know the efforts or the numbers of them which have been made for reforms—with patience, they will come. The real source of the difficulty is the personal opposition through letters and to members of parliament made by enemies and by interested people. This would not be mended by Disestablishment; we should have still to get Bills for endless things and the opposition would be, as it is in the Colonies, stronger than now and here.

We should lose our Courts also and everything would be thrown into civil courts which required adjudication.

The sources of revenue would present immense difficulties as to equalisation of incomes.

Would you not draft a leaflet on the injustice of the proposal from a Liberal point of view for our Committee to study? It would probably be very serviceable. The Liberals at present, whatever their private opinions, say they must hold to their party—a terrible principle if you look at it.

Sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

From the Queen.

OSBORNE.

Feb. 8th, 1895.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Accept my best thanks for your kind letter. I hope you will go as soon as you can to Florence, and leave the Bishop of London to preach for you on Palm Sunday.

I hope you are not suffering from this exceptionally severe and long frost which I fear must be very trying for the poor people?

As we are going to the Riviera D.V. I fear we shall not have the pleasure of meeting you, as we did last year, unless you extend your visit to that beautiful coast.

Poor Sir Henry Ponsonby's grave illness is very sad, and the improvement is very slow, and the consciousness very deficient.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs Benson,

Ever yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

To the Archbishop of York.

(*Voluntary Schools.*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
Feb. 15, 1895.

DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

* * * * * * * * *

I have seen the Bishop of London and he agrees with me that it is better to postpone the meeting on the 22nd (that means not to meet)—as it will be all but useless without you.

Postponing cannot be done with Lent close on us, and 36 Bishops being incapable of being collected at short notice. The question is vital to the Church schools, but if there is no getting the Bishops together we cannot act together and the consequences must follow. The Bishop is simply responsible, of course, and *the* Diocese rules. I do not see how we can possibly write a letter on the subject which is not able to say as the R. C. Bps say "we are of one mind on this."—The questions which must be discussed are

1. Will the financial part of the Scheme work?

2. Would the payment of teachers as in Ireland answer? The differences may be great between Ireland and England, but are they such as to make the scheme unlikely to answer here?

3. Can the Report of the Committee form into a Bill which we can press? I am sending a draft to you which looks well enough.

4. A conference with Roman Bishops and Nonconformist leaders—to be arranged. Nothing possible without this.

5. Is State-aid (after consideration of all these) to be sought for Voluntary Schools?

There are no five greater questions of Church policy. And we certainly ought to find some means of discussing them before it is too late.

Ever affectionately yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On March 19th he writes:—

Have found diarising impossible. Yet most interesting and apparently historical things swinging along. Mere incessant occupation lords it over every person and moment. To-day is a sample

—not so crowded as some days. Woke 5.20, read Browne's lecture on Biscop and Wearmouth before getting up. A letter early. Breakfast with letters. Chapel. Early ride. Secretaries with baskets of letters.....Lord Cross to consider whether the terms of the Church Langton[1] Trust make that a Church School, against the Charity Commissioners who have undenominationalised it. I think it is. And on going through the document with me he is satisfied and will bring it before House of Lords if Lord Halsbury also agrees with me. Sent for Sir H. Longley[2], and put before him the newly found indications, and he agrees with me too, and feels sure the House of Lords will make the requisite alteration in their scheme which now lies on the Table. Archbishop of York came and discussed three things with me at great length. 1. Kilburn Sisterhood. I explained that I should not press the past mistakes if they will now consent (as I laid down on Saturday to the Mother and Lord Nelson) to have a proper constitution and a Visitor. 2. Bishop of Winchester's draft of answer to report of Archbishop's Committee on Voluntary Schools. 3. Bishop of Durham's draft on Reunion and Roman Teaching. Wrote my notes for Address to-morrow on 1 Cor. xv. 1—33. Letters again and letters again to Fred, to Lord Halsbury, to Lady Jersey on Little Gidding Relics, to Lord Wolmer on Church Defence Organisation, to Principal Librarian to make me electrotypes of all archiepiscopal coins, and looked over Dibdin's paper on Enclosure of commons.

On the 20th of March he wrote:—

Browne's 3rd Lecture before rising. Early ride—an hour at the Sibylline Oracles etc. "Ascension of Isaiah"—very strange products. Letters. Queen Anne's Bounty. 5—6.15. Service in Chapel for Ladies (quite full) and Lecture on 1 Cor. xv. Making speech on Lord Hobhouse's Sunday Bill, for to-morrow—unfairly sprung on us. No Bishops can get up now. Lang and Blakiston to plan some system for raising Assyrian subscriptions. Lang to be organizing Secretary. We are in very low water and dropping. Another hour with the Sibyl, and 12.30 a.m. very tired.

On the 21st he adds:—

Interview with Mr Knollys on the Kilburn Sisterhood. He considers with me that the past should be past, and precautions

[1] In Leicestershire.

[2] Chief Charity Commissioner: eldest son of Archbishop Longley.

taken by formation of a proper constitution with a Visitor to avoid recurrence.

Meeting of the Central Church Committee here, both men and women. Over 4000 Committees are now formed. We estimate our own expenses at £7000 per annum apart from the costs of C.D.I.

Lord Cross, Wolmer, Cranborne, Sir F. Powell, Tomlinson, Wodehouse[1], Hobhouse[2], etc., Lady Medway, Lady Grosvenor, V. Grosvenor, Mrs Dundas.

On the 22nd he writes:—

Some very serious documents.—The Bishopric of Hong Kong contains two vast regions with mutually unintelligible dialects. A new Diocese must be formed for Fu Kien.

The reports of the Diocese of Mashonaland excruciating; a mere break-down in the face of the Roman Catholic active and skilful agency.

The Diocese of Newfoundland reduced to abject poverty.

Visited William Rogers[3]—has been very ill and I should fear is not safe. He has been a really noble worker, residing in the depth of the City from which other clergy had fled. Feels deeply that *duty* has made him *so* work as to seem a secular-minded clergyman, which he is not at all. The unfortunate old expression which he never meant in the sense attributed to him, has been a real torment to him. Mr Rogers said, "I'm glad Asquith has that Bill for Disestablishment. A clever fellow. It will make people think. I have always been a Liberal, but I tell Rosebery to his face it's a shameful bill. I say to Dissenters, 'Why, where will *you* be if you get this passed? What will *you* be? You won't be even Dissenters.'"

On the 25th he notes:—

Consecrated in Westminster Abbey Percival[4] to be Bishop of Hereford. I do not think he will be well received, but I doubt if his disestablishment views are so fierce as his Diocese believes. And living between the Cathedral and the Wye must soothe him.

[1] M.P. for Bath.

[2] M.P. for Somersetshire (East) since 1885.

[3] Of St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, an Eton and Oxford Blue, founder of the Street Arabs' School, and the Cowper Street Middle Class Schools, a Governor of Dulwich College, and Prebendary of St Paul's, died Jan. 1896.

[4] Headmaster of Rugby.

Told me he had seen sixteen of the great Rugby elms fall yesterday in the Close before he left in the terrible gale. We need a Laud to interpret.

Met Mr Gladstone at luncheon at Basil Wilberforce's[1], and again dining at Grillion's where I presided and had him on my right. It is absurd to try to multiply his marvellousness by pretending that he is and looks no older. But his intensity and the width of his interests, and his force of expression would be marvellous in any one. He was interesting about the complete submission of Apollo in word and deed to the will of Zeus.

On the 30th of March he says:—

Business as usual invincible. Confirmed 310 in Croydon Parish Church. But, probably through the newness of the most capable Vicar, many fewer boys than girls—many. Have offered to hold a Confirmation for men and boys only. Sat with the Bishop of Rochester, whose mind and language is certainly in most statesmanlike tune, deplorably ill as he is.

On the 31st he wrote:—

The Church at Norwood crowded to the door like Croydon yesterday; the Confirmations lose nothing of their interest. But here too there is a new Vicar, and active as he is he has not touched men and boys yet. There must be a real hard-headed mission.

As I drove back under Morton's Tower I took a telegram from a messenger just arriving. The Dean of Canterbury[2] died of syncope at 3 this afternoon. A loss to learning and to me and to the Cathedral, which he has carried on in useful lines.

To the Bishop of Dover.

(*On the death of the Dean of Canterbury.*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
April 1st, 1895.

DEAREST BISHOP,

It is a sad stroke and we shall feel it. The poor daughters and his constant companion and *συνεργός*[3] Jessy—how one mourns for her and them. And we shall feel it in the Cathedral and all the Life. It is no light matter to lose one

[1] Canon of Westminster.
[2] Robert Payne Smith.
[3] Fellow-worker.

VIEW FROM LOLLARD'S TOWER, LAMBETH PALACE, SHOWING MORTON'S TOWER, THE GREAT HALL, AND THE TOWER OF LAMBETH PARISH CHURCH.

From a drawing by L. Beatrice Thompson.

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whose first thought was always "What is the *kind* thing"—and *Learning* wants his work!

I am with you all in thought. How sad the Precinct must look. I can see the disquieted figures moving backwards and forwards in the beautiful place and past the closed house-front.

God give us a holy father and brother and receive the departed one εἰς εἰρήνην[1], and us all.

On April 3rd the Archbishop attended the Dean's funeral. He wrote:—

April 3. At the funeral of the Dean of Canterbury. A beautiful Service in the Nave—great numbers of the townspeople, and then a procession to St Martin's where White-Thomson read, Bishop of Dover committed body to earth, the eldest son scattering the earth on the coffin and I gave the Benediction. The schools, the civic body, the nonconformist ministers of the town, were in the procession. I went round and met them at St Martin's, waiting in the Church with Canon Bailey who first took me to see that font 44 years ago. I saw also the distinct junction of the Roman and Saxon Churches.

The Dean was a soundly good man and kind, free from romance, with a good-natured feeling for nonconformists rather than a bent towards non-conformity. Ever heartily good to me and loyal. Would never suffer me to stay elsewhere when he was in Canterbury. The Bishop of Dover is excessively popular as a preacher and a man—so earnest in his zeal and so hospitable and so determined to see people through their troubles.

The old customs were observed. The Dean was carried in through the West door (all others of the Chapter through the north-west door), and laid on a violet-covered bier in the midst of the Nave. The choir and Canons on either side. The lesson was read by the Archdeacon of Maidstone[2] from a lectern placed between me and the body. My bedesmen had their white staves tied with black ribbon. I attended the Evensong, and Mattins next day.

About this time he notes of a Mission sermon which he heard:—

A terrible man drest like a kind of monk under his surplice delivered to a Church full of experienced and cultivated men

[1] Into peace. [2] Ven. B. F. Smith.

and women a sermon of the most vapid and childish character, chiefly questions like "Have you ever thought you were a sinner?" "To me the love of Christ seems the chief thing, does it to you?" and with an assurance of manner intolerable even in point of manners. This is why laymen drop away from Church, for this style, introduced by missions of incompetent missioners, is gaining in pulpits.

A walk restored tranquillity—but deepened the thought that a Church which loses the laymen is ἐγγὺς ἀφανισμοῦ[1] by the hypothesis.

Early in April he went out with my mother and Miss Tait to the Villa Palmieri. In the course of the visit he went for a few days to Ravenna, where, on the 17th, he writes:—

A drive of several miles in the Pineta which one had always imagined beautiful—but which still—for the majesty of the innumerable stone pines—the beauty of the greenery below—far surpasses the idea—to say nothing of the clear orange tints of a perfect sweep of sunset sky with the blue, deep blue Apennines in waves and crests below. Back along the causeways between the flooded fields for the rice and the wide wastes of grass not yet enriched except by a few flowers. The people all very poor, very handsome and perfect gentry in manners—just when our people are being educated into thinking their dignity consists in their having no manners at all. Our education is not too much but too little—not over-education as some people think, but under-education—ἀσθενῆ καὶ πτωχὰ στοιχεῖα[2] instead of what Paul and Plato foresaw for us.

An inscription of gratitude in S. Vitale says that one of the Archbishops gave the Abbot and Monks the whole isle of Palatiola and planted it all with pines, *Ne Italiae deesset Decus suum.*

On the 19th of April he says:—

With M., Gertrude Molyneux, three Halifaxes, to Laurentian Library. As usual more impressed with its beauty and magnificence the second time than the first, and there is talk now of moving its treasures from the only coffer worthy of them to

[1] "Near to vanish away," Heb. viii. 13.

[2] "Weak and beggarly elements," Gal. iv. 9.

a "Central" Library. Give them time, and a Liberal "Governo" will obliterate every trace of anything greater than themselves. Bowed before the Pandects; and adored the Codex Amiatinus again. If everything else were buried, *this* is enough to shake us into some understanding of what Anglo-Saxons were. Made love to the Sophocles and Aeschylus, the Virgil, the Tacitus, Petrarch's and Benvenuto Cellini's autographs. Held our breath over the Choir Books and the other great sights. We were most kindly accompanied by the Prefetto himself, *Barone Podesta*—a handsome Huxley to see to. When shall we ever reach the politeness of these people? I thanked him for having given me so much of his own time. He replied, "Ho acquistato tempo."

Rode late up the Mugnone Valley and saw again the beautiful back of Fiesole. All sober and all delicate and delicious under the falling shades.

Met a great military funeral, very impressive with its slow step and muffled drums. The body of the officer was preceded by a group of priests singing and carrying lighted torches. This is a new sign I hear in Florence. The members of the Misericordia in black with only eyelet-holes very curious; how inhuman this humane society looks!

On the 24th he writes:—

Bristol Sermon,—same tender misgiving.

Up to "Alberghetto," Savonarola's awful cell at the top of the Tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. What hideous flights of stairs for the racked man to climb—(But Villari and others do not recognise the dark hole which is *shown* as the place of his confinement, but mean clearly the little cell quite light, and not too small, which is a little higher up and in which Cosimo was confined)—what a hideous resting-place—but to think of the summons back again to the question. What secrets to be revealed and what a judgment to come for that judgment!

A very depressing sight is this Judaea Captiva[1]—common attendants in uniforms where saints were at home. The graceful Library with its ranges of gray columns bookless, and its space taken up with the hideous cases in which lie dead and motionless *the* Choir Books—whose glorious gold pictures show real good signs of use and wear—and all indicates simplicity of life.

[1] This refers to San Marco.

But Lady Crawford says how little the monks themselves seemed to feel the glory of their inheritance and the pain of its loss. How she was present once when some of the Franciscans, who were kept, came to Assisi;—without even lifting their eyes to the buildings, or even a remark like "How changed all this is!"—they were immediately talking of the price of oil. It became a mere quiet profession. The old frescoes give the monks such good heads and wise faces and tender expressions—but the ability, I fear, left this "profession" before it was broken up, and went all about the world—leaving only the poorer creatures. Perhaps the land is only enjoying her sabbaths, and they shall return with singing to Sion.

Then to the Riccardi Chapel. Criticisms of Benozzo Gozzoli in Ruskin's style are absurd with the subordination of splendour to force—in one group to sarcasm—and the absorption of the angels in magnifying God. Their faces are an irresistible sermon on Worship.

With L. to Perugino's Crucifixion in the S. Maddalena de' Pazzi. More beautiful it seemed than ever. The amazing dignity and condescension of a form naked, with wide-spread arms and nailed! The Virgin's face so sorrow-laden, yet so self-possessed.

On April 27th he writes:—

Revised and rewrote my letter to Halifax[1], and a long letter to S.P.C.K. on the Church in "Assyria" etc.

Once more, perhaps the last time in my life, into the Cathedral—the Dome is a miracle.

A most beautiful ride through Il Perio, which we reached through the most beautifully laid-out grounds of the Salviati (Pazzi) Villa, and then by La Lastra and the Convent of the Concezione, and so home by Lapo. Probably my last visit to Florence and last ride in the Contorni, and through these villages which have, every one of them, given names to artists such as the world has not. And no wonder; the glory of these vine and olive clad hills dotted with old towers, each like a picture, the pine woods, the air, the sunsets, the pride and beauty of the city below—then their own symmetrical faces, and rich colouring, the readiness and sweetness of their smiles, their industry and soberness, the grace of the children, the comeliness of their salutes—all is Art

[1] *ante*, pp. 616—618.

AT THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE, 1895.

From a photograph by Lady Gertrude Mol[illegible]

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because all is Nature, just touched with simple life and yearning religion.

How can we thank God for these three long, happy visits to these dearest and most able, and perfect friends, the Lindsays, who, unsought, gave themselves to us and gave us all this happy and elevating enjoyment, and love what we love—and seek what we seek.

A very warm and loyal note from my new Dean[1].

—— says no one who has lived in the midst of the Roman Church and its poor, could suffer from *Glamour*. Priests are never allowed to visit women in any sickness or trouble of mind. They visit at all unwillingly, and a visit from a Priest to a sick person would muster the whole village as a sign of approaching death. —— says that ladies in society here have spoken to him about visiting his people, saying they could not do with their priests coming about. A Priest's place is in his Church. He says the position of a vicar at the Cathedral is the most lonely imaginable—they know no one but each other—they have two francs a day, and have to say one mass, really no other employment.

On April 29th he says:—

Went down to Lelli's and bought a bust of Savonarola. Left at 2.40 and wound up the Apennines with the beautiful constantly recurrent view of Pistoia set in its plain, by Bologna etc., with a most striking sunset, a vast towered city floating in a fiery lake, and shooting immense beams out from a volcano in its centre behind its ramparts—then a brilliant thunderstorm—lastly a midnight walk to the Cathedral[2] of which every figure is visible and perfect in an electric light which contrasts indeed with London shades. Surely the painted Herculean figures which all over it support corners which don't need support, are in trying contrast to the "spirit" of Church architecture, (1) to it genuineness, (2) to its repose.

Heard that Aunt Lucy Jackson died at her house at Pen Wartha, Weston-super-Mare (on 24th). She is the last of all that generation, Bensons, Sidgwicks, Jacksons, Bakers, except Aunt Mary Ann, and I am the eldest of the next generation except Margaret Cooper, who is two years older.

[1] Frederick William Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster.
[2] Of Milan.

The next day they returned, going straight to Lambeth. On May 4th he writes:—

Rustem Pasha called as Turkish Ambassador to appeal to my "sense of justice and equity" to stop all English clergymen from joining the Demonstration against the Armenian atrocities. He offered many denials and many explanations, e.g. that the Turkish Government had mistakenly allowed Robert College to be built at Constantinople, that 60 or 70 missionaries from thence had converted about 2000 or 3000 Armenians who are centres for diffusing Armenian ideas. Then the troops had been called out, but as matter of necessity, and a small number comparatively—there had no doubt been bloodshed but no sanctioned cruelties. He seemed to think I could direct the part taken by the clergy. I assured him I believed the Clergy and Church people would *wait* as long as was necessary for attainment of *knowledge* of facts and not prejudge, but that if the reports were true, the clergy must be expected as one man to demand a protectorate of Christians for all the East. I admitted that it was difficult to feel that the Armenians had not political aims, but that massacre was the impossible solution.

On May 6th he went down to Bristol for the Reopening of the Cathedral. He writes:—

May 6th. Went down to Bristol at 10.15 (and returned by 8.15) to preach at the reopening of the Cathedral. Was received in much state by the Mayor, and lunched with the Corporation and others. Streets full, bells of all Churches ringing, all flags flying in the harbour, ships dressed, vast congregation, and beautiful Service and Procession. Have we really only "a name to live" as our enemies say? The devoutness of such a congregation, so largely composed of men, seems to tell another tale, and Citizenship seems again to be foregathering with Churchmanship. Or will politics prevail against οὐρανοῦ πύλαι[1]? Our main work is to take care that our leaves do not forerun our figs.

In the restoration I recognise Pearson's tender hand which makes things new yet leaves them looking old. The polished pavement of variegated marble is lovely and bright, but makes one afraid of stepping *through* it.

The sense of Ecclesiastical order creeps slow into Cathedral

[1] The gates of heaven.

bodies. They assigned me instead of two dignified Clergymen two young Curates for Chaplains!

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol[1] came up to town with us. A clever old man and a scholar, and seems beloved by his respectable Diocesans. He never ceased talking for a moment entertainingly.

Nevertheless in the working crowds outside I do not (I sadly confess) recognise *sympathy*. They look at it as if we belonged to a nice and satisfactory (on the whole) order of things, but an order of things which is not *theirs*. Abroad the Cathedrals belong apparently to the *poor*; the greater the Churches the more the poor seem to use them. Not so here. I yearn for that sight.

He returned to town in the afternoon to attend the Academy dinner.

He writes in his Diary:—

May 4. I had to propose the health of the President and of the Academy and of Sir J. Millais. An amusing incident, as Sir J. M., to the consternation of the Archbishop of York, called on him by mistake. Sir J. Millais's account of his connexion with the Academy since he entered as a pupil at 11 years old, and his affectionate devotion to Sir F. Leighton, was quite pathetic—the more on account of his failing voice. Two awful inaudible essays from swells on Music and Drama. Many people I knew, and had very pleasant talks.

The Archbishop dwelt in his speech on the habits of observation which only the actual practice of drawing could teach, and spoke of drawing as a thing which, if practicable, it was proposed to teach in the National Schools of the country.

On May 7th he writes:—

At 10, Downing Street; elected Sir W. Harcourt a Trustee of British Museum. It appeared from what Lord Rosebery said that the one real object of the ambition and dreams of that enthusiastic spirit had ever been to be one day a Trustee.

A deputation of four rather mannerless ladies from the

[1] C. J. Ellicott.

Women's Trade Union begging me to support the clauses in favour of women in the Factory Bill. This I shall do to a considerable extent, but I was more disposed to do so before I had seen them than afterwards. They proposed absurd answers to difficulties which I raised as to the impossibility of Hotel work, and work of steamers arriving at a port and leaving on being reloaded, being coped with by laundries for instance, which should be forbidden to work overtime or work on Bank Holiday. They glibly said that everyone must travel with twice as much linen, and that the steamers must leave soiled linen (140,000 pieces I heard of the other day) behind them and take fresh supply. Some people are hard to help.

To the Bishop of St Andrews[1].

May 7th, 1895.

How narrow the purview of reunion with *Rome* is—especially when one realises that it means excluding the chief part of Christendom.

On the 8th of May he went to Blackmoor to attend the funeral of his revered and beloved friend Lord Selborne, who had been a constant, wise and patient counsellor. He writes:—

May 8. Went to Lord Selborne's funeral, and was admitted as a mourner with the family and the Cecils, which much touched me. He was laid at the East end outside the Church—which he built before he built his own house. The day was brilliant, and that beautiful country was fair with its own rare blue and peculiar brightness. They began the Service with his own hymn, which opens with the *deepest* humility and confession of sin, and it was unspeakably moving as he lay there silent before the Altar. At the morning service was sung the Te Deum which entered well into our hearts as a real triumph. I feel as if the head of the English Church were gone. His learning, his perfect taste, his quick acumen, his intense loyalty made him at any rate the eldest son of the Church. With such sunshine over all the place which he planted and made, spiritually as well as materially, his sudden departure seems matter of idle tears and of deep acquiescence. Many from London and many from the whole country side.

[1] Dr G. H. Wilkinson, formerly Bishop of Truro.

On the same evening, the Archbishop, in company with Mr Peel, late Speaker of the House of Commons, was admitted to the freedom of the Skinners' Company. He writes:—

In the evening (strange contrast) had to receive the freedom of the Skinners' Company and feast there. The late Speaker, Mr Peel, received it too. He spoke well and interestingly. Our caskets are gorgeous. Sate between Sebastian, the Master, and A—— who told me how uncertain he felt as to the position of the companies—whether it could reasonably be justified. But it is intimately locked in with so much else that when they are meddled with it will be only a signal for far wider change. Till then, the best they can!

On the 14th of May Convocation was sitting; he writes:—

May 14. In Convocation the new Bishop of Hereford made a speech so weak in favour of Disestablishment and so strong against the extreme injustice of the proposed appropriation of Church Funds of Wales, that I think it may be well to have it printed as a leaflet for Church Defence. A curious outcome.

In House of Lords I carried second reading of Church Patronage Bill with a speech which I spoke with some comfort and which the Lords listened to with apparent interest, but I hope with real interest for the subject's sake. It is becoming very serious and a strong reproach. Grimthorpe was quite civil.

May 21. House of Lords Committee on my Patronage Bill. It was a real good continuous duel all the time between Grimthorpe and me. I won all my points but one, on which the House did not understand a distinction I drew—which was right, but I suppose not well expressed by me. We must set that right next Tuesday in the standing Committee, for they are certainly wrong.

The Bill is not an attempt to reconstruct Patronage or the Law of Patronage, but simply to quell *evasions* of the Law. That gained, let the Law itself be honestly reconsidered.

The affairs of the Kilburn Sisterhood at this time took up much of his thoughts. On May 22nd he writes:—

Bishop of London and Bishop of Salisbury; Lord Nelson ought to have come too, to discuss the position of the Kilburn

Sisterhood. The Mother Superior is the most comically audacious Mother in the Universe. After I began my enquiry into the rumours against them as Patron, she calmly dropped her list of Patrons. Now that Lord Nelson has joined me in telling her that her Sisterhood ought to have a fixed constitution and a Visitor, she has told him she must not expose him to so much obloquy and therefore dismisses him from his Chairmanship. Such daring simplicity will no doubt have its reward. I wrote again to her saying that her method of receiving illegitimate children, sum down, no questions asked, entirely taken charge of for life, is facilitating vice.

Letter from Lord Hobhouse, explaining candidly the line of the assault on Sunday which his committee is about to take before the Select Committee of House of Lords.

Went with wife to dine with the Queen at Windsor. She was well and lively, interested in the earthquake at Florence and in the Welsh Church. Her complexion clearer and healthier than formerly and her figure with rheumatism more gallant. A. J. Balfour and Geo. Goschen there — both earnest about Church. The former to relieve Bishops of drudgery that they may have *time*, the latter to procure an order of preachers—good preaching the chief need of the Church.

The long gallery more beautiful than ever—electric light shining out from among groups of ferns and plants like magnified glow-worms.

Just time to run down and see Arthur in his pretty house—with its gigantic wistaria—as the oldest most picturesque house in Eton, and lately Vaughan's, Warre called it "fanum putre Vacunae."

On the 28th of May he spoke in the House on Lord Halifax's motion to release the clergy from the obligation of permitting in their church a religious ceremony in the case of the re-marriage of divorced persons[1]. He wrote in his Diary:—

May 28. Up early to make speech on Halifax's Divorce Bill. At 11, Meeting of Bishops of both Provinces considering mainly

[1] Under the Divorce Act, a clergyman is not compellable to solemnize the re-marriage of a guilty divorcee, but if he decline to officiate he must not refuse the use of his church to another clergyman of the Diocese. The latter proviso Lord Halifax's Bill sought to repeal.

my letter of advice on the present position of Voluntary Schools, a letter to be written by two Archbishops on the position of affairs with respect to the wide desire for Unity, and the Pope's own expression of it in his own way, addressing the English and ignoring the Church; the way in which to treat applications for dispensation from Fasting, which become numerous, and a Programme to greatly shorten Evening Prayer, which found one supporter. At 4, to House of Lords to meet Dibdin; 4.30, to Standing Committee of House of Lords to get my Patronage Bill through; 5.30, House, to treat Halifax's Divorce Bill, amending the Act by which clergy are compelled to lend their Churches for re-marriage of a guilty Divorcee. Grimthorpe treated this relief as an attempt to ensure the "Supremacy of the Clergy," and vituperated the Archbishop of York as a Solon and a Janus. I never saw spite so open in the House before. Salisbury treated him as having made the best speech possible in favour of the Bill, as attacking the Bishops and the E. C. U. together, and having no argument against it. Herschell committed himself to explain that Churches should not be used for such purpose. I advise Halifax to stick to his measure of relief simply, and leave it to the Chancellor to introduce a more drastic measure in favour of the Church.

Entertained 40 Bishops at Lambeth at dinner. Thankful for a good night's rest.

Early in June he was at Addington for a brief holiday. He writes of a visit to a certain parish:—

Curious Church utterly destroyed by restoring. Has never had a chancel proper—flat East end of 12th century, with three Norman arches (originally) above with tiny lights and three closed below. In the Font a model of a font; excuse that the Font would not hold water. It had water standing in it. 900 people and no resident dissenting minister—and yet three chapels. These are the melancholy instances of how we can render "our good" ineffectual by inattention.

To the Archbishop of York.

(*Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
Trinity Sunday, 1895.

DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

Dunraven finds himself unable to alter the day he fixed for D.W. Sister Bill, so that it stands and will stand for the 25*th* inst.

The resistance of the Bench is more vital than ever, for doubtless we shall lose many supporters who will say "Since the Church is kept scot-free I do not see why Dissenting Ministers and the Registries should not be allowed to marry D.W.S.'s to their brothers if they like."

But we have to resist the introduction of the *principle*, and not contend only for ourselves. In this I know you will agree with me. But I am anxious about two points. I want you to take your Archiepiscopal position in the House, and I have already spoken at length four or five times on that subject.

Would it not be well that you should this time speak for the Bishops, and let me only in two sentences say that this time I shall not trouble them with remarks, when you have handled the subject—only that my mind is as ever, and more so.

I think that this would in several ways be the best course, and hope you will assent to it.

Yours ever affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 11th of June he writes:—

Letters. Cholmondeley Trust Funds distribution with Archbishop of York and Bishop of London, 11—2. 3.30—5, Board of Missions, where the business was interesting, but especially a long and careful memorandum prepared by Sir Charles Turner on the Disabilities legally attaching to Christian natives in India. This Board is the wonder of the fussy; it does work so large, so thorough and so solid that they think it does nothing. 5.15—6.30, Lady A. B. and Mrs C. to discuss my "enquiry" into the Kilburn Sisterhood. I told them that I had done my best and had nothing satisfactory to report, and as she had desired, I gave Lady A. her papers back. They were bent on learning all I had

done, and I had to lie low. They too think I have done nothing, and Lady A.'s countenance expressed scorn and wrath. The fact is the Kilburn Sisterhood is a dissenting community owning no Bishop or authority of any kind. And there are no worse mines under the Church than such bodies.

Holy Communion early in Chapel. How vividly I remember reading Newman's Sermon on St Barnabas at Seaton Carew 50 years ago—in 1845—when I was there with those dear cousins and was aet. 15. "The son of consolation, a Levite."

On the 18th of June he says:—

Devotional meeting of Bishops at Lambeth all day. Bishop of Peterborough gave four excellent addresses, one on the κρυπτὸς ἄνθρωπος τῆς καρδίας[1] as a scientifically true idea and the one important spiritual fact in us, our Personality, and three others on 1 St Peter—very clever, searching, epigrammatic. But the day was severe, as at meals also we read aloud two very beautiful Sermons of Dean Church's. Rode an hour.

On the 19th he writes:—

Meeting of Bishops here, a good, wise, brotherly meeting. The Bishop of London favours "hammering away" with Bills on Temperance, though they will not be carried. I think it more important for the Church to carry very much smaller measures *through*, and not introduce what will not be carried. I do not care how slowly she advances if it *is* advance.

I read a long memorandum to the Bishops on the conduct of the Kilburn Sisterhood in respect of the enquiry which I undertook to hold. The Bishop of Lincoln spoke with much earnestness of the harshness of temper produced by a rule of obedience—a wilful as opposed to a natural obedience.

Dined with Bishop of London. A discussion on portraits of George Montaigne[2] which have got confused at Fulham with the portraits of Bishop King, 1621.

[1] "The hidden man of the heart," 1 Pet. iii. 4.

[2] Bishop of London, 1621—1628. When the See of York was vacant in the latter year, the Bishop said to the King, "Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard-seed, thou wouldst say unto this Mountain" (at the same time laying his hand upon his breast), "be removed into that See." The King at once told the Dean and Chapter to elect him, but he died in London on the very day that he was enthroned by commission at York. See his Life by Mrs A. Murray-Smith in vol. 38 *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

The new Deceased Wife's Sister Bill not making it obligatory on clergy to perform such marriages, but in fact forbidding it, will win many votes of those who say, "I was not going to let the Church be bullied, but I shan't interfere to prevent N. C.s contracting such marriages if they like."

On the 20th he wrote:—

Accession, Holy Communion in Chapel. 11—3, Dr Spence Watson[1] and Mr Twiggs before Lords Select Committee on Sunday Bill. Dull. In spite of their protestations the Sunday lectures have had many political subjects of a radical kind. We were beginning on the other side with a man who seemed likely to be equally dull and more cast iron, but of whom I should have had some amusement but for being compelled to go. I fear my own Trojans much more than the Danaans.

Dined with the Portsmouths. Chamberlain there. After we walked through the garden, through little cloisters, etc., Chamberlain said "One never can see enough of these wonderful places—most *fascinating*, etc., etc." Great appreciation of Worcester Cathedral.

June 24. Sate 11—4 in Lords Committee of Sunday Bill. A good witness C. Hill. At 4.30, H. Lords very full and the galleries of ladies, and the reporters' gallery a mass of men.

Rosebery briefly announced in fewest words imaginable that he had a communication to make which all would anticipate and that Lord Salisbury had been sent for by the Queen[2]. That it was the desire of the Government that only non-contentious business should be taken. Nothing could be more flat. But Rosebery looked cheerful and contented. Halifax, not certain that the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill to-morrow would be considered non-contentious, instantly withdrew his own Divorce Amendment Bill which was much less contentious, so that the other might have no chance. A question was asked to make sure, and the Duke of St Albans said that the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was not a contentious one, and in Lord Dunraven's absence he would say that it should be taken. Both sides of the House laughed loud. And Rosebery said that ever since he had been in Parliament, "that question had rent the House." St Albans said he meant

[1] President of the National Liberal Federation.

[2] The Rosebery Ministry were defeated by 7 votes during the Army Estimates on the question of the storage of cordite. They at once resigned.

"in a party sense," but promised not to bring it up. And then we adjourned. And so in this quick and indifferent manner the Government died, "not being desired." And the stars in their courses have yet once more fought against that bad Bill. If R. had refused the Premiership on Gladstone's retirement he would have become a great power by this time.

On June 25th he says:—

Lord Salisbury not in the House, so that nothing was done. Not returned from Windsor. Has received no pledges from the late Ministry that they will assist in passing Supply and not hinder the closing business of the Session. If he does not receive them and therefore declines office, and this Ministry returns, all the Bills so neatly disposed of will return in virulence. People find it difficult to believe they will behave so ill. There is great excitement visible in most directions. The only Bill discussed was "The Seal Fisheries," very appropriate[1].

Rode at 11 in Battersea Park. Extraordinary change of that quiet place into a spectacle of ladies cycling and doing with elegance what men so misshape themselves in. The road through the park full of the most brilliant carriages, and carriagefuls, and of endless people on foot. The quiet silent place where we met nobody and enjoyed its beauty the more, has simply transferred "The Row" to itself. But one must be proud of the fresh sweet looking English girls in shoals. Idleness, however idle, is in England industrious.

Dined at Middle Temple, lured by "No Speeches" on the card. A large body of Benchers and guests. The French Ambassador made a long and elegant speech in English. I had to propose Lord Rosebery, which I did with interest. It is a historical week. I sat near the two R. Catholic Judges—the Chief Justice[2]

[1] An incident which occurred on this day was probably in the Archbishop's mind. Lord Salisbury, in relating it, said that, in view of possible War Office requirements, he had thought it desirable that that Secretaryship of State should be filled without an interregnum, and asked Mr Campbell-Bannerman, the retiring Minister, to place the seals in Her Majesty's hands before his colleagues gave up theirs. This, after consulting Lord Rosebery, Mr Campbell-Bannerman declined to do. A wrangle ensued in the House of Lords, and Lord Kimberley accused Lord Salisbury "of sending his private secretary, very much as he might have sent his footman, to ask for Mr Campbell-Bannerman's seal."

[2] Lord Russell of Killowen, after serving for a short time as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, became Chief Justice on July 3, 1894.

and Mathew[1]. Very pleasant both. It was odd that Chamberlain[2] who had accepted should not come, and Rosebery who had declined wrote again to ask to come—both from the same cause.

On July 1st he writes:—

Lords Committee on Sunday Observance. Very busy.

The extraordinary appearance of the House of Lords, the ministry having "changed over" and Lord Halsbury being again on the woolsack. The benches right of the throne were so crowded that two of the Bishops' benches were occupied by Lay Lords, and one Lay Lord was on mine. The Liberals who sat formerly on this side had also the Liberal Unionists and the Bishops, so that their side of the House did not look so thin. But now they have the whole left of the Throne to themselves only, and most forlorn and sparse they looked.

To his son Arthur.

(*On an Essay on Keble.*)

CHENIES, RICKMANSWORTH.
July 1st, 1895.

DEAREST ARTHUR,

I have been talking over your Keble with an authority *here*. And we agree that you have not done him quite justice. At least the justice is shortly put.

But we ought to consider that whatever weight he gives to "precedent, rule, authority," it was in his time an *original* step, and sign of *originality* to give *any*. It was a stroke of genius to recover such a tone and impart it. Besides J. H. Newman always kept the Birthday of the Oxford Movement on July 14, i.e. the day when Keble preached his sermon—as "*tuus* Laudius" preached his before Abbot. They both made revolutions by a single sermon and that is surely originality.

Ever your loving father,

ED. CANTUAR.

[1] As recently as 1898, the Chief Justice and the three senior puisne Judges (Hawkins, Mathew and Day) of the Queen's Bench Division, were Roman Catholics.

[2] He became Secretary for the Colonies.

On the 9th of July the Canterbury Diocesan Conference met at Lambeth. The Archbishop presided, and delivered the speech already quoted on the Papal Letter "*Ad Anglos.*"

On July 11th he says:—

Brim, my butler, married and a feast here and a flower show in the field. The blessing of good servants like ours is one of the best things we have in life. Few people in our class of life would stand more than an equal comparison with Elizabeth Cooper (nobody like her), William Newberry, Mrs Cave, Mrs Jones, Brim himself, and my own servant Clarke, and Sarah—to say nothing of good footmen and good maids. And there are few people who deserve the gratitude which they do for service loyally rendered and anxiety to do their duty in the best form as well as substantially.

Dined with twenty old Edwardians[1]. Grave men and hard workers—bald, bearded, grey, hairless—and nearly all of them born since I went at 11 years old to their school. They have done good service. Nine or ten of them are resident Fellows in Cambridge, and it is wholesome to hear how the spirit of the School keeps up. "Amant quae amabamus."

On July 13th he says:—

A most interesting call from Mr Kindersley, late Vice-Chancellor[2]. He implores me to appoint a Sunday early in the year for Intercession for the Land, to stay the disastrous condition of Agriculture—not like other causes, because the *Land* is God's. He has a beautiful face and expression, and I have seldom been more touched than by this great layman and lawyer and perfect gentleman. The "Rogation Days" are too late in the year—the mischief done—and Sunday alone now available for farmers and working men.

British Museum—glad to have Sir F. Leighton back at work with us. Huxley[3] a great loss.

Seventy artisans came to the Chapel for me to give them

[1] King Edward's School, Birmingham.

[2] This is an error. Mr E. L. Kindersley of Clyffe, Dorchester, was the eldest son of Sir Richard T. Kindersley, Vice-Chancellor, 1851—1866.

[3] Died at Eastbourne, June 29.

a talk on its history and aspect—my usual talk, Continuity, Indestructibility—Comprehensiveness.

On the 14th, his 66th birthday, he writes:—

Preached in the afternoon to a full Church, of men only. These services are becoming remarkable. A more attentive and sensible-looking congregation one could not have. They brought their own band. They have sent me letters and presents on my birthday, my 66th. They rang peals on the Church bells for it. I pray God this singular and sudden reaction is not political.

The General Election was now going on. On the 15th of July he notes:—

Instituted the new Dean of Canterbury in Chapel with the usual prayers. Lord Salisbury's majority of seats to-night is 103 against 14. The rejection of Sir William Harcourt by Derby is the most startling thing ever known in elections. (The leader of the House from the stronghold of Liberalism by a change of 3000 votes—2000 his former majority, 1100 his present minority!) The injustice of his Local Option Bill has had effect. The general belief is that our Committees for the Defence of the Church in Wales (which are now 6000 in number altogether) have in their peaceable way, without any politics, produced this immense effect in politics, and will do more elsewhere. A little work at Cyprian, and settling with Stanford my map of Carthage. The Archaeological Atlas of the Ministry of War arrived in the nick of time.

The largest poor party we have ever had; I preached to the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind in the Chapel. It was over full, but oh! for the spirit which dwells on some of their suffering faces as the trial of life draws nearer its end.

The scurrility of the Roman Catholic press (English) is a portent.

On July 17th he writes:—

The election is proceeding in the most extraordinary manner—one general exclamation; "Sir William Harcourt turned out at Derby!"

I have had the Arms of all my predecessors since Lanfranc, 61 in number—the first 10 or so fictitious grants—carefully blazoned and put up on the panelling of the Guard Room. I

have had 40 blank shields put up for my successors and for the edification of Disestablishment.

The Duke and Duchess of York with other very good people dined here. Lord and Lady Salisbury were called away. Their Royal Highnesses were really interested in things. I showed them both the volume of Divers Letters of the Royal Family containing a good many from James, Duke of York to Charles II., docketed "from my brother," and a good many from Henrietta Maria to Charles in exile, all addressed "To the King," or "Au Roy," and beginning with "monsieur mon Fils!" They both of them spelt out several of these.

On the 21st of July he writes:—

Thunder and a deluge. My last evening at Lambeth, at least this year. Six months gone indeed like a shadow, and rather a dark one; gone yet abiding. A life with so much to do that none can be done *well* and so complicated with traditions of what is essential that much is not worth doing—and character and ὁ ἔσω ἄνθρωπος[1] what becomes of *him*? and what *is* to become of him? Miserere is the only word which can be written over this half year (and nearly *all* others)—Yes, Omnium annorum meorum, Dn̄e? omnium dierum, miserere, miserere.

In the course of July the Archbishop went on a pastoral tour in his Diocese. On July 23rd he wrote:—

With Mr Randolph[2] of Chartham and E. L. Ridge[3] drove to Waltham, Pelham, Elmstead, Hastingleigh, and Arundale. 10.30 a.m. to 8.45 p.m.

A fine and healthy region, in height 600—300 feet above the sea, which you can see, but so lonely, and everywhere old great houses, either by the present or the late owners wasted and come to nought, the Clergy the only cultivated residents. At Elmstead, Collett[4] and his sister, delightful people, wholly surrendered to the good of these people, with their nice *uplifting* house, through long years of lonely work—fine old farms now dwelt in only by a bailiff—relics of old forces for good succeeded in the Church by even better new ones, but these the only stay.

[1] The inner man.
[2] Rev. Cyril Randolph, Rector of Chartham since 1873.
[3] Rev. Ernest Lawrence Ridge, Domestic Chaplain.
[4] Rev. Anthony Collett, now Vicar of Bredhurst, Kent.

Over many many square miles Disestablishment could have but one effect—the restoration of barbarism. Agriculture seems to be only just holding its own—one field we saw gone out of cultivation, and all crops and the brown shrunken hops themselves, only just keeping a balance on the side of gain.

Thatching and working of flints not quite gone out as crafts.

In Arundale Church a magnificent incised stone of a Priest—and a loving little circle of glass—coronation of Virgin, in top of a window.

To the Bishop of Dover.

(*On the Form of Installing the Dean of Canterbury.*)

NACKINGTON.
23rd July, 1895.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

The right and ancient Form is undoubtedly {Ita / Sicut} me Deus adjuvet et {haec sancta Evangelia. / sancta Dei Evangelia.} "So help me God and His Holy Gospels."

It meant very grandly that in the hour of death and in other great crises the Gospels will be our comfort and stay.

The *per* is no doubt an insertion of Puritans who held that it was superstitious to invoke the aid of the Gospels—having first themselves introduced a superstitious notion into what was meant. "W. Cant." is Howley's signature and he was a scholar who would thoroughly understand it, and rightly drew his pen through the *per*. I hope you will not keep it in. The Lambeth MS. is not likely to be more right.

I hope you will have the oath on the Gospels taken rightly and dignifiedly. Not a poky little book held in the hand. But a fine large copy on a desk on the holy table or better still held by someone upon his breast with the top leaning back below his chin—and Bible open at the Gospels—or *else* the Book of the Gospels for the Communion.

Yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On July 27th he sums up his experiences of his Diocesan tour:—

I have seen then all I could from three centres working hard, 28 churches with their pastors, churchwardens and others of the

parishes. There is reason to be happy. The Church is clearly everywhere alive and working. The buildings are almost always in beautiful order, or if otherwise, preparations are being made for their restoration. The places are often so lonely that the resident clergyman and his family dwell among them to the highest purpose. No one else there. The gentry and the farmers are very severely punished by agricultural depression—almost despairing. Only two clergymen struck me as inadequate, one porcine, and his Church carelessly kept, the other active with a kind of selfishness—but still all good to look at. The tone is decidedly high church. There is much dissent, often hereditary and ancient, but no bitterness—one Board School seemed as good as possible religiously, the mistress said, "We can't quite keep doctrine out of a hymn".... The historic and family history of some of the Churches is immense. The scenery has been charming, mere pleasure. The churchwardens are excellent fellows, without exception earnest for the good of the Church. Many of the clergy evidently devote large means of their own to the work—nearly all the Livings are impoverished.

We lunched at Milsted Manor, delightful reception by Tyldens[1], a Priest's chamber quite comfortable, cleverly contrived through the bookshelves of the Library.

On the 29th he went to Winchester to attend the funeral of his friend Bishop Thorold. He says:—

July 29th. Laid in his holy grave, chosen by himself, beside the south of the Lady Chapel at Winchester, the frail, severely tortured remains of my dear and devoted friend, Antony Thorold. A manful spirit, a scarcely endurable physique, the most loving temper. He has spent £8000 in putting Farnham into perfect order, and has generously bestowed furniture, carpets, and curtains (as well as portraits which he had had painted), on his successors for ever. His chivalrous aim was to make Farnham a place which his successors could occupy without crushing themselves with debt. He began as a very strong Evangelical, and never lost his Evangelical piety—but through observation of good work, he grew tolerant, and then friends with the best high churchmen in his Diocese.

The Cathedral was crowded, almost as when he and Selborne

[1] Richard James Tylden and his wife.

were sitting side by side and I preaching to the Wykehamists so short a time ago. Both gone—and I — —

It was a singular thing that at Winchester an impression prevailed that a Bishop was to be buried with face to West. It was so done. In the night the position was reversed.

On the 2nd of August he writes:—

Bishop of Rochester telegraphed from Durham on his way to Scotland to ask to come for the night, and came.

After detailing certain particulars as to the manner in which the See of Winchester had been offered to the Bishop, and as to the communications which had passed by telegram, the Diary continues:—

He saw his doctor on the way here, who strongly counselled him to accept it when offered, though he thought the work at Rochester too severe. The immense number of evening Confirmations, and the ceaseless worry about raising money for his poor Diocese, are the points which Barlow fears for him.

Rochester having reached Durham on his way to Scotland telegraphed and came straight back to Addington to consult me. But there is nothing to consult about. Nothing to consider further than by the single prayer to be kept back if it were wrong, for to all human sight it is most right.

On the 3rd of August he writes:—

Dined at Sir John Lubbock's to meet the Geographers from their Congress. Prince Buonaparte[1], who described the present state of things in France as a Guerre Religieuse—he thought the fact of the Pope's being Italian had no bearing on French feeling, in spite of the fact that in Italy he is held to be an enemy of progress. The temporal claims affect the feeling of Italy but not of France. Vambéry[2] was there, a very lively interesting man, a Protestant apparently, as he attributed all the hopes of Hungary to Protestants—their Primate has £120,000 a year, no bishop less than 200,000 florins, £20,000, not well spent, many retainers. No longer the "civilisers" as when their endowments arose, "we shall take them." Full of interesting stories; "England the only

[1] Probably Prince Napoleon Victor Buonaparte, grandson of Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia, b. 1862.

[2] Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Pesth.

country where the first question is not 'Who is his father?' I am the son of a beggar-woman. Myself was a servant till I was 18. I was with the Sultan one day, he gave me a letter to translate into Turkish. It was from yourself to Sir P. Currie[1] or Sir W. White[2]. You said politics were not to be mingled in religion. The Sultan was much pleased."

On August 12th he writes:—

The flattest ceremony I ever beheld was the opening of Parliament to-day. About 20 Lords and four Bishops. No front Government bench—and about 30 or 40 ladies—a small attendance of the Commons to choose their Speaker.

The tremendous Conservative victory leaves people quite indifferent.

On August 13th he writes:—

The opening Service of Convocation in St Paul's. Dean Wickham preached a scholarly, lucid, flowing, and altogether admirable sermon in Latin on "Fidelis est Deus." The great procession sang "Exsurgat Deus" all the way up from the West door where I was received with my eight Chaplains and Hugh as Crucifer, by the Dean, Chapter and Clergy. The Choir was occupied by Convocation itself, and there was the old pulpit put up which one sees in the picture of Queen Anne's Thanksgiving. There was an immense mass of people under the Dome who could hear the noble music and follow it—but not the sermon. The Service was Exsurgat—Litanies sung by Sarum and a Minor Canon, Veni Creator, Sermon, Gloria in Excelsis, Benediction. I sat in the proper stall, middle of Choir, South side. Campbell and Hugh below me. Bishop in his Throne. A bad time of year and only four Bishops. But they are not "careful" in these things. Two wrote to excuse themselves from the "formal" part of the procedure.

On the 14th he went for a holiday to Malvern where he had taken a house. He writes:—

Aug. 14th. With Lucy, Maggie and dear wife to Strathmore, West Malvern—easy and pleasant journey. Beautiful region—

[1] Now Ambassador at Constantinople.
[2] Formerly Ambassador at Constantinople.

view of Black mountain not clear—walked with Lucy up towards Worcestershire Beacon. New comfortable house.

On the 15th of August the Archbishop says:—

The people are a lively conversible set, very different from Kentish—old women and men at work all have a joke with one. "In my 90th year on 1st of September—I have had my stick" (a tall one which she could use with both hands) "a long while, it's getting rather slight with wear. My hearing is rather *daffish*," for this word she substituted *thick*, and would not use it again. "Your water is beautiful here," to a young man laying down pipes. "Yes, the *water* is good enough," with a little stress on water; his merry-faced elder companion remarks, "Wants a little *mixing*."

On the 20th of August he writes:—

Wrote to —— a very long letter because he was to be blamed. Went to Priory Church to Evening Service, and afterwards over it and its windows, which are mainly intelligible. They prefer not to understand them. Their blue and white effect is most touching and elevating, but our best people have so little notion of worshipping. Took tea with the dear old Saint Isaac Gregory Smith—who still writes Latin Verses and epigrams. How can a man be a Parson without? He was so modest that he waited in North Porch for us, until I heard of it and sent for him to come and show us all. In no respect a modern, but a most saintly man and accomplished gentleman. May such as he bridge the space between the "antique time" and a newer day.

On August 21st he notes:—

Walked in evening to top of Worcestershire Beacon and of North Hill. Another still of those gorgeous hazy days in which the plains look Elysian and the sun goes as red as Hyperion to his palace.

Heavenly-tempered letter from ——, Ps. xxxiv. 18.

Discussed with the Duchess the Temperance Reform which to *me* seems practicable and obtainable. "Temperance Legislators" are Dog and Shadow.

The English love of travelling and country. On the top of the Worcestershire Beacon a huge rough-looking man with gentle manners took off his hat to Lucy. The man who had driven her women's excursion van down from Lambeth to

Addington a fortnight since—*here* with wife and children and his "mate" for a holiday, all looking happy and fresh.

Man and woman mending their big cart in which they travel with ironmongery. Their horse took fright and dashed it and all their goods to pieces yesterday. "We ain't used to gipsying. The doctor told me I should die of the heart if I didn't live in the open air most of the summer." Said he was a Madresfield man, and I found he knew the names and towers or spires of the villages round.

On August 22nd he says:—

Went to Dean of Worcester's[1] and to Cathedral—a finer interior than I remembered, but spoilt by Scott, and too spick and span. All the tombstones have been removed from the floor and laid remote from their own relics in the crypt. The Bishops' effigies have been moved about and arranged symmetrically and no one knows who is who. Very characteristically one of the dignitaries, showing me the Chapel which, by the help of Bodley and W. Morris, young Lord Beauchamp[2] has arranged and furnished in a beautiful, peaceful manner, remarked, "It was a great pity! Lord Beauchamp positively refused to go to any of the Ecclesiastical Art places, and there was no help for it." Great liberality has been exercised. I remember nearly fainting many years ago when I found the Marian stalls removed, the screen gone, and a few poor stalls and *canopies bent* round the piers, acquiescing in the low estate of Sion.

From a boy I have prayed that God would revive the spirit which built Cathedrals—henceforth I pray that first we may know how to use those we have. (There is a Jesus Chapel here as at Malvern also!)

On August 23rd he went to see an old pupil, Lord Hampton. He notes:—

August 23. Went to call on the Hamptons at West Malvern —with their nine fine children and their second boy going to Wellington at just the age at which *he* came there himself.

Henry Acland came and took me a walk to show me the most ancient granitic rock and the coral reefs within ten minutes from here. We were joined by a working man, Wickham, who

[1] Very Rev. R. W. Forrest.

[2] Now Governor of New South Wales.

bottles soda water, taught Acland his geology, is going to conduct a party to some "sly quarries" to-morrow—gave us excellently his views on the formation of the country—is very much devoted to Economics—very hostile to Christianity, and has his sitting-room full of Hegel and Kant. No one dares to argue with him, but he is a little sobered by finding that some of the lecturers in the University Extension Scheme know more than he does himself.

On the 24th he went to stay with the Bishop of Worcester; he says:—

August 24th. Went with M. to Hartlebury, which I had never seen. One of those fine old (red sandstone) "modern Gothic" great houses which is growing almost beautiful through distances of time. A broad noble moat partly made into a rich flower-garden by Bishop Hough[1], and partly in its beauty of smooth water and water-lilies. Here, as at Durham, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners make the Bishop rent his own park, reserving all timber rights, and leave it thoroughly neglected and untidy because they will have no local agent but leave all to Cluttons[2] who cannot do it. Twenty beautiful elms were blown down in the avenue last March and still lie there lopped and not cut up. Centralisation is the step to dispersion in all things.

Many interesting things in the house and particularly the noble Library with all sorts of marvels. Bishop Hurd[3] was the donor of all sorts of good things, and the doer; George III.'s friend and the author of the "Religious Ceremonies of all nations," which excited and spoilt my Sundays when I was ten years old.

The site has been the Bishop's house since 820; the old castle, all but a corner, has been used up into the house buildings.

On the 28th he went to stay with Lord Norton at Hams to meet Mr Gladstone. He writes:—

August 28th. Wrote some of my short essay on Sixtus II. and came to Lord Norton's at Hams, picking up Mr Gladstone at Birmingham. A large ring of people to see him and cheers

[1] John Hough, whom the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, manfully elected President, in preference to Anthony Farmer, the nominee of James II.

[2] Surveyors in Whitehall Place, who act for the Ecclesiastical Commission.

[3] Hurd refused the Primacy in 1783. The King, Queen, and Duke of York visited him at Hartlebury and Worcester.

as train went off and he bowed to them. Lord Leigh[1] and daughter Agnes, Viscount Peel, Sir Frederic Peel[2] and wife, Mr Cholmondeley, two of the young ladies.

August 29th. A good deal of talk with Mr Gladstone. He is bent on having "Palmer on the Church" republished. The rigid parts about non-episcopal Churches replaced by a later paper of his and the whole brought up to date. Gave an interesting account of it which perhaps he only, as he says, possesses. Archbishop Howley very much impressed by the first edition, wrote to the author, and subsequent editions were by his permission dedicated to him. It went through four or five editions in three years. Numerous secessions caused an instant cessation of the study of all the literature connected with that movement. This book ceased to be read entirely. But Döllinger said of it first, "That is the man who knows what he is about," and afterwards (to Gladstone himself), "If that book is published properly edited it will make a revolution in Europe in Church matters." Greig[3] of Cottenham has been at work on it. "So has M. McColl[4], but he has not the knowledge for it." Mr Gladstone wants "The Historic Society" to take it up and examine it. Cardinal Penone said Palmer was "Theologorum Oxoniensium facile princeps."

Went with him, Lord Norton, my wife and others of our party over to Drayton. The new Sir R., who came in a fortnight ago, is busy in putting everything to rights, cleaning and re-hanging pictures, caring for Library, and in every way house and garden are coming into beautiful order in this short time.

He received us most kindly and was keen to show us everything.

I would have given anything if I could have had a shorthand writing machine with me. I never saw such interest in anything as Mr Gladstone took in every point. He had not been to the house for 60 years[5]. There is a wonderful collection of paintings and busts of statesmen—nine Prime Ministers, including Lucas' painting of Gladstone himself. There are several

[1] Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire since 1856.

[2] Second son of the great Sir Robert; a Railway Commissioner.

[3] Rev. David Greig.

[4] Canon of Ripon: author of *The Sultan and the Powers &c.*

[5] In 1835 he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies under Peel. It is strange that he did not visit Drayton again before Peel's death in 1850.

of Lawrence's pictures. The bust of Peel the Minister himself was bought by the *last* Sir Robert at the Aberdeen sale. Aberdeen came up and said, "That bust has been sold by mistake. It was not intended. Pray let me have it back." Sir R. refused, and being afraid about it, waited till a wheelbarrow which he had sent for came, and himself wheeled it to Whitehall Gardens. W. E. G. spoke of Disraeli's attacks on Peel. Young Sir R. said, "My mother told me that when someone remonstrated with D. on this he said, 'Oh, it is only as a small dog barks at a large one.'" But Mr G. said, "I know a good deal more about that story and I'll tell you. When he was remonstrated with he said, 'I attacked him because he was the only man by attacking whom I could bring myself really forward.' The story of the dogs is superficial, but that I tell you shows how deep, *deep, deep down here* the motive was. Disraeli's career is, taken from first to last, *the* most extraordinary of any political life I know of. No one can write it. I could write it better, I know more of it, than anyone. Pitt's early life was full of course of a strange romance—but, taken all through, Disraeli's was the most strange that ever was."

He said that Sir R. Peel and Prince Albert had the conscience burdened with public duty "more than any two people he had ever known. A most noble sense of duty."

Haydon's[1] picture of Napoleon at St Helena looking at the sky over the sea just after sunset was at the end of the dining-room, and Sir R. gave us Wordsworth's sonnet. Mr G. immediately replied that Manzoni's Ode[2] was far finer and might have been the theme on which the picture was painted. And he sat down and wrote the verse out straight for him. Books of autograph letters very good.

The old Sir R. preserved every letter written to him in so perfect a way that Stanhope and the others who were to write

[1] Haydon committed suicide on June 22, 1846, having been assisted a week earlier by Peel, then Premier, with a present of £50. It was the height of the Corn Law Crisis. On the 16th the artist wrote in his journal:—"Sat from two to five o'clock staring at my picture like an idiot, my brain pressed down by anxiety, and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to —— &c. &c. Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli; harassed by public business; up came a letter from Sir Robert Peel."

[2] See Manzoni's *Poesie Varie* (Ed. of 1843), Ode VI, *In Morte di Napoleone.*

his life, could not face the mass of them, and the biography will never be written[1].

Mr Gladstone said last night that the most ungentlemanly thing ever done in the House of Commons was done by the most gentlemanlike of mankind. John Bright said that "Ireland was standing waiting for England to do her justice"—(of course in finer language), but he unfortunately resorted to Latin, and said "*passis crinis*"—There was a dead silence in the House. Everyone in a constrained, perfectly maintained silence till he went on. John Manners had the execrable taste afterwards to allude to his Latin quotation. "It was the vilest thing I ever heard done there." Lord Peel said, "I think he only just in passing said, 'in spite of his eccentric Latin.'" But Mr G. would not be appeased and repeated that it was "vile." "Was it," I asked, "really the *worst* thing he had ever heard said?" and he replied, "The worst." (So much for "classes and masses.")

August 30th. Went with Lord Norton, Mr Gladstone, Helen G. and my dear wife to Stoneleigh. Drove there and back. The interest and enthusiasm of Coleshill and the villages was most remarkable,—villagers all turning out and waving and cheering with the merriest faces. He sitting very quiet and looking old, though strong, and very seldom waving his hand or touching his wideawake with his forefinger.

Stoneleigh is really grand—the ancient part with its gables, its Norman doors, its undercroft quite beautiful, humble and simple and fit for good monks.

Mr Gladstone very interesting in the way of recollections etc. but apparently ceasing to have any interest in politics and measures. Says of politics what all politicians say who have done with them—"There will never be ideal politics—men and parties being in far too vast an admixture—it is a sorry concern."

He returned to Addington:—

Sept. 10th. Have had a few quiet days of extraordinary sunlight and heat—never able to ride till evening—and doing a good deal of work under the cedar where we have had tea daily till now—never before that I remember. Have done fairly at Cyprian.

[1] In 1891 one volume and in 1899 two more volumes appeared of "Sir Robert Peel from his private papers" edited by C. S. Parker. In this work the now celebrated letter from Disraeli of Sept. 5, 1841, sees the light, the letter asking for office and appealing to be saved "from an intolerable humiliation."

On the 30th of August the Archbishop published his Pastoral Letter on the Papal Encyclical; he was much dissatisfied with it and wrote to the Bishop of Durham:—

I have done my last to the letter as to the Papal Letter, etc. Would that it had gone from all, penned by you.

I am utterly dissatisfied and grieved over my part. But I can no more.

On Sept. 25th he writes:—

The Bishop of Calcutta[1] till Friday. A very wise strong man, full of gentleness and counsel and very fond of riding.

The Hogarths[2] too. He is an excellent scholar and archaeologist. I was delighted with the way in which he developed for me Kephron and Kobrathim out of Euseb. VII. 43. Delicious to see so much in the dark.

On Oct. 12th he says:—

Another lovely day. In the hedges roses are in flower among the scarlet hips. Rode by Fairchildes with Lucy and Fred. Interview with Blakiston on Assyrian accounts.

I pray that the tyrannous impotence of the Turk may be near its close. Armenians have done amiss. Who would not? But an Armenian provoked by horrors is an angel to a Turk in cold blood.

On Oct. 14th he writes:—

Received by telegram the sad news of the Bishop of Chichester's[3] death. Ever since 1877 he has been the kindest, tenderest, most judicious of friends. He was born in 1802 the same year as my father, and my father has been dead more than 50 years. He could walk several miles without fatigue—a year or two ago *twelve* miles. He *tripped* along, and it is not long since I could scarcely overtake him on the pavement. He made at the last Convocation and the Bishops' meeting before it, the brightest, clearest, most sensible and beautifully expressed speeches. Canon Philpotts used to say "he knew everything," and that his reputation was as a boy at Eton, the reputation of the best of scholars, the most

[1] Edward Ralph Johnson, Bishop 1876—1898.

[2] David Hogarth, afterwards Head of the British Archaeological School at Athens.

[3] Richard Durnford.

instructed in all interesting things, and the readiest. He was an excellent botanist. His knowledge of trees, their ways and their habitats was amazing. Of all the people I have known who visited him at Chichester, everyone has told me of the delight of a walk with him round his garden. He spoke French, Italian and German with a *verve* and a native *sound* which I have never heard equalled. I am told he spoke Spanish equally well, and that everywhere he had the wonderful gift of catching the patois of the peasants in a short time and talking easily with them. His quotations of Horace and Virgil and Greek poetry were most rapid and ready. He surpassed the Bishop of Hereford, and we shall have alas! to reckon him as almost the last of the quoters. Dante he quoted almost more often and with the greatest appreciation of the beauty of both sound and sense. The last time I saw him was in my Chapel. He was the picture of devotion and simplicity. His white hair, his eyes without glasses fixed on something before him, the reverent bend of his shoulders, his clasped hands as he sat unconscious of eyes, his bright, fresh, clear complexion, made him a perfect picture. He was of a generous spirit. He was a true Churchman without fads, an evangelical spirit with a true Ecclesiastic's love of peaceful order. I had a letter from him last week full of pain at a Brighton man's reservation of the Blessed Sacrament with rough defiance of his Bishop, and a setting of "Canon Law" above Rubric as settling the question! I was to see him on Thursday and bring him here with me to see how we could deal with this man and not go to the Courts.

On the 17th of Oct. he went down to Cambridge to dedicate the Chapel of Selwyn College; it was St Etheldreda's day, the 54th anniversary of the Consecration of Bishop G. A. Selwyn to the Bishopric of New Zealand. The Archbishop preached on the life and work of Bishop Selwyn: his hymn "Blessed City" was sung at Evensong.

The following letters are very characteristic of the Archbishop's love for children, and of the trouble he took to amuse them. He gave a doll, called by his desire Miss Addington, from its supposed home, to little Margaret Eden, aged five, the daughter of the Bishop of Dover. On giving her the doll he said he wished a Nurse for his

little daughter who was to be called Miss Addington. She was to be fed entirely on cotton wool.

Jan. 4th, 1895.

Tell Miss Eden that *this* Miss Addington is fast asleep under a white sheet tucked in all over—and that though it's very cold she has the white sheet only over her and no blanket. Poor thing!

Ten months later the Archbishop heard at Canterbury that the doll which he had given to Margaret had been dropped and had broken its nose. Whereupon he wrote to Margaret the following letter, supposed to be addressed to the doll.

To Miss Margaret Eden.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Oct. 26th, 1895.

MY DEAR MISS ADDINGTON,

I hear with great regret that a surprising fall has removed half your nose. I am truly sorry. I should not like it myself—but do not think it will spoil your beauty in the eyes of those who sincerely love you.

I hope it will comfort you to remember that other great persons have had serious falls. There was Humpty-Dumpty for instance. *He* must have been a *very* great man. For there was some talk of having out all the King's horses and all the King's men, to set him up. Of course we know they couldn't; though I believe no one knows which King it was.

I am sure the loss will not be fatal if only you stopped the bleeding. If you can prevent that until you can come here and breathe your native air all will be well. When you come you must bring kind Miss Eden, who never dropped you before and didn't mean to drop you then.

You and Miss Eden will be in charge of the whole family; and we hope soon to arrange all this, only you must promise not to drop the Bishop or Mrs Eden as you dropped yourself. I should have come to see you to-day but the sky cried so much I had to dry its tears and was too late.

Your affectionate friend,

EDW. C.

In November the Archbishop was ill and had to give up several engagements. He wrote to Canon Hutchinson :—

I have caught cold on cold until now I have for the first time what I suppose they would call a "touch" of Sciatica. It is a *brilliant* touch which that nymph has. But what is the use of complaining to a Marpesian Rock—of course you would *like* it if it were yours—and get stronger and stronger under it.

To the Bishop of Winchester.

ADDINGTON PARK.
12 *Nov.* 1895.

DEAREST WINTON,

I have not answered all this while your nice kind notes nor your most serviceable suggestions for replies on knotty points. But they have all been valued and loved and I have been too poorly to do more. Very sulky with nights 16 or 18 hours long and subacute sciatica and rheumatism and four really important engagements missed in London forbye the King of Portugal and a house full, and Rural Deans (ten out of them out of the house) and all their Reports, and Kilburn and Education all shot down on this unending ten days. And finally inability to sit to write. You with your renewed youth and might don't know what are the sorrows of a poor old man.

Ever yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On Nov. 20th he wrote:—

Went to Lord Salisbury and Duke of Devonshire[1] with a large deputation, near 300 strong, about 40 M.P.s, to urge the necessity of Government aid to the Voluntary Schools, and to present the Memorial of our Committee on the subject. The Bishop of London, Lord Jersey, and Sir Edward Clarke spoke as well on our side. The Duke examined the Memorial to point out Departmental difficulties, but with candour, and Lord S. carried them away with the fervour of his Churchmanship and readiness to help. But the last words of his speech appeared to me to convey a dangerous sound. "What we can do we must do quickly, and not despair if it takes time to prepare the sinews of war." Does this mean we

[1] Who had become Lord President of the Council.

shall have a small measure of relief from more disabilities at once and have to wait for anything like a real subvention? If so we shall not get it, for the House of Commons will never take two Education Bills this year—and I should "despair."

I took care to point out that we of the Church wanted Education to advance, not to be checked, as some falsely assert that we do—and also that we want not to diminish but to maintain subscriptions, and all church sacrifice for the great end, and that we cannot submit to painless extinction because the religion of the Board Schools is not ours, and "unsectarianism" is now a very dogmatic religion.

On Nov. 22nd he notes:—

A Bishops' Meeting to consider the course to be taken next Session as to Education, Temperance, Patronage.

With regard to the Archbishop's work in the cause of Religious Education, for which these years were a critical period, the Rev. J. S. Brownrigg, Secretary of the National Society, writes:—

When Archbishop Benson succeeded to the Primacy, the outlook for Church Elementary Schools was gloomy in the extreme. The Education Department had just introduced a new Code, which, though undeniably superior to the one which it replaced, had the effect of increasing the amount of voluntary subscriptions which it was necessary for Churchmen to provide for the proper working of their schools. Since 1870 the requirements of the Educational Department had increased the Expenditure in Voluntary Schools from an average of £1. 5*s*. 7½*d*. to £1. 14*s*. 9*d*., and there was now the certainty of a further increase. A series of bad harvests had paralysed many parts of the country, and squire, parson, and farmer were all at their wits' ends to make the two ends meet. A wholesale surrender of Church Schools was feared, but from the first the Archbishop proved a hopeful and a determined leader of the Church party. Associating with himself the Bishop of London, now his successor at Canterbury, Canon Gregory, now Dean of St Paul's, the Earl of Harrowby[1], Lord Sandford[2], Sir Francis

[1] Formerly M.P. for Liverpool, and Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

[2] Francis, first and only Baron Sandford, was for many years in the Education Office, and organised the system created by Mr Forster's Act of 1870. He afterwards became a Charity Commissioner.

Powell[1], Mr J. G. Talbot[2], Mr Stanley Leighton[3] and a few others, he left no stone unturned for placing Church Schools on a sounder footing. His first efforts resulted in the appointment of a Royal Commission in 1886 to enquire into the working of the Education Acts. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this Commission. Churchmen were enabled to show to the public by indisputable proofs, that in spite of overwhelming difficulties they were in their schools doing excellent work, and that in those schools no case could be cited where the provisions of the Conscience Clause were ignored. Every effort was made to prove the contrary, and one amusing incident in the proceedings of the Commissioners deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Those who were unfriendly to Church Schools thought they had discovered a case where religious teaching was given to a child who had been withdrawn—everything seemed to be going as they desired, and the school was as a matter of course concluded to be a Church School. Just, however, as the witness was leaving, a Commissioner insisted upon knowing its locality, and it was discovered to be a Board School.

The result of Archbishop Benson's labours during the first five years of his Primacy may be summarized in the statements that through the Royal Commission he forced the public to give attention to the work and to the difficulties of Church Schools.

The next five years were occupied on considering how the difficulties could be remedied. Churchmen were divided in opinion, some contending earnestly for Rate Aid—others being equally strenuous against it. Archbishop Benson was constantly called upon to preside and speak at meetings where the question was warmly discussed. His own feeling was strongly against Rate Aid. Over and over again he warned those who were advocating it that it was not practicable, and even if practicable would not be desirable. No one however who took part in the long series of discussions, public and private, during the five years which followed the Royal Commission, could fail to recognize and admire the Archbishop's courtesy and consideration for those who took the opposite view. During this period two important pieces of Educational Legislation came before Parliament—the Welsh Intermediate Education Act in 1889, and the Free Education

[1] M.P. for Wigan : treasurer of the Church Defence Institution.

[2] M.P. for Oxford University, and an Ecclesiastical Commissioner.

[3] M.P. for the Oswestry Division of Shropshire.

Act in 1891. Both of these contained much to which Churchmen took exception. No one realized their imperfections more thoroughly than the Archbishop, but he saw that the measures were inevitable, and that direct antagonism to them would place the Church in a false position, without averting their disadvantages. So far as the Welsh Intermediate Education Bill was concerned it would seem that Churchmen were persuaded into acquiescence with much that was objectionable by assurances and understandings that Church Endowments would be protected by the Charity Commissioners. Certainly the Churchmen of the Principality do not seem to have invoked the assistance of the Archbishop to discover the dangers which lurked under the Bill, and though it was largely amended, it was passed hurriedly, and has worked disastrously. For this no blame can attach to Archbishop Benson. We can only regret that he was not asked to give, what he certainly would gladly have given, a closer consideration as to what safeguards were essential. To the Free Education Bill of 1891, the Archbishop did give the most minute attention, and though he saw its dangers, he saw also that legislation, on those or similar lines, was inevitable. He was particularly considerate of his brethren in the North, and secured substantial modification of the original proposals in order to remedy the special hardships which the measure brought to those districts where high fees had been customary. His speech in the House of Lords was a masterly handling of the whole position, and the manner in which Managers overcame the varied difficulties in different parts of the country without any serious sacrifice of Church Schools was the result of the wise policy which he had dictated. He had secured that the Bill should become law without affecting the Trust Deeds of Church Schools or the liberty of Churchmen to give, subject of course to the Conscience Clause, the full Teaching of the Church.

But the last five years of Archbishop Benson's Primacy were, from an educational point of view, the most important. Voluntary Schools had established their position in the country beyond danger of dislodgment, but in the poorer districts they were seriously handicapped by the competition of rich Board Schools. It was evident to all concerned that some means must be devised for placing Voluntary Schools on more equal terms with their favoured rivals, who had at their command the purse of the Ratepayers. By what was known as the 17*s.* 6*d.* limit, Church Schools

were practically fined if they combined exceptional efficiency with poverty and economy. Church School Buildings were rated, and the rate so levied went towards the building and maintenance of Board Schools. The injustices were manifold and acknowledged by every fair-minded person, but the problem to be solved was how the "intolerable strain" was to be lightened without endangering the principles for which Church Schools existed. Churchmen could not sacrifice the right to teach fully to all children for whom their parents desired it, the full Faith of the Church. It was essential that managers should have the right to choose teachers who would do this and to dismiss those who failed to do it. These principles the Archbishop nailed to the mast, and in a series of Committees, Meetings, Conferences and Deputations at many of which he himself presided was never weary of enforcing them. He was never willing, however great the pressure might be, to accept any terms, however favourable they might seem, which imperilled even indirectly the principles which he considered vital. His last year saw the Education Bill of 1896 wrecked, because Churchmen were not united. One of the few who were not disheartened by its failure was the Archbishop. He went on his holiday after having arranged the plan of campaign for 1897, which his friend and successor Archbishop Temple carried, as its framer would have wished it, to a successful issue, which has placed Voluntary Schools on a more substantial foundation than they have ever occupied before.

Any account of Archbishop Benson's work for Elementary Education would be imperfect without some reference to the careful attention which he was willing to give to individual cases. Whenever a really hard case came under his notice, however small or apparently insignificant the school was, it secured his fullest interest. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

A small Leicestershire School was threatened with a new scheme which would seriously interfere with its Church character. There was no doubt as to the intentions of the Rector, who built and endowed it, but there were grave technical difficulties in the way. The Archbishop was suffering from a severe cold which almost amounted to influenza, and a long afternoon's work resulted only in failure to establish what was necessary, and the case was apparently put away for the day; but later the Archbishop, seriously ill as he was, returned to the papers, and worked on until he discovered a missing link which enabled him to save the school.

In recording the Archbishop's line of action with regard to Church Schools, it must not be forgotten that his attitude towards Board Schools was far more hopeful, and far more respectful than that of many of the so-called "Defenders" of religious education. "Churchmen must do their best in the most reverent, respectful and honourable spirit," he wrote in *Fishers of Men*, "to make Board Schools as religious and as good as possible. There are Board Schools with which our most acute and exacting inquirers declare themselves satisfied. There are many more in which the influence of the teachers is high and pure and strong[1]."

On December 22nd the Archbishop wrote:—

A most happy Ordination and Ember Week. Twenty men, unusually large. But also singularly good. Some distinguished men from Cambridge. None below the average. Hugh was first in the Priests' Examination, all his work good. But he has really been quite kindled by St Bernard. In the paper on his Life and times he got 98/100. A—— is a man who was far gone in Agnosticism, having flown off on miracles, but thought he would go deeper and has "beaten his music out" most truly. C——, grandson of a firebrand, has made himself a learned young Theologian and Hebraist, and has taken highest honours and is full of promise. D——, E——, F—— are *excellent*. And I never had a more devout set of men. This is full of blessing and promise.

On December 23rd he wrote:—

Bishop Cornish of Madagascar came. He is a very good conscientious man, and has been in his time a great power in the conversion of the Malagasy, and the organisation of a Church. There are 7000 or 8000 Christians, over a hundred schools, 18 native Clergy belonging to us. I find the French were already in the capital, Antananarivo, having just arrived, when he came to England to take a two years' furlough and stay over the Lambeth Conference. Moreover in answer to an interviewer he has said that the French having the responsibility of the Island our societies

[1] p. 48.

will certainly not wish to retain and maintain missions there. His utterance is in all the papers. He said he fully believed what he had said, and that there was no reason for his being now in Madagascar, because he had left such excellent men, Gregory, his own son, MacMahon, who were capable of arranging everything. I pointed out to him that the new French Resident was on his way there now, and that our schools were by no means secure. I asked whether all our converts were to be handed over to the Romanists, to be rebaptized and reordained. He said this was a difficulty. I could not convince him of the need of his presence, but shook him by asking him what he would think of the General who left his post to his Staff and crossed the globe for his own convenience. He finally promised to return and treat with the French Resident—in the first instance on Jan. 11, then to return again. I assured him that the S.P.G. and I would never under any circumstances consent to the withdrawal of our missionaries. Meantime MacMahon's station had been seized, and, I think, burned—the missionaries escaping to the capital. His impression is that the French will extrude the English! On the contrary I told him that with the French it would be a merely official Colony, but that the order and safety kept in the island would make it an attractive and extensive commercial settlement for the English.

To Canon Mason.

ADDINGTON.
Innocents' Day, 1895.

* * * * * *

It is 22 years to-day since I was installed Chancellor of Lincoln, and 43 since I stood with Lightfoot and saw the bones of the Innocents in S. Paolo fuori le mure. The seed of the fire-imposture, which might well grow up to burn the glorious temple to the earth!

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Bishop of Winchester.

(*On the Church of England being represented at the Czar's Coronation.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Dec. 27, 1895.

DEAREST WINTON,

It is very right and Catholic if the Czar should entertain the idea of inviting the English Church by representation to be at his coronation. I was much impressed by hearing before that he had thought so much about the relation of the Churches.

Good might come of it. I see only two forms of objection which could be raised. (1) Whether the state of European politics might affect the Church in any party interest, but that does not press for solution, and it is advantageous to assume that all will be well. It much helps things to *be* well. (2) That the Liberals might rail at the Church as on a despotic side, and the Protestants think that the road to Rome lies through an idolatrous Greek Church. Both of them are arguments in favour of the Church taking her stand. Enlightenment is what they want. I think there would be no opposition but from stupidity.

For the reasons you mention and others this Archbishop could not go. But I should be very glad (if the Queen approves in the first instance) to send the Bp of Peterborough as our representative and accredit him formally in that quality. (At Kieff I accredited two laymen with spacious letters.)

I do not think he ought to be invited personally. No step would be gained in goodwill between the Churches, only personal friendliness expressed. The Russian Ecclesiastics ought, I think, somehow or other to express satisfaction of their own.

The Bishop ought to go in the smartest clothes the law allows. No possible person could object to a Cope, and the late Lord Selborne maintained that Mitres *might*, and probably *ought* to, be worn by English Bishops at their functions. This I think would be right.

Ever yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On December 28th he wrote:—

I have put out a prayer for the good counselling from above of our rulers in the nations which are now locked together in a

living arch of mutual responsibilities and mutual fears. A firm arch, but not a stone of it can touch or drop upon anything within or beneath it. The Armenians are being exterminated in the regions which all those great nations required the Turk to rule better, and not one of them can stir hand or foot to help them, because England cannot herself gain anything from Turkey's being overthrown, and will not consent to Russia's gaining. On the other hand if we *did* stir, Russia would actually unite with Turkey and protect it (till the time came for the final hug) and France would side with Russia against us. To embarrass the government might entail untold misfortune, and the Duke of Westminster, after summoning a mass meeting to protest, has postponed it for fear of the embarrassment it might cause. Meantime I have been intensely anxious about the Assyrians. A syllable from Constantinople would send the Kurds in masses upon the people we work for and our missions.

And Mr Atkins, Treasurer of the Armenian Committee, in his invitation to join it, thought he ought to warn me of the risk my mission would run if I did, and Rustem Pasha's mysterious visit was undoubtedly a hint from the Turkish Embassy. Nevertheless the horror has mounted to such a height, that the whole Church, which has refrained itself sore against its will, is expecting and claiming to be led to prayer. It is not like a local case of a *limited* want. And while trying to make its clauses "*φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν*[1]" I have felt that the prayer must be issued now.

On December 29th he says:—

More than a week *ἀνήλιοι*[2]. Carol Service with 9 lessons this afternoon. Read a good deal of Dale on the Atonement. Can't imagine why he is not a Catholic. Only a few stilted phrases and the application to God of unworthy grand epithets letting be seen the Nonconformist. It is almost like the Unity which Christ prayed for, to find Romanist and Nonconformist alike so true and so *πληροφορηθέντες*[3] on this, in which lies all as in a casket.

[1] "Intelligible to the initiated," Pindar.
[2] Without the sun.
[3] "Fully convinced," Rom. iv. 21.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHURCHMANSHIP.

"Unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

TENNYSON.

IN 1877 my father had written:—

What more can I say, seeing that English Church-man-ship is ever the strength of my life, and the form under which God seems to have done everything for my people that is honest and lovely and of good report.

Looking back over my father's life there is perhaps no sentence that could be considered more characteristic of his attitude even from the time when he wrote from Cambridge to his friend, "If we do not now begin to think of the Church we shall never take any decided stand."

In 1882 when he visited Archbishop Tait for the last time, he passed in swift review the outcome of his life's work. He wrote to his wife:—

...I find some little comfort—though the loss will be awful personally now—and the blow great to all work—but I find some little comfort in thinking how no great Archbishop—and I suppose no great man—has ever put a finishing touch to his work. His has been toleration. Dissenters and High Churchmen all reverence him. The great Dissenting Ministers send most loving letters; Mackonochie is devoted to him.

Warham brought in the "New Learning," and no one knew what would become of it—Cranmer the Reformation and it was wiped away—Laud beautiful worship and it is ended—William III.'s toleration Bishops saw nothing come—Wake left Roman Catholics in spite of his efforts where they were—but all bore fruit which we feed on this day.

Of the fruit of his own life's work it is perhaps too early to speak, and in some ways it is more difficult to sum it. One may let his friends speak for him.

Of these one of the nearest—in constant wise counsel and intimate knowledge of the details of everything to which he put his hand,—is the Bishop of Winchester. Speaking in Convocation in January 1897, the Bishop said :—

.....Never in my life before have I been, and never certainly in my life again can I expect for the same number of years to be, on like terms of intimacy with any earthly friend. And, what is not always the case in the closest intimacies of our lives, each year, each day, on which I was brought into contact with the Archbishop, deepened for me the sense of his personal character and of his peculiar and special characteristics and powers..... Already in 1882, when Archbishop Tait died, Bishop Benson was to me a close friend, and then I was allowed to enter upon a relation of intimacy with him as his confidential secretary and Chaplain, an intimacy which, in another form, he honoured me by continuing to the close of his life three months ago. It is, I think, a unique experience, perhaps, to have had the opportunity of observing in succession two men so different as Archbishop Tait and Archbishop Benson, dealing day by day with precisely the same topics, and arriving, one may say, practically at precisely the same results, but by roads and channels which were by no means the same.....I suppose that it may be said, and truly, that Archbishop Benson did not possess some of the characteristics which are usually attributed, or regarded as necessary, to the full efficiency of one who occupies so great a position. He had not any innate capacity for public affairs as such. He had not, I think, any special or far-seeing wisdom as to the ultimate results

of a particular policy or line of action in the affairs of Church or State. He had not any special coolness in face of difficulty or opposition. All of these are characteristics which have belonged to other men who were far less men than he. He possessed what were greater gifts, greater characteristics, more fruitful endowments than any of these, and I believe that of no man who has ever filled the See of Canterbury will it be said hereafter with more truth that he "served his generation according to the will of God" before he "fell asleep." He served his generation—filled the particular place that was wanted at that moment, and discharged the particular duties which the Church of the hour called for and needed in its Archbishop. I have often asked myself what was the secret of his great power—a power and an influence which in his latter years at least was deservedly advancing by leaps and bounds. I should put first...his peculiar grasp of the great underlying religious principles of the Church's life. I have never seen any man who seemed in the same degree to be able to put the Christian Creed—not in its more general principles but in its details—into practical action in dealing with the passing questions of the hour; who was able in grappling with some of the questions of the day to go back as he did either to the Scriptures of the Old or of the New Testament, or to the annals of the Church's life in the early centuries, and find, not some ingenious verbal likeness or some fanciful analogy between this position and that, but, understanding the principles which had been effective long ago, to make those principles operative and effective in his work to-day. That has always seemed to me to be in his life and work and letters a characteristic which was all his own. His touchstone for the practical politics of the hour was found, and found effectively, in the Bible or in the history of the Church. Which of your Lordships but has been startled, in letters or spoken words from him, to find how he seemed to have at call what had inspired and guided men of old in the Church's life, either in Bible times or afterwards, and to be able to apply those principles in a new and fresh and suggestive way? When, as I trust will soon be the case, there are given to the world such things, for example, as the careful notes he had prepared for his Bible lectures in Lambeth Palace chapel, or, again, his extraordinarily fresh, and pungent, and effective applications of the lessons and facts of Cyprian's times to the needs of to-day, the world will be taught something of what to your Lordships is

already, I believe, in almost every case, familiar. And then, besides that, he had strangely and readily at call a fund of often out-of-the-way knowledge—classical, Biblical, historical, architectural, artistic, and so on, which he made applicable in a way that most people find to be almost impossible. And then we must remember the extraordinary diligence and pains which he was prepared to take in grappling with the details, even the smallest, of any problem which he felt it his duty to try to solve. He was not a quick worker. It took him much longer than it takes many men to really "get up," as we say, a subject or the conditions of a problem which he had to face; but that he did it to a degree which amazed the world when the facts became public has been within the experience of us all.

Alluding to the Lincoln Judgment, the Bishop continued:—

It sometimes seems to me that the importance attached to that special act tends to throw into the background how the characteristics that he there showed were merely those which belonged to his work and his life in all departments. I would rather allude to such smaller and incidental matters as these: the starting on a new foundation and the arrangement, down to the smallest details, of the strangely difficult and perplexing work connected with his great Mission to the Assyrian Christians; or again, when such a problem came before him (was there ever another Archbishop before whom it would have come?) as the settling of the architectural difficulties which had arisen with regard to Peterborough Cathedral—the detailed knowledge which he there showed alike of history and architecture was, to my knowledge, absolutely amazing to the experts who came before him to state their case. Or, again, look at his handling of the very peculiar problems with which the Church of South Africa has been confronted in these later years. To some extent, but to a very small extent comparatively, does the world yet know the extraordinary pains as to the minutest details which he has taken, and with, as I believe, abundant and fruitful results, in grappling with difficulties that lay, as most people would have said, outside his ordinary life in at all events the minutiae of their details. Or, again, we may recall his dealing with some of the questions upon which legislation has lately been attempted. Those who

know the details of the preparation year after year of what were first his series of Patronage Bills, and then grew into the Benefices Bill of last summer[1], will remember how he had mastered the driest, the most technical, and the most intricate details with a care and pains which many people would have felt to be the work rather of a subordinate than of the Archbishop himself. Every detail was at his fingers' ends, and every detail was illustrated in conversation or in his own attempts to work it out, not merely by the momentary and passing needs of to-day, but by the principles of the Church's life which ought to underlie our action and upon which alone we may expect to rest its foundations if they are to be permanent and firm. Then, last of all, I may mention the overwhelming conviction and the firm resolve which actuated his life, that every power and endowment he possessed not only ought to be, but could be practically devoted to the needs of the Church and realm of England to-day; the practical bringing to bear upon modern needs ancient principles both sacred and secular, and the determination that, God helping him, that was what he was going to do. Thus it was that it seemed to me his power took shape, and that the ultimate fruits from it will be seen. The powers that he possessed were the powers that run deepest, that tell farthest, that matter most for the life of the Church. He devoted them to God. God crowned his labours with success. A few years ago the Archbishop preached in Winchester Cathedral a remarkable sermon on William of Wykeham[2]. He called attention to the fact that if we would understand aright the work of Wykeham, we must look less on the details of the man's life than on the change which came over public life and public opinion as the result of what he had done and said. It seems to me that the description he there gave of that great Bishop is strikingly true of himself. I believe that there are not a few matters in which the public opinion of the Church of England to-day has changed during the last fourteen years in consequence of the quiet and steady work of the Archbishop and his repeated teachings on the subject. I will take foreign Missions as an example. I believe that public opinion has changed and shifted on these matters unconsciously to the people themselves as the result of the steady, persevering teaching and guidance of him who was set to be our leader in the Church....

[1] 1896. [2] *ante*, pp. 532, 533.

This power which the Bishop so dwells on—of applying the principles of Church History to the needs of the present day; joined with the extraordinarily conscientious work of the scholar at heart, which alone can make such application safe—is spoken of again by his friend M. Alexis Larpent, who for some years had helped him in those researches and minutest verifications and re-verifications for his "Cyprian," without which my father could regard no work as finished. M. Larpent writes:—

More than thirty years ago the Archbishop, then Head Master of Wellington College, undertook the study of Cyprian's writings with the intention of writing his life. When he became Bishop of Truro he knew already that the "Theory" of the Episcopal Order was contained in the works of the Bishop of Carthage. When he was called to the Chair of Augustine, it struck him that many of the problems of the 3rd century were still forcing themselves on the attention of the 19th. Canterbury of course could not be compared to Carthage, yet the contrasts, rough as they were sometimes, were full of suggestion, of teaching and of warning. Cyprian could be consulted about schism, conciliar assemblies, appeals, questions of doctrine, discipline, even of ritual, and above all on the great question of our days—the reunion of Churches. The treatise on the "Unity of the Church" seemed to have indicated lines of possible reconciliation. Foreign supremacy is hateful to England, as it was to Carthage and to Caesarea, but the friendship of Cornelius and Cyprian is the sweetest memory of the past! The English scholar knew that ancient Kalendars commemorate both saints on the same day, a touching evidence of a brotherly love which had been almost proverbial. The interest taken in these studies grew therefore more intense, until the book was finished. The completion of the work "coincided strangely and majestically" with the death of the Author.

A man of culture who reads the Archbishop's book, neglecting what is printed in small type, will notice that the description of the character of Cyprian gives the whole work a real harmony and unity. The layman, the moralist, the theologian, the leader in times of trial, the bishop and the martyr is living before our minds in his own Carthage in the 3rd century. The analysis of the

Cyprianic writings is perfect. Practical lessons are now and then given us: they are the natural outcome of the development of characters or penetrating glosses on the words of Cyprian. It has been said that the Archbishop had even made the Baptismal Controversy interesting; let us add that he proved himself a master historian in narrating as he did the dispute between Stephen and Cyprian. To read long accounts of theological battles is often dry and dreary, but in this case, when we understand why the Roman doctrine was correct and the African one wrong, we follow with unflagging curiosity a struggle in which two "Popes" display striking differences of temper. The theological teaching of the book is a treasure for the Christian Church. The "Aftermath" seems inspired by a sort of prophetic spirit.

The learning required for writing a book of this nature is enormous. What is wanted is not only the knowledge of Cyprianic literature, but the knowledge of inscriptions and of many "studies" scattered in special magazines and academical reports.

The erudition of the Archbishop was profuse; he knew well the original sources, and the "studies" spoken of, but his method was not sufficiently systematic. He was never able to devote to his labour a long period of undivided attention. He was obliged to insert intercalary essays between the Chapters, to write Appendices, and even to put into the notes matters which competent critics might expect to find in the text itself. Yet the compact pages in small type, and the notes, bear evidence of minute research and ripe learning.

In order to give more details I must speak not only of the Author but of the man himself. A great and happy side of the Archbishop's life, concealed from so many, was fully revealed to me. His letters to me are the history of his work during more than three years. At Addington, during long and serene hours at night I have seen him at work. His patience, his modesty, and a certain touch of style in everything he did reminded me of the learned Benedictines of old times. I doubt whether any man has ever felt his scruples more strongly and acted upon them more decisively with regard to scholarship. He never wrote a line about anything which he had not studied, verified, mastered and made his own. From one of his most touching letters (written in French) I will quote only this sentence "*...Je ne puis pas accepter d'autres études que les miennes....*"

His only concern seemed to be that he should not appear

more learned than he thought he was. To receive opinions or accept suggestions from others without scrutinising everything was impossible. I cannot help giving an instance of his manner—so rare—of dealing with the details of a subject. Once the Archbishop wanted statistics about the voters at the Council of Basle. I sent notes, giving my sources of course. Amongst the notes were some few extracts from an Italian book printed at Florence. The matter did not seem to refer to Cyprian, the Archbishop never spoke about it afterwards, and I forgot all. More than a year after he was in Florence and I received a letter dated 17 April, 1896. To my delight I read this passage:

"The Archivio di Stato have done me the honour of lending me (contrary to their usage) *Cecconi* which I could not obtain elsewhere, not even from the Author's sister. He was Archbishop here, and she lives here still. It is a fine book. I have verified your reference which was exact and have entered it in a note." —(*Cyprian*, p. 429.)

Such is the book: a minster. The pile is built on a basis of granite. The pillars are erect: the nave is imposing and we can guess what was in the mind of the architect when we look at the spire.

Pontius, the deacon of Cyprian, has left us a few pages on the Bishop of Carthage. I wish I had his pen in order to describe my Master at his work.

The same characteristics came out in all his work; much of the real strength of his work as Archbishop lay, not in his public utterances, dignified and inspiring as they often were, but in the immense mass of patient unsuspected work, the minute attention to detail, the zeal for perfection which dominated all that he did. By endless interviews, careful letters, accurate inquiries, ceaseless little hospitalities, he acquainted himself with the *personnel* of the Church not only in England but in the Colonies. There was an endless succession of visitors to Lambeth, Colonial Bishops, Secretaries of great Church Societies, Missionaries, clergymen of every kind, who came perhaps for a night; had a quiet hour's talk with the Archbishop, saw him in the

happiness of his beloved home circle, and went away with a prayer and a blessing from a Father in Israel. The effect of this work was not immediately visible ; it was gradual, but it was permanent. Every year increased the number of devoted workers in the cause of Christ, who felt that they had indeed a chief pastor who kept a corner of his heart and a daily prayer for their work and life. Year by year the number steadily increased of men who at critical periods of their work, in situations which needed tact and judgment, or in moments of depression or exhaustion, received counsel, encouragement and sympathy,—and thus year by year the number grew of men who in such moments naturally and without any sense of official constraint thought instinctively what would be the wishes of the eager, anxious, masterful, fatherly man at Lambeth, whose earnest blessing they had received and who, if he did not fail to mark what they did amiss, never failed either to appreciate and praise devoted work for the cause of Christian truth and love. In the sense of our Lord's words that "he that is chief among you let him be your minister" he was indeed the διάκονος πάντων. It was this which I believe was the secret of his work and the way in which, perhaps unconsciously, he best served his generation.

Chancellor Dibdin writes :—

Soon after he had settled into work, the Archbishop wrote in his Diary, "I do not agree that the Church's work is to be done by my sketching grand programmes for her in public. There are better and stronger ways than that." And it will be found that, tempting as one might think it would have been to a man, identified with so much creative work, to have tried some new departure on a large scale, he did nothing of the kind. He realised what was wanted from the first, and at the outset he laid his finger on the two points in the Church's then condition which, as we have said, gave most reason for anxiety, namely—(1) the estrangement and bitterness of parties ;

and (2) hesitation as to where the Church of England stood, some doubting whether it were really Reformed, and others whether it really remained Catholic. In a remarkable speech on the day of his enthronement at Canterbury, the Archbishop said:—

"The Church of England has made such progress during the last fifty years that, if God continues to us the outpourings of His Grace, we cannot know where another fifty years will place us. It is a melancholy thing to observe that in the history of the Church periods of apathy have so often succeeded periods of energy. Activity has been followed by invincible, inexplicable depression. We now pride ourselves upon the energy of the Church. But do let us be deeply in earnest with ourselves: so no root of bitterness springing up shall trouble us. If there be anything but that harmony in the Church which Christ Himself prayed for, clouds of darkness may once more settle upon us. If we determine in our hearts to make a wise unity our aim in the next fifty years, the progress may be as great as in the last fifty years it has been. May this be so!"

And in another address on the same day he thus touched on the second point:—

"I think that you, brethren, cannot but of your kindness excuse any semblance of self if I ask aloud, 'What is this day's lesson for us who have had part or sympathy in this day's action —here in the central shrine of England's Church History?'... It seems to me that the answer is in the absolute continuity, the underlying oneness, the deep permanence, which the abiding presence of Christ, and this only, gives to His Church. How continually changing from age to age has been everything that the eyes of successive generations rested on, or the ear listened to beneath these arches. Gorgeousness and bareness, alternating styles, gradually or suddenly changed rites, the languages that have resounded, the very doctrines that have been emphasized—all these rise and fall like waves; but the grand sweeping outlines and sweet might of the architecture are unchangeable, and the invisible Christ—Whose Name is upon this house—Who has been unceasingly adored with praises, and has answered in blessing out of the midst of the Throne—is ever One and evermore the same."

His view of the position which the Church of England occupied, and the benefits conferred on England by the

Reformation may be best indicated by an extract from his address on April 27th, 1893, at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G.:—

Englishmen are fond of criticising and finding fault with their institutions and their own possessions and all that they value most. I say this because I seldom take up books or magazines upon such a subject at present, but I see what I hope and believe will never be the fashion in this Society, a silly carping at our Reformation. It has begun, and one sees it repeated. To my mind the English Reformation—and I am as certain of the fact as I can be of anything—is the greatest event in Church History since the days of the Apostles. It does bring back the Church of God to the primitive model. Here, then, we are in possession of the one message from God Himself, and we have it restored to us in its primitive character, and claim for ourselves that, little as we deserve it and great as our shortcomings are in the use of it, we have a gift for which we are accountable to God Himself and to all mankind. The fact of the Reformation positively immensely increases and deepens our obligation to teach that which we know of Christ our Lord....

Then speaking of the Parliament of Religions which was about to take place at Chicago,—"if we could look at it without appealing to a deeper region, the attempt is to the imagination a very grand one,"—he continued:—

We may be the only Church that has refused it. I can quite understand how, if it were a question of evidences, it might be possible to go, if the thing could be done, as doubtless it will, with true reverence and respect. It might be possible that we should produce our evidences, and that each religion might produce its own evidences, and that those evidences might be examined in the light of a calm and cool reason. But that does not seem to me to be the idea of a presentation of religions. Our religion does not consist of evidences only. There is faith, a deep-rooted faith, in one Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who are ours—our Father, our Saviour, our Brother, One Who liveth in us, dwelleth with us, and shall be in us; and I think that faith and devotion, such as must be entertained by every Christian soul which is rooted and grounded in Him, could not be subjects for discussion. The Church is like the old temple.

There is the court of the Gentiles; there is the court of the women into which the ordinary worshippers are admitted; there is the court of the priests; there is even the holy place; but I do not think that we could go to any such assembly and leave our holy of holies behind us; still less could we imagine that its veil could be drawn aside.

Yet there is no implication, as some might wish to think, of esoteric doctrine. At Birmingham in 1890 he spoke of that teaching of the Church of England which was built upon that sacred love of the Scriptures which appeared in England in the 12th and 13th centuries, and which has gone on increasing and growing ever since.

This then is what I understand by Church teaching—Church teaching in the open Bible, the Bible thoroughly read, thoroughly understood by every light of God that can possibly be thrown upon it from the Father of Lights and the guiding book in steering our way through it—the Prayer-Book.

I have never had any hesitation in saying that when you have all read your Bible by your Prayer-Book—if you can find in your mind and heart that the Prayer-Book departs from the Bible—depart and God bless you; take your own way. But we are quite convinced that our Prayer-Book is the true interpreter.

In 1885 he said:—

To fashion out of each parish a really Christian, a really Apostolic society, is the aim which all our offices and ordinal in the Prayer-Book set before the priest as his definite duty[1].

And again:—

If the Church is Apostolic, it must not be so merely by hereditary connection but by Spiritual Conformity[2].

Thus "apostolic" did not mean to him a system, stereotyped and antique, but a principle as vital now as then.

We must be to every age as it comes Modern....The Apostles manifestly understood their own age, not only in the East, but through Europe, better than any men before or since. Understanding that, they understood what was coming[3].

[1] *Seven Gifts*, p. 90. [2] *Ibid.* p. 22.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 22.

It may be as well, in passing, to say a few words about his position towards the Higher Criticism. It may best be expressed in his own words, for his attitude towards it was singularly free and fearless, even unexpected. Though not in any special sense a student of criticism himself, he would urge on individuals who felt their faith shaken by study the duty of pursuing that study still more deeply, believing that "such principle and such work persevered in to the end, bring us back in renewed and strengthened conviction to the standing point of the Catholic Church[1]." For "till criticism has been carried further, many great questions pause for their final answer." What drew his scorn was "the flimsy grounds on which faith may be parted with," "the way people allow themselves to be misled by what is fascinating and smart in popular versions of criticism[2]."

In the same Charge he freely argues that the question of the authorship of the books of the Bible is not of supreme importance. "I do not know the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews.....Yet that book is the bridge between the Old and the New Testaments, and no position or name of writer could strengthen it. I have no doubt that St John the Apostle wrote the fourth Gospel, but if I thought that some other had composed it I should have one more surprising spiritual genius to admire with veneration, but it would not diminish the value of his Christ, of the Life and Light of the world[3]."

It was the spirit in which such study was pursued that seemed to him of supreme importance. He speaks of "learning, intrepidity and reverence, the three essentials of true criticism," and urges the need of a reverent sympathy in dealing with other peoples and literatures, "a reverent sympathy, without which no record can be interpreted,

[1] *Fishers of Men*, p. 94. [2] *Ibid.* p. 87. [3] *Ibid.* p. 89.

still less the living, mighty, burning heart of Israel, to which the oracles of God were committed[1]."

And far from dreading what the results of the deepest study might be, "the Church of the present and of the coming day," he says, "is bringing her sheaves home with her from the once faithlessly dreaded harvests of Criticism[2]."

My uncle, Professor Henry Sidgwick, writes:—

From the time that I first knew him to the end of his life he held with clear firmness the two main positions of Anglicanism—the fundamental importance to the English people of the union between Church and State, and the validity of the claims of the English Church to maintain in its purity the doctrine and discipline of primitive Christianity. I have, indeed, an impression that in his undergraduate days he passed through a stage in which the attraction exercised by the Church of Rome on Newman and his followers was felt by him sufficiently to cause him some mental struggle and anxiety: but no trace of this was ever perceived by me in even the earliest talks that I remember on these topics. Indeed the only definite ground that I can recall for the impression is a description he once gave, in talking of dreams, of a peculiarly vivid and memorable dream which he had at Cambridge; in which he seemed to be holding a critical and final dialogue with a Roman Catholic priest, terminating in his conversion to Romanism. The dialogue was held in a certain room in a country-house with an oriel window: the man and the room were both unknown: but so definite was his memory of the dream that he felt he should recognise them with certainty if he ever saw them in reality. In any case the attractions of Rome had passed away before I really knew him: or I should rather say that the strong historic sympathy which he always felt for the great Church of Western Europe, his admiration for the saintly lives of its members and its social achievements in building up European civilisation, had come to be only one element in a broader sympathy with all manifestations of Christian life, in society or in individuals. I have already spoken of this breadth of sympathy, which always seemed to me remarkable in

[1] *Fishers of Men*, p. 145. [2] *Ibid.* p. 94.

its spontaneity and strength, considering the definiteness of his own views and his unswerving loyalty to his own Church. It embraced nonconformist Protestants as well as Catholics: but his historic interests naturally made it stronger on the Catholic side. For him there were no "dark ages"; since there were no ages in which the divine upholding of the Church had not been manifested in the struggle with the disorders of the world, and in which the power of Christianity to elevate and inspire had not been manifested in the saintly lives of individual men and women.

This sympathy made his desire for the reunion of the Churches very strong: but I think it was prevented not only by his practical sagacity, but partly by the very breadth of his sympathy, partly by his views of the importance of a national church, from ever being more than an aspiration towards a result that could only be obtained in the far distant future. For union with the Church of Rome would not satisfy him: the union to which he aspired must comprehend in bonds of fraternal sympathy and communion all Christian Churches worthy of the name: but this could only come very gradually, through the development on the one hand of sound methods of theological and historical study, and on the other hand of fraternal sentiment and mutual good will between members of different Churches. Any premature attempt to bring it about by arranging compromises with Rome seemed to him worse than futile.

I have spoken of his strong conviction of the importance of the union of Church and State. I ought to add that this was not due to any belief in the special value of Establishment to the English Church —regarded as one denomination competing with others. His hope for the ultimate prevalence of Anglican doctrines theological and ecclesiastical, rested entirely on his belief in their truth: and he was quite alive to the advantage which the Church would gain through disestablishment, in the way of greater freedom to exhibit its essential superiority. But he thought that this gain was entirely outweighed by the loss that the whole English people would suffer through the secularisation of its public life. I remember that he once said in public, in later years, that assuming the Church of England was to be disestablished, he would much prefer the establishment of any other sect, holding the essentials of Christian doctrine, to a State formally irreligious. The utterance surprised some people, but I believe it expressed

his deep and mature conviction. Had it been the fate of the Church of England to be disestablished during his Archbishopric, I believe he would have thrown himself, with the most buoyant and elastic energy, into the complicated task of organizing the Church for life and work under the changed conditions: it was not fear of what would happen to the Church, but fear of what the effect would be on England and English social life, which made him resolute to fight every inch of ground in defence of the Establishment.

He had no fear of what would happen to the Church, because the dominant conception, which as years went on he applied with more and more clearness and force in his study of ecclesiastical history, was that of the divine and essential *vitality* of the Christian Church manifested in its adaptability to varied social and political conditions. And this conception carried with it an increasingly strong sense of the natural mutability and essentially subordinate importance of outward forms and customary ceremonies,—which sometimes startled one, combined as it was with so keen an interest, from a historic point of view, in outward forms and ceremonies, and so strong a disposition to cherish all links with the past.

This combination of contrasted tendencies and habits of thought appeared in his judgment in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln: and it always seemed to me that it was just this combination that specially adapted him for the management of this important item of his work as an Archbishop.

Though it is true that he feared Disestablishment more for the nation than for the Church, his view of the benefits of establishment to the Church and the cause of religion was strong and consistent:—

In judicial affairs the Church maintains in the interest of every subject, the right and duty of the Crown to review all decisions affecting person or property...the theory is not and historically never has been forced on an unwilling Church. It belongs to that whole view of polity which from the earliest this Church has maintained as the best and most righteous for Christian states. The recognition of such a view and of the claim based on it could not in justice be denied to a Church of great standing[1].

[1] *Seven Gifts*, p. 117.

And again :—

What we believe as Christian citizens is that a Church freely established as it is in England is the best mode of advancing the best interests of Religion. By *freely* we understand that it admits of self-reform such as it has exemplified in its history on a grander scale than any other Church, seldom more actively, continuously, and happily than in the last half century[1].

His belief of the benefit to the country of a national Church, deeply and securely rooted, can hardly be put more clearly than by a quotation from a sermon he preached on Monday, July 2nd, 1888, in Westminster Abbey before the assembled Bishops of the Anglican Communion. He said :—

Prophets and Apostles foresaw all worldly material brought and built into it. Yet it was to remain spiritual. When it ceases to be so, it is no more the building which will bear the trial and the fire.

We know well that spiritual life may be real without Apostolic form. Only we seem to see that, even in its most beautiful and manifold manifestations, it cannot without that form propagate itself indefinitely. Time after time spiritual varieties surrender their separate life and merge into the completer existence.

On the other hand, we know well that there may be Apostolic form without spiritual life, and that, like any other form that lacks life, its end is to break up and supply pabulum for lower forms of life[2].

Our own humble, hopeful confidence lies in the possession of Apostolic form with fervent spiritual charity and living faith. The form is secured. Our everyday vigilance must be for the spiritual animation, the spiritual "increase of every part in that which every joint supplieth."

[1] *Seven Gifts*, p. 107.

[2] Cf. the distinction between "Power" and "Authority," *Fishers of Men*, pp. 110, 111. "Both ought to coexist in the Church".....but "history shows how in sinful times 'power' has departed from 'authority' and has reappeared in enthusiasms, in separations, in alienated communities not to be re-united till their crisis comes. And fearlessly we must say that terrible as is the putting asunder of what God hath joined together, yet 'power' without 'authority' is a more living thing, a more saving thing than 'authority' without 'power.'"

An unworldly Church, an unworldly clergy, mean not a poor Church or poverty-stricken clergy. A poor, unprovided, dependent clergy is scarcely able to be an unworldly one, and certainly cannot betoken an unworldly laity. A laity which breaks the bread of its ministers into smaller and smaller fragments, and has none of the Divine will to multiply, works no miracle and has no honour.

Unworldliness is not emptiness of garners, but the right and noble use of garners filled by God. An unworldly clergy is not a clergy without a world, but one which knows the world, uses and teaches man how to use the world for God, until it brings at last the whole world home to God.

Never more necessary than now to use the world as not abusing it. To abuse it gracefully is the temptation of the age—and to gild the abuse with philanthropy. The philanthropy of the Gospel without its philotheism is popular. But its philanthropy will never live without its philotheism any more than the form of a church will live without the Spirit.

To say "Christianity is not a theology" is in one sense true, because Christianity is a life. But it would be just as true to say Christianity is not a history, or Christianity is not a worship. But you cannot have the life without the worship, without the history, or without the theology. The spiritual life is the life of God. As material life has its science of biology, so has spiritual life its science of theology. Without theology Christian life will have no intellectual, no spiritual expression, as without worship it will have no emotional expression, without history no continuous development. Intellectual expression is necessary to the propagation, and so to the permanence, of the faith. To know it is the profession of the clergyman, and the most living interest of a cultured layman.

Let us, the whole world over, where the common speech is spoken, the common prayer prayed, the Scripture open, keep touch with each other, firm, inseparable—find all the points of contact that we can honestly with them that are in a way separate; yet not risk our greater unity for the sake of smaller ones....

Once more. No soul was ever lowered by the sight of this wondrous fabric into material thoughts. No man ever failed to see, read, hear its witness to things spiritual. From mysterious triforium to roadside porch the stone cries out of the wall, and

the beam of the timber answers it, "Put not your trust in man nor in any child of man. Come up here, and I will show the things that must be hereafter."

May we catch the inspiration of the hour, the place, the Name. Then may we work out our work; strengthen our centres of force; throw out organisations which will penetrate society, poor and great; flood every corner of our house with spiritual light; have nothing cold and "no part dark," "the whole body full of light," and of warm blood. This is the very hope set before us, that we "may grow into Him in all things, which is the Head—even Christ."

Of the substantial unity and lifelong development of my father's work for the Church, Bishop Westcott writes :—

My friendship with Archbishop Benson began in 1848 when he came into residence at Cambridge. I had indeed been with him in King Edward's School, Birmingham, four years before, but I had not known him there. In a correspondence which lasted from Aug. 14th, 1850, till Oct. 7th, 1896, and in the happy intercourse of nine summer vacations he opened to me his inmost thoughts. Bishop Lightfoot was with us during most of the vacations, and up to his death at the close of 1889 he was a partner in all our hopes and plans and efforts. It would be difficult to find a parallel to such a fellowship, and its very closeness makes it almost impossible for me to attempt to analyse impressions and influences and powers which were in some sense part of my own life.

The time which I spent with Benson at Cambridge (1848—1851), full as it was of warnings of changes political, social, intellectual, religious, could not but stir us deeply. We "saw visions" as is the privilege of young men, which, if their fulfilment lingered, still coloured all our later years.

In the spring of 1852 I went to Harrow and in the same year Benson went to Rugby. For twelve years the engrossing interests and cares of school work fully occupied us both. As soon as he was settled at Rugby Benson wrote to me, "All visions of the Monastic orders are 'fading into sunlight gray' already." But by a happy chance we met at Swanage in the summer vacation of 1864. There all old hopes were renewed in the light of the lessons which we had learnt in active work. In the following year we went for a holiday tour with Lightfoot, which included

visits to the Grande Chartreuse and La Salette. At La Salette we were brought face to face with a new and living religion. Here Mariolatry was not an accretion or a development but the original form of devotion. The text of the one sermon which we heard was *Qui me invenerit* (interpreted of the Blessed Virgin) *inveniet vitam, et hauriet salutem* (Prov. viii. 35), and the life which we saw was inspired by the feeling of the preacher. The sense of the supernatural was a ruling element in all that was said and done. Benson was, I think, as much impressed as I was by what we witnessed; and we all brought back with us thoughts which were pursued in detail in the summers of 1866 and 1867 at Llanfairfechan and Langland Bay.

One conclusion was pressed upon us with overwhelming force, that there was no effective spiritual power in England able to bring the Faith into living contact with all the forms of human activity and thought. The Universities and the Cathedrals, the homes, as we held, respectively of all the Sciences studied side by side and of Theological Science in particular, seemed to us no longer to fulfil their offices. Research and study were broken up into isolated provinces, and the Ministry of the Church was undertaken without any serious discipline. As a necessary consequence there was on all sides a want of solidity and comprehensiveness in religious conviction, and a dangerous readiness to accept unverified formulas. To recognise the problems suggested by this state of things was at least to make one step in the right direction.

Before long we were in a position to deal with them more directly. In the beginning of 1869 I was appointed to a Canonry at Peterborough, and in the same year Benson, now Headmaster of Wellington College, was appointed to a Prebendal Stall at Lincoln. The two Cathedrals represented the two great types of our English Foundations, the New and the Old. I endeavoured to point out in two papers in *Macmillan's Magazine* what appeared to me to be the characteristic office of the Cathedrals of the New Foundation, and Benson not long after in a memorable article in the *Quarterly Review*, discussed exhaustively the Cathedrals of the Old Foundation. My own plans, which I had just begun to carry into effect, were interrupted in 1870 by a call to join Lightfoot at Cambridge; but two years afterwards Benson accepted the Chancellorship of Lincoln and soon showed with irresistible power how a Cathedral may become a centre

of teaching, and brought the influence of the Faith to bear naturally on all the activities of civic life. "I see," he wrote, "new roads and alleys spiritual opening before me, not to tread but just to look down." He left however none of them untraversed. He was equally great in organisation and in inspiring enthusiasm. In 1875 he rightly declined an invitation to accept a Professorship at Cambridge, for his Chancellor's work required to be seen in its completeness, though it cost me much to come to this decision.

Meanwhile, something was done to bring the Universities into closer contact, and to give a better form to the Examination of Candidates for Holy Orders. These were gradually separated from the Ember Days, and a uniform standard for non-graduate Candidates was fixed by an examination which was conducted by representatives of Oxford and Cambridge. At the same time a scheme was proposed for a general entrance examination for Theological Colleges, though this was not established till much later. These changes, small as they may seem, were indications of wider efforts; and above all no opportunity was lost for pressing forward the vital and historical study of the Christian Faith, as the continuous revelation of Christ through the Spirit sent in His Name.

The appointment of Benson to the new Bishopric of Truro (1877) gave full scope for the exercise of his gathered experience. A new Cathedral was a splendid monument of his never-failing conviction that the life of our fathers is one with our life. This inspiring principle came into close discussion in the debates on the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission (1881—3). In this Commission it was my happiness to sit by Benson's side, and to watch as he did with unflagging interest the gradual determination of the relations in which a national Church must stand to the Nation, itself also a divine society, and to mark, now in one form, now in another, the essential continuity of our own ecclesiastical life under changing circumstances from age to age. The ruling ideas of the Lincoln Judgment were really defined by these inquiries.

The translation of Benson to Lambeth in 1883 brought to him under difficult conditions the supreme duties of Leadership. But he was already trained to look at the English Church as a whole, Catholic at once and Reformed, animated by the traditions of a great and varied history, and charged with un-

paralleled obligations to the future. Thus looking behind and before, master alike of principles and details in all that he undertook, he bore with untroubled courage the burden of the initiation and the direction of the public action of the Church. A fine temper fitted him to conduct delicate negotiations, and firm beliefs gave him resolute patience. He set himself at once, in the spirit of the prayer which he gave afterwards as a watchword in a crisis of great anxiety, to labour for the redress of abuses in our ecclesiastical system and for the strengthening of our corporate life. To "cleanse" the Church and to "defend" it were for him two aspects of the same work. In this spirit he called into existence a House of Laymen in the Province of Canterbury in 1886, a precedent which was not followed till some years later in the Province of York. In successive Patronage Bills (1886, 1887, 1893) he outlined reform which cannot long be delayed[1]. He carried a Clergy Discipline Bill in 1892, which has proved effective in dealing with great scandals. He infused new vigour and character into the Mission to the Assyrian Christians; and, in furthering the formation of the Boards of Missions for the two Provinces, he brought the work of Foreign Missions into a vital connexion with the whole Church as a Church. He studied with unsparing thought the many problems of the Colonial and Missionary Episcopate and our relation to other Communions. He sought to re-establish Collegiate Churches, one effectual method, as I believe, for dealing successfully with the spiritual difficulties of large towns and scattered country districts. He was at home everywhere except perhaps in the House of Lords: "it is difficult," he wrote, "to breathe that fine atmosphere."

Meanwhile the Lincoln Case (1888—1890), the central event of his Primacy, had brought to him a unique opportunity of setting out plainly the historical position of the English Church. Nothing could have been better fitted to call into play his special gifts, his unwearied diligence, his liturgical instincts, his exact scholarship, his breadth of historical view, his unobtrusive courage. Perhaps I can tell better than others what the Judgment cost him, and how completely it answered to his deepest convictions. Nothing can be more false than to speak of it as "politic." It was—and it was recognised to be—the just result of a complete survey of all the facts. Where it differed in details from earlier

[1] Effected to a considerable extent by the Benefices Act, 1898.

judgments, the difference was due to the larger view which was taken of the range of the inquiry.

It was my privilege to observe from the first the various aspects in which the case presented itself to the Archbishop's mind. Even when others of far larger experience than myself doubted as to his right course, I was confident that if he were once assured of his jurisdiction in the matter, he would not only be bold to admit fresh evidence on points alleged to have been finally decided, but also have the power effectually to commend his action to the Church and Nation. If he still consulted others after it had been legally declared that jurisdiction belonged to his office, it was not that he wavered in his own mind but because he wished to view the question from every point of sight. At last he communicated his resolve to me in a note of a single word, "*Audeo*," which expressed at once his sense of the grave responsibility which he assumed and of his own steadfast purpose to exercise his power freely. The result justified the largest hopes, and vindicated beyond reversal one master principle of his faith, the historic continuity of our Church. The Reformation was shown to be not its beginning but a critical stage in its growth only to be understood by reference to that which went before.

The Lincoln Judgment was indeed "a legacy of peace" to the Church, not by any personal arrangement but by the affirmation of principles which established the breadth of its inheritance. It is alone sufficient to give distinction to Archbishop Benson's primacy. But after this was given there still remained much for him to do. In the last years of his work he had to meet two dangers which imperilled in different ways the unity of the Church, the movement for Welsh Disestablishment, and the impoverishment of the Beneficed Clergy. He faced both with characteristic wisdom. For him the question of Disestablishment was a religious and not a political question, a question affecting the interests not of a party only but of the whole nation. He turned the attack into an occasion for arousing throughout the country a fresh zeal for studying the history of the Church. At the same time he emphatically reminded us that these also are "days of Christ," and that we must, as we may, justify our position by the use which we make of our heritage. It marked the character of the whole movement that the great meeting in the Albert Hall was preceded by a Service of the Holy Communion at St Paul's, which was certainly not the least impressive of the many national services

which have been held there in late years. So the external unity of our Church was presented to the people; and on the other side its internal unity was placed in a new light through the active cooperation of all its members, when the laity by a fresh departure, organised a Clergy Sustentation Fund, a scheme fertile in promise which has not yet been fully realised.

The last subject which occupied the Archbishop's thoughts—the Lambeth Conference of 1897—brought to a fitting close the experiences of his life. Here he saw an occasion not for the decision of matters of debate, but for setting before the whole Anglican Communion the lesson of brotherly love, for realising its unity and growth, for laying the foundation of a stronger life in the recognition of the power of the indwelling Spirit. And if he was not allowed to direct the deliberations to which he had looked forward with eager hope, his memory was hardly less powerful in the Conference than his presence would have been. His visit to Ireland and his swift passing—the consummation and the price of his work—spoke to the hearts of all a message of love and service.

The rapid outline which I have ventured to draw of the successive phases of the Archbishop's work as they appeared, if I may say so, from within, as the outward expression of his nature, carries with it its own interpretation. The first thing which strikes anyone who looks back upon the record is the perfect continuity of development which it reveals. Work grows out of work naturally. There is no waste, no going back, in passing from one duty to another. From first to last there is an ever-growing depth and balance of judgment. Special tendencies, tastes, pursuits, are gradually merged in something vaster and more comprehensive.

Corresponding with this we see in all Archbishop Benson's thoughts a sense of the manifestation of our divine life revealed in the history of the Church "in many parts and in many fashions," one through the abiding presence of Christ. Thus he was able, as we have seen, to set the Reformation in its true light as a stage in a great growth. At the same time the faculty which gave for him a true permanence to the past gave reality to that which is to come, and brought reasonableness to hope. He was made not to lead a party but to quicken the whole body with a fuller life; and he brought men together not by commending compromises to them, but by raising them to a loftier and more commanding point of sight.

These large views of the spectacle of human movement were brightened by a lively imagination and a keen perception of the correspondences which underlie different aspects of the great sum of things. Even details apparently trivial assumed a real importance to him. He had an unfailing sense of the whole because he "saw the whole in the least part." The arms of the See of Truro were designed with the most minute care—I have four letters on the subject—so as to represent the characteristic features of the Bishopric. The seal of the Church House, in which Fra Angelico's figure of the Lord at the Transfiguration—the central decoration of the Archbishop's Library—stands in sovereign majesty between Aidan[1] and Augustine, symbolises the traditions and the faith of the English Church; while the Archbishop's own seal *ad secreta*, bearing the chair of Augustine, witnesses to his confidence in its continuity. Nothing could be happier than his adaptation of classical and mediaeval language and imagery; and yet he felt the peril of excessive refinement: "An obligation to some bodily work" he wrote in the spirit of a Gamaliel or a Benedict, "seems to me to be necessary. Practically we shall not overcome 'daintiness' moral and physical, without it."

Such breadth and delicacy of vision gave Archbishop Benson a penetrative insight into the meaning of Scripture. He had what has been well called "a poetic faculty of interpretation." "I never heard anything like his exposition of a chapter of St Paul," was the remark which one of his candidates for Ordination made to me; and I cannot but believe that his Commentary on the Apocalypse which is left, I hear, in a state ready for publication, will lay open to many a new side of his character.

No one however could be less inclined than he was to surrender himself to dreams. He entered with zest into the manifold interests of life. A fulness of sympathy and a singular graciousness of nature gave him an unusual capacity for joy. The winter tints of Borrowdale, the woods and waters of Deeside, the evening skies at Lambeth alike touched him with delight. Masterpieces of art disclosed to him their meaning. He was even able to look upon the splendid shows of society without feeling the distress or anxiety which they bring to many. These seemed to him to express something which needed expression and to call out salutary powers of service and emotion. Over all things transitory he saw the light of the Eternal.

[1] Aidan (d. 651) the first Bishop of Lindisfarne, the friend of the Northumbrian king Oswald.

The inscription which was placed on the memorial of one of his heaviest sorrows illustrates a faith which influenced his whole temper: "In the midst of death we are in life."

This ever-present recognition of the variety and vastness of life naturally brought with it an unaffected and impressive humility. He constantly expressed regret that he had not been able to give time to this or that subject, and specially that he had not read as he could have wished to read for the examination for the Trinity Fellowships, which in old days led not a few candidates to enter on a serious study of philosophy.

Above all the continual vision of the glory which transforms earth to the eyes of the heart kept fresh his early passion for devotion. Again and again he spoke to me at Lambeth very sadly of the long hours which some of his predecessors spent there in quiet meditation, "impossible for him." "Why are people who are sent to look to other people's souls," he wrote shortly after his appointment to Truro, "as if they had none of their own?" But it was easy to see that the old spirit was not quenched, and that a fervour not less than that of the saintliest of those who had gone before still quickened him when he was wearied with the "care of all the Churches."

What this care was none can fully know. From the first, Archbishop Benson formed the loftiest idea of episcopal work. After he was transferred to Lambeth he constantly lamented the increasing pressure of local work on the time and thoughts of Bishops; they were becoming, he thought, ministers of a Diocese and not of the Church. "Diocesanism," he said, "is a new force of dissent as virulent as Congregationalism—and more." "If every shepherd is to tell his own tale alone, we shall be cut off in detail." For himself he recognised to the full the claims of the English Church and of the English nation upon the fullest exercise of his mature judgment. The last letter which I received from him, written four days before his death, contained a full answer to a question addressed to me from Australia which I felt bound to lay before him: a few days after a letter was sent to me, written by him, if I remember rightly, on the same day, in which he pressed upon a young friend the needs of the Assyrian Mission. In these two letters we have a sample of the problems with which he continually dealt, not perfunctorily but with the most careful thought. Only the power of a divine fellowship could have made the burden endurable for a time. He knew the cost but he did

not shrink from it. "I am in want of rest," he writes in 1895, "but here [at Lambeth] I cannot get rid of an hour of work." "I am going straight on by the Grace of God," he wrote to me even in 1889, "without breaking down, though I never feel at night that it may not have come before the morning." "It is really necessary to do something distracting if any head is to be left me." This was the meaning of his labours on Cyprian. Here he found the reading which he needed. His comment in his Diary on the completed book was, "It has edified me which is what I began it for." And when he looked at the sheets, "practically finished," just before his journey to Ireland, he said half sadly, "my only amusement will be gone."

But it was so that he required it no more. His "recreation" ended at the same time as the need of it. To the end his energy and courage and cheerfulness and hope were unimpaired. His whole character grew deeper while life lasted; and he was in the judgment of all strongest when in fact his work was done.

CHAPTER XIV.

DIARIES AND LETTERS.

"*Lord, I am coming as fast as I can.*"
ARCHBISHOP LAUD'S Prayer on the Scaffold.

THE year 1896 opened quietly and happily: my father was at Christmas in a very serene and happy mood; his work was continuous, but it did not seem to weigh upon his spirits: he said to me once, "The work is tremendous —more than any one ought to have to do; but the strength is given me—I sometimes wonder at my own power of work—I could not do it unless the strength was given me." I think he was often feeling physically weary— "Always tired now," he said pathetically to the Dean of Lincoln—but weariness fretted him less than in earlier years; he was beginning to acquiesce in it more. The subjects most in his mind were the needs of religious education, and the attitude of the Vatican as to the validity of English Orders; he was approaching the end of his "Cyprian," to which about Christmas time he always devoted some quiet spaces of work.

On Jan. 6th he wrote a business note to Mr Dibdin, ending with the words:—

Turned out of your house because of your neighbour's drains! How like the position of England! How like the position of the Church!—i.e. if some people had their way.

Mr and Mrs Gosse paid us another visit at Addington early in the year; the former sends me an extract from his diary. Mr Gosse wrote:—

January 6, 1896. At breakfast this morning the Archbishop proposed that I should walk with him, but he was detained and we did not start till it was nearly church-time, so we made a little détour to the parish church.

I am astonished by the variety of aspects which rapid changes of mood cause in him. By 11 a.m. to-day I had seen three distinct Archbishops. At Early Communion in the Chapel he was benign and apostolic, the eyes veiled, the whole face very pink, hardly a wrinkle apparent in the skin. At breakfast, when he was extremely gay and vivacious, his face had turned white again, the eyes were wide open and very dark and the skin puckered with laughter. Now, as he joined me in the Park, he had an aspect of sombre gravity, the eye and nose almost vulturine, and the skin of a hard translucent whiteness, like a mask of alabaster. He told me almost at once that his letters had perturbed him, he had received confidential news from Madagascar of a disquieting kind. He continued, "I have every confidence in the good intentions of the French, but they need to be treated with tact, and not every excellent Church Missionary is a born diplomatist." He spoke of difficulties in other parts of the globe, and then, abruptly stopping, with his hand quickly uplifted in his familiar gesture, he said, "Never before, during my whole Primacy, have the questions of foreign policy in the Church been so stormy as they are now!"

He proceeded to speak of Armenia, and told me that he had received this morning (or last night, I forget which) a long letter on the Armenian Question from Lord Salisbury. "His tone is most kind, most sympathetic, but he realises the difficulties, the almost insuperable difficulties! We are not through that trouble; I know not what is in store for those distressed populations. God guard them!" And then, with one of his abrupt transitions, he went on, "And they are so hard to help, so trying, so evasive; their habits, their points of view so Oriental, so remote! I often feel inclined to say of the poor Armenians, They are Christians of course, but dwellers in tents upon the very frontiers of Christendom."

I have before noticed how very difficult it is to walk with the

Archbishop, from the irregularity of his step. It seems to be controlled by his mood, to an unusual degree. This morning our progress was so slow and so sinuous, so constantly caught up to a full stop, so dispersed with brief spurts and long delays, that it was more fatiguing to the legs than a steady walk of five times the extent would have been. This is, no doubt, a symptom of that consuming and irregular blaze of vitality which makes the Archbishop seem to be always living the life of several people at once.

To a Friend.

I have wanted so much to talk to you, and show you one or two *letters* I have had in these dark days, and speak about them. Neither the worst that is said of the Armenian politics, nor the best that is said of the European powers, nor the worst that is said of the Boers, nor the best that is said of Jameson, nor the worst nor the best that is said of America, justify *any* of the "views" taken of *anything*. But the placidity of our people, compounded of all these fallacies, seems the best promise of the best thing there is, Peace. How can we account for this λαῖλαψ[1] on Gennesareth? However it would take us from the Hörnli to the Riffel to talk a page of it.

But I also wanted to talk with you and hear what you have to say to me about the Addresses in Lent. Will you help me to get out the subject *and* the invitations?

I do not know what subject to take. There is a most beautiful *little* subject which few understand, but which gives St Paul's view of "Society." How it was to be made Christian. But it would not last much more than two addresses (? three) and what could we do after that? It is the Epistle to Titus. I dare say you think it sounds dull. But you should have seen my men fire up with it.

To his daughter Margaret, then in Egypt.

CHEVENING.
15th Jan. 1896.

MY DEAREST MAGGIE,

I have got a quiet half hour at Chevening with no letters or papers raging and barking round me, and what should I do with it but write to you. We have been having a large and enthusiastic meeting at Sevenoaks in support of the removal of

[1] A sudden squall of wind.

disabilities from Voluntary Schools, and I spoke 20 minutes longer than I ought. I always do. Lord Cranbrook made a splendid speech.

This is a most beautiful (inside) old house where Pitts and Chesterfields and Stanhopes have lived and talked and thought and left their old mementoes and mementoes of other magnates clinging and clustering about walls and corners.

I wonder whether you have about you any objects of antient interest. I hope, if you have, that you and Fred will acquaint yourselves with them, as a knowledge however slight of archaeology has an invigorating and soothing effect upon the understanding.

Well—without stuff—I am always wondering whether you have been allowed yet to begin again excavating, and whether porphyry catheads and primaeval scribes are behaving as interestingly as before.

I suppose that from your pyramids you look down like Napoleon's centuries on the bullying which we are receiving from about three continents at once. People in the city are *not* so perfectly at ease about America as the newspapers say. But the price of wheat and consols are tests which don't fail and they don't seem alarmed.

About Africa I don't know what we shall do. Popular delight will be in Jameson alone. But law will take a different view of his raid. And the people will find a difficulty in delivering him as they did Jonathan from Saul. And if they did the "German Sphere" would rotate with vehemence. Armenia is too dreadful, too excruciating—a Christian race exterminated nearly, with every horror. But it seems, Russia is the one power which can touch it, and France and Austria will not allow that—while we—"we can't," everybody says—but the "can't" is ignominious and agonizing and ?unchristian.

My dearest love to Fred. Tell him to write me a good long letter full of interest. Arthur has lived like Robinson Crusoe for a few weeks in the woods, dog not cat, gun and man Friday, otherwise Short. We have had torrents of visitors. Lucy has worked at her poor like a Deaconess. Mama has been very busy and Parliament and London with all their gloomy terrors are upon us. 200 majority on our side! too much! too much!

Ever your loving Father,

EDW. CANTUAR.

At this time he was constantly writing to the Bishop of Winchester who was on the Riviera.

(*Prince Henry of Battenberg*[1].)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
Jan. 24*th*, 1896.

DEAREST WINTON,

We are woefully afflicted in our great Queen and for the poor Princess and children. What a περιπέτεια[2] from the gallant young soldier's ardour to do something no matter what for bravery and for England—to this wreck of so much. It is a sore stroke. Four widows in one family.

I telegraphed to the Queen and had kindest little reply and wrote to both. But no one can touch such a sorrow except the Hand that strikes.

26 *Jan.* 1896.

I am indeed troubled at your invaded rest. I hope you are no worse for the journey. It was natural the Queen should want you but I wish you could have been spared. I trust you will find her and the Princess better than I fear—or fear I fear.

And now Leighton[3]! alas! alas! the mighty are falling. Browning, Tennyson, Huxley, Leighton.

I shall want to know all your plans.

27*th Jan.* 1896.

I send you a letter from A—— which I could not possibly be responsible for—especially as I am a Trimmer (teste *Church Times*), and as I am not a Bishop and don't take wine at luncheon, and your Senior Bishop is a Teetotaller there is none but you to answer for them.

To the Rev. Henry M. Fletcher.

(*Offer of a cope.*)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
4 *Feb.* 1896.

MY DEAR MR FLETCHER,

You may be quite sure that I understand, and that I fully enter into the spirit of those who would make the Primate of their Church more "glorious" outwardly. I thank you for all your kind words on their behalf and your own.

[1] He died on H.M.S. Blonde off Sierra Leone on Jan. 20.
[2] Downfall, reverse.
[3] Lord Leighton died on Jan. 24.

But there is so much misunderstanding at present on all such matters, so much is made of them all ways, that I feel it would not be desirable to make a great difference, and enter on a new line of externals in connexion with the Lambeth Conference.

People are so disposed worldlily to undervalue it—to think it meets for unpractical discussion—for no real sound solid work for the good of men and men's souls, but to affect a conciliar appearance and to try to be impressive rather than plain and deep, that I think I must eschew the kind offer. It is not the time I think for external assertion of the Church's dignity but for that foundation-laying which dignity, if it is worth anything, will find out and follow. "Thy servants Thy *work*, and *their children* Thy glory."

Yours ever sincerely,

ED. CANTUAR.

To the Archbishop of York[1].

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
12 *Feb.* 1896.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

Your Generosity has found a better shrine than Becket's for your Offering.

When you replied the day before that Becket's shrine was no more I had nothing to say. But really if Thierry's theory is right that he was the true representative of the lay-people, what could be a more appropriate successor? A Statue of Becket must be put up over the House of Laymen!

Thank you too for promising the interest of the Northern Tribes so warmly. We will do all we can not to claim more right than they in David.

Ever yours affectionately,

ED. CANTUAR.

[1] At the opening of the Church House, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York were preceded by their Crosses. Archbishop Benson reminded Archbishop Maclagan, with a smile, of an ancient compact by which any Archbishop of York, upon the first occasion when his Cross was borne before him in the Southern Province, should present to the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury an image of gold, or a jewel of the value of £40, by way of a forfeit. Archbishop Maclagan thereupon replied that under the altered conditions he would contribute a sum of £50 to the Church House, and would further endeavour to interest the Northern Province in subscribing to the same object.

To Rev. Andrew Welch, Woodchurch Rectory, Ashford.

(Our Lord crucified, in ancient art.)

LAMBETH PALACE.
Feb. 24th, 1896.

MY DEAR MR WELCH,

As you kindly have written to me about your window, which will not need a faculty, I venture to write to you on what I think an important question in religious Art. And you are most welcome, if you think well, to send my letter to Mr Kempe[1].

I wish he would use his great art, great feeling, and great influence in a very desirable direction. He would do much good.

Before the Xth century Christians never represent their Lord Christ naked and agonizing. After this had once begun they went on worse and worse, until in the 15th and 16th centuries you have the most horrible contorted figures of Him.

Now that sight was never seen. Nature herself drew darkness over the last hours of the Lord: or rather His Father veiled nature that it might not be seen.

The Earlier ages of Christendom took a much greater thought. The Sacrifice was no human misery driven in upon a struggling creature. They took for their theme

"*Regnavit a ligno* Deus."

They represented Christ stretching out His own hands and arms against the Tree—but with a Royal Crown, a royal robe, a girdle, royal shoes on His feet.

The face with open eyes was all benignity and power. The right hand had the fingers in the act of blessing, and arms as if to embrace the world. This is the true form in which the Crucified Saviour should be presented in our Art.

I do not say Mr Kempe should refuse to draw our Lord otherwise, but this ought to be always in mind. And I believe that if he drew the true figure, as *he* would draw it, it really would regain its proper sway.

Would you speak (if you think well) to Mr Schreiber[2] and Mr Kempe? There I leave it.

Yours sincerely,

E. C.

[1] Charles Eamer Kempe, manufacturer and designer of stained glass.
[2] Arthur T. Schreiber, donor of the window.

He went up to London in February, and plunged again into work. He began his lectures to ladies again in Lambeth Chapel, expounding St Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians: he notes in his Diary on March 4th:—

Mounds of letters.

3rd Lent Lecture in Chapel. It has been each time full with about 144 ladies—ladies in "Society." I feel there is no congregation anywhere with such responsibilities and slightness of information, and strength of purpose and power. Very singular. But no people could be more simple and earnest to learn—and I am trying to get them into deep waters over 2nd Epistle to Corinthians. We do try to get to the heart under the words—

Δός μοι τὰ σὰ λαλῆσαι
ἐν ἁπλότητι καὶ εἰλικρινείᾳ[1].

He was reading Purcell's Life of Manning with deep interest:—

Purcell's Life of Manning—fascinating tragi-comedy with a "hero" whose curses are coming home to roost. "Policy" his idol, and such policy!

In connection with these words of my father's, I recall that Mr Gladstone said to me at Hawarden, Oct. 14th, 1896, "Manning, you see, was an ecclesiastic above all things and a diplomatist—an ecclesiastical diplomatist: he was often the victim of gross self-deception: when it was a question of policy, everything had to give way to that: algebra, or Plato, or the almanac—or truth itself."

On March 4th the Archbishop received a letter from the Queen:—

A most dear letter from the Queen, but in a hand which shows how much the trouble has wrought on her. "I wish we could persuade you to come to the Riviera."

On the 6th of March he writes that he is nearing the end of the "Cyprian":—

Finishing what I really think is the end of my Cyprian,—the examination of the lists of Bishops who attended Councils under

[1] Grant me to speak the things of Thee in simplicity and sincerity.

Cyprian. The test of genuineness which they offer was one of the first things that struck me. I then wrote out (at) the lists and criticised them. This can certainly not have been later (if so late) than 1865, and I have to-day sent that originally written list and notes, with fresh notes made to-day, to the University Press. So that my copy is at least 30 years apart in its work.

I pray God bless this Cyprian to the good of His Church. If He bless it not I have spent half my life in building hay and stubble, and the fire must consume it. But, please God, may it last.

On the 22nd of March he adds:—

Have done a good deal to-day at the Hierophant and the Vision of the Wild Beasts. Have now practically finished a big book, unless I add a few of the Greek comments. If it ever sees the light many will think it a very odd book. Folks are edified in such different ways. But it has edified me, which was what I began it for[1].

On March 24th he makes a characteristic note on an interview with a clergyman:—

Saw a fine specimen of a High Churchman of the *fin de siècle*. He has refused Communion to someone, and his Bishop has three times written to him that his reason is not tenable. I undertook to see him. He was very polite and, at the end, after I had exhausted my artillery of reasons, besides direct statements, he said, "I am very much obliged to your Grace. I am sorry to have taken up so much time. I quite see the point. And I will at once ask Dr A——, the Vicar of B——, what I ought to do. I always consult Dr A——."

On the 25th he started for his last visit to Lady Crawford at Florence. He had, while travelling, a violent and sudden fit of breathlessness, attributed by himself to asthma. From this he recovered almost at once, and seemed afterwards none the worse, though my mother was greatly alarmed. He writes:—

March 27th. Arrived at Florence after a most comfortable

[1] The latter part of this entry is erroneously quoted in my prefatory note to the "Cyprian," as referring to that work It refers to my father's contemplated book on the Revelation of St John.

journey at 1.45 a.m., only five minutes late, over or through Mont Cenis—most comfortable, except for a violent and sudden and short attack of asthma on awakening! Age begins to batter.

March 28th. The dearest welcome from the dearest people. Lady Crawford so much better and stronger than last year. The Villa Palmieri most fresh and beautiful with its glorious view and brilliant flowers, hyacinths, tulips, magnolia, Judas trees, etc., but for greenness scarcely so forward as Lambeth garden. The day wet with longed-for rain.

He began at once to visit his favourite churches and pictures. On the second of April he went to Fiesole, and writes:—

With M. and L. to Fiesole in the afternoon after a morning of Cyprian, pp. 381 to 400, correcting.

We were in the high choir in the South aisle looking over the screen and could follow with our books every word of the Service.

On the 8th of April he visited the Carmine Church and writes:—

Carmine Church—long and careful study of Masaccio and Lippi—every character seems more human and spiritual than ever. That Angel's face who is delivering Peter—could it be anything but the face of a superior being whose love makes him a servant.

Of the new Education Bill he writes in his Diary:—

The Education Bill is out and I have studied it as well as I can here. It will puzzle the Radicals. It is a Conservative measure to the utmost—and it rests on Liberal principles. Decentralisation, Popular Election, Provision of Religious teaching for every Religious body—they cannot on *principle* oppose it.

To the Bishop of Winchester.

FLORENCE.
13th April, 1896.

DEAREST WINTON,

Things move so fast that my sheet 2 (written first) is out of date! The Education Bill seems to me to be going through no more difficulty than was to be expected. And per-

haps the Northern difficulty is exaggerated. Sheffield bears different witness to Nunn and Wilson.

I wrote the scrap within about Convocation two or three days ago. I thought that if the Lower House had the Education Bill before it, we should not get hold of it in time for a valuable discussion, and should be stranded without matter.

But how do you think it would be on a great issue like this for the two houses to sit together for a debate in the Great Hall?

And also York Convocation has appointed a Committee to *meet in London* to consider Benefices Bill on May 21st. I am afraid it is too late to do anything with them, but if they do this kind of thing, there is some hope of uniting in action. Meantime you have done wonderfully to get the Lambeth Conference subjects all tabulated.

I daresay a meeting of good Bishops and Colonials would be a good thing. They must not settle anything by resolutions, or we should have jealousies (perhaps we should anyhow) but I think their talk would be useful.

I do not learn much from Wilson[1] except that he immoderately dislikes the Bill. I cannot follow the "becauses" with which he supports his adjectives very far. He seems to explain *obscurum per obscurius*. But there are also sentences in the Bill which I cannot make out, and the differences between North and South, *if* there is anything in Nunn, seem to make any *one* measure hopeless for them. Certainly as to the *whole* question, if we get *all* we want religiously in every Board School, Voluntary Schools will cease. *But* we cannot help the necessity of endeavouring to improve the Board School religion, as we have always avowed our desire. Finally there is the possibility that the Board Schools after being improved, may, by some future Radicalism have their religious teaching suspended again, but that is not the real drift of things and I do not think it will happen before Antichrist comes.

Tell me any more you think and hear. There are some dark places.

He returned to London at the end of April, much refreshed in body and mind, and in a mood of wondering gratitude for the beautiful companionship and devoted friendship of the Villa Palmieri.

[1] Archdeacon of Manchester.

To the Bishop of Winchester.

(*Day of his own Consecration, 19th Anniversary.*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
St Mark's Day, 1896.

DEAREST WINTON,

I do very much value and thank you for your being able to say such kind words about to-day. I can only pray that the blotted and blank record, as I thought it over in the quiet of a day or two back, may be somehow forgiven—what a blessedness that we know *how*—but we may forfeit even that.

I gathered when you spoke of writing to Peterborough in the same sentence in which you spoke of silence, that you would drop a word to him. I believe I told him that the invitation had not yet come, and so I do not think *he* would speak.

I thought I might suggest to the Prince of Wales that something was wanted in that nature, and I have just heard that he has asked the Foreign Office to *whom* I should address letters of recommendation of Peterborough as Representative of English Church. I told him that I had no clue to this essential part of the business—having had no request.

I hope they have not blundered it. I hope to see Peterborough on Monday early and I will enjoin.

Yours ever affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

He notes that Convocation was very interesting, and the discussion on the Education Bill and the question of Clergy Sustentation very absorbing.

On the 6th of May he writes:—

Heavy days. At 5.30 the most extraordinary meeting of Trustees of British Museum to elect Mr Godman[1] a Trustee, who has given us tens of thousands of birds and insects and

[1] Frederick Du Cane Godman, F.R.S., author of *Natural History of the Azores*.

money and advice. But the meeting!—Lord Salisbury, Lord Chancellor, Speaker and I with another Trustee sate in the august Cabinet Room—for business not taking 90 seconds. There are generally 15 or 20 Trustees on such occasions—and seven are necessary to a quorum—only five arrived. Lord Salisbury sent to the Government Offices to fetch Cabinet Ministers. When we had waited three quarters of an hour and had twice walked out to the corridors to disperse, first Sir Matthew White Ridley arrived, and then, preceded by the rattle of the heels of the breathless Evelyn Cecil[1] racing back to stop us, came Goschen slowly and unwillingly. "Very humiliating," said Lord Salisbury as we resumed, and I took the Chair for the two minutes required to elect unanimously Mr Godman—who has given gold and counsels and thousands of birds and insects.

The same evening he dined with the Prince of Wales, and describes his evening thus:—

Dined with Prince of Wales. The most splendid company. All the Ambassadors but Russia, who is gone to the Coronation of the Czar. Duke of Connaught, Lord Wolseley near whom I sat with the Lord Chancellor between, two delightful interesting talkers, and on my other side one still better, de Courcel, French ambassador. Lucklessly after dinner the Turkish ambassador asked to be presented, and he held me talking innocently about the Greek Bishops whom I knew, but for his red-handed tyrant's sake he was the last person I wished for, and Harcourt came up and said, "What a picture we have been enjoying! you and the Turk in close alliance!"

Then Harcourt went on about our old Cambridge days, and in heart he is the greatest Conservative. At Prince of Wales' instigation I did my best to make Duke of Connaught see it was good for Church and State that Bishop of Peterborough should go for us, and perhaps I succeeded a little; he promised to do his best to make him welcome there.

Chamberlain, Morley, Balfour, two Directors of British Museum, Asquith, very pleasant after his dangerous but not damaging assault on the Education Bill, Rosebery, Herschell, Salisbury of course looking a very great man, among the Ambassadors.

[1] Now M.P. for East Herts.

On the 11th he notes in his Diary:—

The ways of birds are inestimable. This morning 20 starlings took possession of a circle of lawn 8 feet diameter and picked and pecked some luckless clan of grubs which had emerged in that narrow spot. There was a Sultan among them, who if he saw a starling peck twice at the same inch of ground, chased him and took possession.

On the 17th of May the Archbishop visited Maidstone and stayed with Mr Balston; he was deeply interested and touched by the energy of Church life there. He writes:—

There was one striking and unexpected thing; the working men of St Paul's congregation asked me to meet them, presented me with a most loyal address, in which they speak of Working Men and the Church as bound together in the future (the Church may be a little the most dependent of the two, but that is nothing) with all their signatures. I declare this is one of the most singular facts I have ever known. Who could have thought this was going to be their "attitude" to the Church? To an Archbishop? But these were genuine substantial——[1].

It is touching to record that the earliest memorial erected to the Archbishop's memory was erected in 1897 at Maidstone by the same Guild of Working Men.

On May 20th he went to Windsor to introduce a deputation of Convocation to the Queen; he writes:—

Went with Convocation to Windsor. Archbishop and six Bishops, Prolocutor and 12 Presbyters, officers. The Queen had said she could not attempt to read her address, yet the moment I had delivered ours, she made a little neat extempore speech, full of fire.

Afterwards she sent for me to her own room and spoke a little very tenderly of Prince Henry and her daughter, and then of all things—Florence, bicycling (about which she said the English were a little mad), education, missionaries. The Ashanti expedition had just effected this, that there should be no more such cruelties in Ashanti. She had read *Slatin Pacha* and was

[1] Word undecipherable.

full of its interest and horror. Seventy-seven years old, full of life, looks well, so good a colour. Afterwards went to Princess Beatrice; she said, "It was all best as it is." He wished to do something for England as a duty, not for glory. She had suggested Egypt to him instead of West Africa. But he had said he would stand in no one's way—this was volunteering and he ought to take what comes. She spoke of her future as dedicated only to the Queen—she is certainly a brave woman.

At the end of May he paid a visit to Canterbury for the Ordination. He writes:—

Archbishop of Armagh[1] staying with me at the Deanery, very large and lame in body, and very large and agile in mind.

In the evening Armagh preached in a high key *perfectly* heard and eloquently, though less than his old self. He said the life of a Saint was the life of Christ—"a sweet plagiarism," and that some people regarded the Athanasian Creed as a "War-song" with very little of the second syllable and a good deal of the first.

Joy[2] preached a really inspiring sermon, full of fire, maintaining vehemently and eloquently that Kings and Statesmen had effected far less in the world than Priests and Prophets, from the days of the Pharaohs until now.

The hospitality of the Deanery is absolutely perfect, and the Dean very interesting. Perhaps he trusts his amazing memory too much. But really the tender kindness would be too bright if it had no foreground.

Armagh went with me to ask a holiday for the King's School boys. He told them that, educated as he had been at Tonbridge, he felt the force of the Kentish proverb, "Kent's woods are good but her fields are better." Wood[3] and Field[4] are the two Headmasters.

Three very large congregations in the Cathedral this day. Surely and slowly the Church wins the democracy, if only she will not pretend to be democratic. People will never believe that, and will distrust if she says she is. What she may become is another thing.

[1] Dr Alexander. [2] Rev. Samuel Joy, now Vicar of Maidstone.
[3] Rev. Joseph Wood, now Headmaster of Harrow.
[4] Now Warden of Radley.

About this time he wrote on the subject of the Colonial Bishoprics Fund :—

It is absolutely necessary to refuse to transfer any of the funds we hold to Trustees in the foreign dioceses. Wherever we have done it, the capital has melted away. So sanguine a habit of mind is induced by colonial life that ten per cent. offered on investments has no terrors for them !

May 27. Peaceful days ! though busy still since we rode down to Addington last Thursday evening. Rode back to-night. Have scarcely been outside the Park,—too joyful in its leafage and its snow-piles of hawthorn—never have I seen such May.

June 4. Preached in the City to my Company, the Skinners, at St Mary Aldermary (= older Mary—Bow Church having been called New Mary at one time). The church a beautiful and lofty specimen of Sir Christopher Wren's view of Gothic, with side-pendant roof and very un-gothic circles. Presided at the Ecclesiastical Commission—and from there just reached the Skinners by 2.0. The dignities were in their fur gowns, and the Church full—all of which is interesting—to me.

On the 6th of June he went to Cambridge to stay with the Master of Trinity ; he notes in his Diary :—

Came down to beloved Trinity and Cambridge. A great improvement in the outward appearance of the courts, from the creepers. But not of the men (nor of the Fellows themselves). The College has abolished the Scholars' table because the men no longer were drawn together nor had friends there from their old schools. Time weakens the tie. Life to me at Trinity would have been a totally different thing without that happy and clever Scholars' table. Fancy not dining daily with Lightfoot, Pearce, Ellis, Hammond, Sharp, Prescott, Maxwell Clark, many others, Macnaghten specially, George Burn, Robert Burn. The Scholars' Table was half the life.

Chapel Service very much more exquisitely rendered and shortened, very sparsely attended on Saturday evening. And few strangers—perhaps it is whispered a little too sentimentally in the music. I am told that the High Table gets smaller every term—and the Fellows have ceased to dress for dinner. There seems to be a moving in one direction in all this.

On the following day he writes:—

June 7. Early Communion. I celebrated and felt it a most high privilege in the place so reverenced by that group of dearest friends, now fast breaking up—and where I received it, seldom, unritually, but so solemnly and manlily administered by Whewell, Sedgwick, Martin, and their peers. There is no doubt about it. Trinity was great in those days.

Preached at 2.15 to the University on "the Apocalypse of Jesus Christ." Galleries piled as in the old days, but to me sorrow that I can't deliver a better message—such as the two Selwyns, Wordsworth, Blunt, Jeremie, or Dr Mill delivered when *they* piled the galleries in old days. Still I think it is still God's message, and I must leave it to Him. Dined in Hall and went to Combination Room—all very delightful but partly by reason of the grand ghosts that sat among us. Thompson, Munro, Mathison, Westcott, Scott, Clark, beside those "first three." A good talk with Cobb and Aldis Wright who became splendid on the way of discovering unknown quotations in answer to a lucky question of mine on the quotation in the *Anatomie of Melancholie.*

Most delightful to be here with such old friends as Lord Ashcombe, most modest of undergraduates, and Sir R. Webster. Rather low spirits about the Benefices and the Education Bills. Not very easy to advise a policy about either.

On June 10th was held the National Society's Annual Meeting: he presided, and writes in his Diary:—

Halifax, who meantime is sending me continual reports of the progress, which he thinks satisfactory, made at Rome in the question which he thinks vital, namely what Rome is pleased to think of our Orders, seemed seized by passion and flashed his white teeth and said he was "come to speak strongly." He had accepted the invitation of the Society to second the motion of increased support being given to it. He now told the Society it was weak and would not hold its own—said the English Bishops ought to have joined the Roman Catholics and adopted their policy—that the Bill had been utterly mismanaged by the Bishops and if it failed it was entirely their fault. I could not forbear saying that Mr P. V. Smith[1] had proposed and Viscount

[1] Philip Vernon Smith, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.

Halifax was to be understood to have seconded the motion—and afterwards this came to my mind:

"The Seer refused to bless or curse
Without Divine permission;
Divine and Peer, our modern Seer
Accepts no such condition.
Agrees to bless, but (swift reverse!)
Swears the Bill's bad, the Bishops worse,
And, as he can't himself caress them,
Runs off to fetch the Pope to bless them."

On the 14th the Archbishop went to stay with his much beloved friend, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, at Chenies. He writes in his Diary:—

Came down yesterday to the Duchess at Chenies and preached to the villagers this morning and took part in Holy Communion. The village has been much awakened by a quiet nine months' work of a Church Army Captain—45 have been confirmed.

A good interesting talk with A—— last night on her work in Aylesbury gaol, and in consequence a fearful dream of attempting the lives of three people in a just and compassionate spirit. This evening a very helpful talk on Conscience and Consciousness of self.

June 15. Drove out with A—— to Rickmansworth and was met by Lady Ebury to show me the fine East window which they have put up to their parents' memory. This is by Burne-Jones and Morris, and is as utter a contrast as can be to Kempe. A green forest with afflicted figures and our Lord nailed to a living tree with a serpent at its roots—it is mystical, which I like, if the artists believe. And it is overwhelmingly green. There *is* room for divers schools and sundry manners.

To Chancellor Dibdin.

(*Life of Bishop Thorold.*)

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
15*th June*, 1896.

MY DEAR CHANCELLOR,

Little thought I where you were going when you asked so particularly if I had received Bishop Thorold's Life. But, however I feel that I have been lassoed, I am infinitely

obliged to you for making me owe to you the memorial of one who was honoured and loved by us both.

I have read a good deal of the latter half of the book and also the beginning, and it seems to me a rational and consistent picture of a very Christian Man—i.e. one who was ἐν Χριστῷ mind and spirit, and one who had a man's παῤῥησία[1] before both God and man.

All else is *down* and dust in comparison with these powers, of and above nature as they are. And it was a most generously loving heart—I feel that well as I knew him I shall know him still better from Mr Simpkinson's book. Once more best and warmest thanks.

Sincerely yours,

E. W. Cantuar.

You'll remember me on the subject of clear views as to the dissidence of Church and State law and the rift this portends. Is there *any* other case?

On the 17th he writes in his Diary:—

Dined at Lord Cross's. The Party very low at their own management in conceiving some Bills to be non-contentious and therefore introducing too many. There is no such thing now as a non-contentious subject. The Benefices Bill is dead. In the Education Bill they have done two words to-day. But what I am most low about is the trituration of parliamentary system. Two men unscrupulously opposing word by word can baffle the Parliament of England, and have done it, so that incredible as it seems, this vast majority is powerless. Lord Salisbury writes to me to say time forbids notion of Government taking Benefices, which the whole Episcopate—except one Bishop—asked him to do.

On the 22nd he writes:—

A real Black Monday. I do not remember a gloomier moment.

The Education Bill is dropped to-day by the Government, a really great measure which, with their majority of 274, they cannot now carry because they have wasted their time on small affairs which they imagined would be non-contentious—with Sir W. Harcourt on the Opposition bench!

[1] Boldness of speech.

To the Bishop of Winchester.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is passed by 142 to 103, many young Lords having taken their seats only to-day, to vote for it, and others abstaining. (I spoke like waving a pocket handkerchief from a sinking ship.)

The Northern Convocation has voted in a mass for Rate Aid, against the views of their laity, Schoolmasters and School managers. We in the South are against it, as certain to deprive us in the long run of the management of our Voluntary Schools in the appointment of teachers.

So far as I see, the aim of all Committees to carry their point harmoniously, is coming to an end. In every Committee there is a minority which gets its way just as in Parliament. Altogether this cantilena celebrates as dismal a shadiness of all things the Church has to do as I ever heard of, *and* we have a majority of 274! Prayer may win through, but there is no time to pray in a true sense.

On the 23rd, his wedding-day, he writes:—

Thirty-seventh wedding-day. Years of blessing with two such piercing sorrows—such goodly works allowed and assigned—such blank inadequacies. O Bone Domine.

On July 3rd he notes:—

For a few years past an advanced colonial Bishop here or there has worn a rich corded silk purple cassock, instead of our plain black, glowing sympathy with his dress coat. Then one or two smaller English Bishops shone into one—then the Bishop of A—— was born in one. Last the Bishop of B——, the plain man—the prudent man—the broad Churchman. And soon it will be universal. Shall I be swept away too? or shall I go down to the grave a black-breasted fogey?

The Archbishop had recently, in an address to the National Society, charged the Northern Counties, such as Lancashire, with not doing their part in the work of religious education. He gave some statistics, which appeared to favour this view, but which, like many statistics, were really misleading: the sequel is related in the Diary:—

The Archdeacon of Manchester[1] came and terrified me for

[1] Ven. J. M. Wilson, formerly Headmaster of Clifton College.

having misrepresented Lancashire. He certainly brings out the fact that Lancashire has educated more children in the Church than London and more economically. But then they have been free to establish Voluntary Schools everywhere; there is no opposition to speak of. But the London School Board have refused to allow us to build schools which we wanted to build—and this oppression has been on a large scale. Nevertheless I shall eat humble pie to Lancashire; and with a good grace, for I am delighted to find how good they are.

On July 5th the Archbishop went to Eton to stay with the Headmaster and to preach to the boys. In Dr Warre my father found a most congenial friend; in 1894 he had lent us his beautiful Somersetshire house for September, and my father and he had several times corresponded in pleasant classical epigrams, a graceful accomplishment which my father loved. The Sunday was very hot, and my father claimed to be nervous at preaching, but he preached extempore, at my own earnest request, on Home ties. He notes in his Diary:—

In Evening Service I could not see one single boy who was not singing the Evening Hymn after Service, "Sun of my Soul,"—and the last verse was most touching, and most touchingly sung, as one thought of school as the waking place of so many souls and minds:—

"Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take."

Saw a number of able and very interesting people; yesterday evening steered Dr Warre (very badly) down the river while he rowed to see the two first eights practise and race: interesting—near relation between παίζειν[1] and παιδεύειν[1] and how the Englishman *makes discipline for himself in games.*

On the 6th he writes:—

I am told that a certain Dean, lately deceased, secretly opened every grave in his Cathedral. My informant thought this interesting and reasonable. She told me how, as a great favour, he had taken her herself to see him, with two men,

[1] To play—to educate.

open the grave of a Prior. The figure was quite lifelike and perfect, but fell immediately to dust. These are the ghouls and Peeping Toms to whose keeping those great and sacred men confided themselves, with the few little personal things they valued above all others. My Dean and Canons at Canterbury were just as bad, when they broke in on one whom they supposed to be Archbishop Herbert[1], but departed as wise as they came, only a little richer by stealing his cloth of gold mitre, and ring and a chalice. I have always refused to look at these.

The desecration of sepulchres was always to my father a matter for loudly-expressed indignation. I remember many years ago, when I was quite a boy, that I went with him to Chichester, and was struck with the warmth he displayed on seeing some rings in the Library that had been taken from the fingers of buried Bishops. I may perhaps add that this view, which I knew him to hold very strongly, weighed much with us when the question was raised in 1897 of moving his own body to the crypt of Canterbury.

On the 9th a Clause of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill came up in the House of Lords; he writes:—

A most unfair thing done in the House of Lords. Dunraven had brought in his Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on the principle that the Clergy were to be saved from disabilities as to celebrating such marriages and withholding the Sacrament from people so married. The Party took great credit to themselves for their forbearance, and on that principle the second reading passed. To-night Lord Galway carried an amendment on Report to omit the saving clause. So that the Clergy who, all their days have been supported by law in their refusal, are by one stroke laid open to any amount of pains and penalties if they refuse. What that may mean to poor men in the way of trial to their conscience, I know.

The Bishops were the cause of the disaster. The majority was nine. Seven Bishops were in London, who, having seats in

[1] There was no Archbishop Herbert of Canterbury; my father probably meant Herbert of Bosham, friend and biographer of Becket, to whom some writers have given a career in Italy as Archbishop, Cardinal and even Pope; *Dict. Nat. Biog.* XXVI. 167.

the House, did not appear there, besides the Archbishop of York, and not one of the Northern Bishops attended.

On the 10th July the third Reading of the Bill was passed in the House of Lords: he writes:—

Wilt not Thou go forth with our hosts?

To-night by 38, a larger majority than ever, even than on second reading, House of Lords passed third reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, changed as it is, the principle extracted from it, as the pea from under the box—a juggling trick.

July 13. The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace was of 4000 persons. The grounds looked delightful. And as it was very hot, the mass of white silk umbrellas or parasols which was before us, heaving and gracefully moving, was like the wave of the sea.

The Prince after glancing my way several times, came up holding out his hand *as if* diffidently, and saying, "Will you shake hands with me?" I said, "Vicisti, Sir." He said, "What?" But on my saying again, "Vicisti," he laughed very heartily in his own way [1].

On the 14th of July, his last birthday on earth, he notes:—

My birthday, and much kindness both in Heaven and Earth.

We did a good deal which was off the ground and only useful as sharpening the countenances of our friends. But one good thing we did, namely to start a Committee for caring for the religious condition of deaf-mutes.

On the 15th of July he writes:—

After the Conference I went to the so-called Baptistery in Westminster Abbey, meeting some of the old Arnold men, Seton-Karr [2], Lake [3], and others, besides the Drummonds, Tom Arnold and his daughter, Mrs Humphry Ward, to dedicate in its place Gilbert's bust of Arnold. It represents him, I think, just after closing a sermon in a moment of reposeful spirit. But they all

[1] The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York voted in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

[2] W. S. Seton-Karr of Bramshot, Hants.

[3] Ex-Dean of Durham.

agree that such occasions were very rare. It was generally said, "Not fierce enough." No one ever ceased to be afraid of him. The Dean, a little white figure in his robes and skull cap over his sharp refined features, after reading Collect for All Saints and one or two other Prayers, made a sweet good little address, a great contrast to the burly statue of his master which we stood round, about 30 persons with Mat. Arnold, Kingsley, and Maurice looking at him over our heads, Keble and Wordsworth beside him, and Stanley invisible but smiling near. I can't express how much I owed Arnold, religiously and historically. It was my aim to imbibe his very spirit; I assimilated much, but I spiritually fed on other things beside. His never dying glory is to have utterly reformed the Public Schools.

To the Bishop of Dover.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
20th July, 1896.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I think the flooring of the Chapter House with wood blocks would be quite too mean. A mere modern comfortableness, cheap and unfit.

It ought to be laid either with stone, or better with mosaic—for it is by no means necessary to imitate our own grand mosaic floor of the Trinity Chapel. But the principle of mosaic being right you could use the plain white and drab tesserae with black and red lines. It might be a simple pattern—simple as can be—and sweeping, if in curves—but that is not necessary—only I am sure mosaic is the only thing. Not encaustic tiles, for the middle ages found them a failure.

I think you ought to be sure that the matrices *did* come from the Nave. For priests were often buried in Chapter Houses.

Are not your Statutes clear as to Chapter being consulted—at any rate practice must be so—and the necessity is universal *except at Westminster* where the Dean's power is a unique thing.

Ever yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 22nd of July he officiated at the wedding of Princess Maud of Wales; he writes:—

Married the Princess Maud to Prince Charles of Denmark. The brightest of the Princesses and almost as young as when I

confirmed her. He a tall gallant-looking sailor. Hope he will make her happy. The Chapel an old conservatory ineffectually disguised by Church furniture—all well arranged and the banquet also. The whole very royally done. The group of great peers of the Queen's household afterwards was striking, as were the greater peers also in Chapel, and Mr Gladstone decidedly ageing and paling though they say he is well.

The Queen was the wonderful sight, so vigorous. In the Bow Room afterwards where 50 Royalties signed the Book, she called me to her and I knelt and kissed her hand and she talked very spiritedly a few minutes. As soon as it was over an Indian servant wheeled in her chair to take her out—she instantly waved it back, "Behind the door," she said, and walked all across the room with her stick most gallantly.

August he spent quietly at Addington, writing at his *Cyprian*, riding and working. He and my mother paid visits to Lord Ashcombe, the Attorney-General, and Lord Northbourne, and were much interested in what they saw and heard.

To Canon Mason.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
15 *Aug.* 1896.

AGAPIT,

You'll give me a name, won't you, acceptable to the Chapter for the Quiet Day? I don't like to ask you. I am always asking you.

I am preternaturally delighted, and I am sure that William of Sens[1] is supernaturally ravished, at your having "turned his choir into a place of worship"—and I suppose a Mosque, as it is all done by a Carpet[2]. It must, as you say, be "perfectly transformed."

[1] Four years after the murder of Becket, the Choir of Canterbury Cathedral was wholly burnt down. Many French as well as English artificers were summoned to rebuild it, among the former, William of Sens. To him the work was entrusted, and on his death to another William, an Englishman. Then arose the present Choir, the Trinity Chapel, and the Corona or circular apse called Becket's Crown.

[2] The appearance of the Choir Sanctuary at Canterbury had recently been greatly improved by the hanging of an Oriental fabric behind the Altar.

I believe that Islam reposes on carpets—and we shall have a procession bearing the Holy Carpet—Selah.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Bishop of Winchester.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
20 *Aug.* 1896.

DEAREST WINTON,

You and the Bishop of London seem to be agreed.

I am fussy no doubt, but that is the Church's bad luck.

I quite know that *totus clerus* and *tota plebes* will not follow the lead of the Bp of London, and you mock me when you say they won't follow "even mine." It produces a kind of sub-acute rheumatism. But I don't believe they will follow the lead of the National Society either. And hence for the life of me I cannot see how the resolution or conclusions of the Committee of Oct. 16th are to be brought to bear on the Convocations at all. I can't see the point of touch. Οὐδὲν πρὸς Διόνυσον[1] they will say. However wiser heads than mine think it will come all right, and I shall cease to trouble mine.

* * * * *

8 *Sept.* 1896.

We have had Heygate[2] and Talbot[3] here for the Sunday. Both very low as to the way in which Government is likely to meet the Church.

What do you say to the *Times* Article to-day on the Outlook of the Church as to Disestablishment? There is much true and much obvious in it. But the thing is how to get the true and obvious to bear. Bishops seem everybody's bugbear. Bishops now seem to have defeated the Education Bill by wishing for it. And that Bishops are the only Reformers who have brought in Bills to effect the Reforms they wish—freedom in Rubrics—Reform of Patronage—of Discipline, is steadily ignored by this trumpeter of the "Church Reform League." I wonder who he is,—and I don't use "Trumpeter" as an opprobrious name.

Ever yours affectionately,

EDW. CANTUAR.

[1] A proverb implying "nothing to the point."

[2] William Unwin Heygate, formerly M.P. for S. Leicestershire.

[3] Rt Hon. John Gilbert Talbot, M.P. for Oxford University.

On the 16th of September he started with my mother for his Irish tour; on the 17th he writes:—

To Dublin. After a night in Chester, where one of the silly fêtes of dressed-up girls was going on, which make charity possible in England, and where the grave Cathedral next morning seemed to talk of a different sort of charity from every stone, we reached Kingstown after a frightful passage, "worst of the year," were met by the Archbishop of Dublin[1] and drove to his house, "Old Connaught House," over the Kilkenny Hills—certainly a beautiful country and no mark of poverty here. But Archbishop Tait said once that he had been five weeks in Ireland without seeing anything Irish, and that he understood what was meant by the "English garrison."

Lord Plunket's a very nice old house and a lovely garden to which the Archbishop is devoted.

To Mr Gosse, with whom he was in correspondence on some points connected with his *Cyprian*, he wrote, on the 24th, "this fair land is so hospitable, so sight-showing, and so insistent on my working my passage, that it has been absolutely impracticable to write a line."

The diary of the Irish tour is very minute throughout; I have not space for it all: but I give one or two extracts:—

Sept. 29. The *Times* of Monday contained Cardinal Vaughan's insolent speech on our Orders and the Pope's amazing letter suggesting the formation of a fund in England for the assistance of those of our Clergy who leave our Church and lose their all thereby. A downright Roman Catholic article in the *Times*. If Rome has not for once overshot all prudence I am mistaken.

The Bishop of Clogher[2] a really marvellous man—aet. 72, most upright, clear-eyed, quick, light-stepping man equal to any fatigue—was brought up on Loch Erne, knows every gentleman, farmer and labourer in his diocese, and every haunt of pike and trout in the whole lough,—every rock and island—breeds and keeps the best horses, and is a great gardener, and withal a faithful pastor.

[1] The late Lord Plunket. [2] Dr C. M. Stack.

Told us endless things worth remembering, and illustrating the old life he remembers his father talking of. Pity no one writes him out.

Cardinal Cullen[1] was mentioned. "He was a cruel man," he said, "sent here by Cardinal Wiseman[2] to put an end to the Gallican Clergy; they were gentlemen educated well in France and on kind terms with all. 'Jesuit' and 'Papist' were terms which they used about Ultramontanes, exactly as we do. He worried them, all but broke their hearts, made them resign, killed them with trouble, appointed extreme curates to look after them. 'I can't turn in my bed without his writing to the Cardinal about my doing so,' said one of them. One showed the Cardinal his bees and his flowers, 'We want none of these bee-businesses nowadays,' said the Cardinal and transplanted him to a lonely bare place in the mountains."

Canon A—— says the satisfaction with which the dises-tablishment people regard the advance of the Church of Ireland is like the end of the parable of the good Samaritan. The thieves came on and put up at the inn and congratulated the man on being so well cared for there, and getting so well so soon. "If it hadn't been for us you wouldn't have been here!"

My father and mother went on to stay with Lord Macnaghten, at Runkerry, Co. Antrim, for a few days' rest.

To the Bishop of Winchester.

(*Lambeth Conference.*)

LD. MACNAGHTEN,
RUNKERRY, BUSHMILLS.
1 *Oct.* 1896.

DEAREST WINTON,

As to the Agenda Paper [of the Conference], it is too full, and perhaps the way you propose for dealing with two or three of the subjects might answer.

[1] Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, 1852—1878.

[2] Nicolas Wiseman, though born in Spain, was of an old Essex family; in 1849 he became Vicar Apostolic of the London district. The Papal Bull establishing a Roman Hierarchy in England was issued in September 1850, and Dr Wiseman made Archbishop of Westminster and a Cardinal,—the seventh in England since the Reformation. He supported Pius IX.'s Bull in an eloquent Pastoral, contrasting the splendour and squalor co-existing in Westminster. He died 15th February 1865.

I do not attach any weight to the report of a Committee on such a subject as Higher Criticism any more than formerly I did to a Report on Free Thinking, or Atheism or whatever it was—Evidences perhaps. They are ceaselessly growing subjects and a Report can only photograph (? accurately) the immediate state; an Episcopal Report is prejudged, and no one can say either what people *ought* to think, while it is going on, or what will be the final conclusions except in a valuelessly general way. It is a subject that must be left to individual scholars; compromise is out of the question. I should be glad therefore if they never reported.

The relation of Sisterhoods to Episcopate is another affair, and wants a pronouncement. We had better have the first talk, appoint the Committee at once, and *suggest* a longer period for presentation of Report. Of course they may say, "We could not debate by correspondence all over the world, and we *can* report in a fortnight or three weeks." They will have many facts in their bosoms. They won't want statistics, and they may say we *can* develop the *principles*. Perhaps I have not grasped exactly what they are expected to say.

We must, I suppose, if definite points can be brought before them, ask the Lambeth Conference Committee of Bishops to meet about Nov. 5. I had rather not submit generalia to one or two of them.

The Pope's Encyclical has become quite dull in comparison with Vaughan's insolent scholia, and the Pope's impudent begging for alms to help our yearning priesthood over to Rome. Surely the glamour must be falling from the eyes of those who now contemplate it as involved with so much romance. It is looking very vulgar and ambitious.

But what do you now say about the *Times*? Surely there can be no doubt now that it has an undeniable Roman Catholic tone—the Article on the Encyclical and the Article which accompanies Vaughan's oration are absolutely Roman, only the fingers that write are covered roughly with the skin of the kids. I can't think the *coup* sagacious.

Ireland is very interesting. But I see nowhere except on the pavement any Irish. Anglo-Irish, with all the ideas and feelings of England and a pretty soft Irish accent, is the whole tone. The Church is, I fear, slightly on the ebb—the disappearance of the landlords which is going on steadily will leave

behind no people willing or able to bear the expenses. But they finance all they have magnificently. And they are certainly the most delightful people. We have had only too much interest.

After all your political embosoming you will come out more "Erastian and latitudinarian" than ever, a true perfect representative of Vaughanian Church of Englandism. I think we shall have to say something in answer to those invitations and am considering.

The Armenian Committee want me to appear at the meeting on Oct. 19th, and of course all one's spirit is to go. But I don't know. I can't help trembling for the Assyrians, and yet feel there may be nothing in my fears.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

To the Archbishop of York.

(*The Papal Letters.*)

5 *Oct.* 1896.
LORD MACNAGHTEN'S, RUNKERRY,
BUSHMILLS, IRELAND.
On Thursday—BELFAST CASTLE.
On Saturday—HAWARDEN CASTLE.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

This is just to wish you a serviceable and happy Congress and I am very glad to hear that you will handle the Papal Letters etc. in your Sermon. It is a most appropriate first step which will carry great weight and comfort and do good in every way.

We shall want besides a separate mode of handling in an accurate setting forth by our experts of the particulars which prove our English Orders as well as the enthusiastic statement that they *do* prove them. You and I ought to sign such a document, the Bishops assenting. A verbal unanimity of so many is hopeless. And our experts are three on Ordinations—Oxford, Peterborough and Sarum. No three doctors of Europe have such intimate knowledge of facts and argument in that subject. People are demanding some reassurance on all sides.

Ever your affectionate,

ED. CANTUAR.

To the Archbishop of York.

Till 8th, c/o Lord Macnaghten, Runkerry,
Bushmills, Ireland.
then, Hawarden Castle, *till 12th.*

My dearest Archbishop,

I am sending you a copy of the notices which are going out in this Province for the Meeting of Nov. 5.

I am in great hopes that if we get full attendances and wise speaking we shall abolish the lingering hesitation about a meeting of the Convocations as such and show that a Synod would be a very possible and manageable thing.

If in either way it should be a failure (which I do not anticipate however) it would be of little use to move for a Joint Meeting of Convocations whether as Committees or otherwise. I agree with you in thinking that the strength of the Church will not be realised until there has been such a constitutional meeting of the whole *nation.* And I think Cardinal V. may help people to realise it. But it will be put to the proof now whether the clergy are wishing to turn up in their strength and really to deliberate.

I have had a most interesting time in Ireland. You do not see much of the Celt here. But the English Church in the Irish form of it and under Disestablishment is a gallant sight. They make *every* exertion, and the financing is admirably done, and the terms on which the laity and clergy are seem, so far as I see, to be excellent. But there is much talk of feeble clergy in districts away from the centres—and not one person pretends to think what we hear in England, that the Church is better for Disestablishment—or that it has been anything but a great blow. The abuses here *were* appalling, but they were over before Disestablishment came into consideration.

The commencing Disestablishment of the landlords themselves is a most serious prospect. For *they* supply the sinews of war and if they disappear, which seems an imminent fact, no one can take their place. You will not get a group willing or indeed able to do what is now done by one.

I wish we could come as you kindly wish to York. It would be most delightful. But I rush to Cheltenham for a long engagement and then into the Diocese for many.

Ever your affectionate,

Ed. Cantuar.

Will you come to Addington—it would be very nice if you could—on Wednesday Nov. 4, and drive up with me to Eccl. Com. and then to the meeting on the 5th and come back with me?

He writes in the Diary:—

Oct. 6. Drove to Dunluce Castle and walked back with Macnaghten. A very wild and striking ruin, its walls sheer up from the face of the precipices of a vast sea-rock joined to the land by one very narrow arch. To realise the wicked state of things, and the improvements made by these strongholds, and to see them once more filled by coarse men in multitudes, is difficult. One can quite see the old Castle with its round towers and curtains and the large Elizabethan hall and solar crammed into the courtyard, in the time when dwelling houses had to be inserted and made the best of. It was exactly like the old print in the *Saturday Magazine.*

It was a very nice walk. So interesting and so strange after 40 years and more in which one has scarcely seen him, to find the same warm, quiet, kind friend as ever, and to be just as if no time had passed.

He thinks on reading A. Marriott's Will that there need be not the least hesitation in taking up the Marriott bequest, £50,000 for the benefit of my diocese in Churches, hospitals, etc. Same to London, but strangely not for the diocese but for the Metropolitan area, and same to York. I hope it will not be difficult to get that part of my diocese assisted from the Fund which I am excluded from helping as being in the Metropolitan area. (This applies *more* strongly to Appian gates.)

(Sleep!)

The last words here are characteristic; he was evidently feeling fatigued, and was overcome by sleep as he wrote his diary; he seems to have realised that he was writing nonsense, and instead of deleting the last words, merely adds the comment "Sleep."

He left for England on the 9th of October, charmed and delighted with the enthusiastic hospitality with which he had been received in Ireland, and reached Hawarden

on the 10th: in the train he wrote very busily at the letter in reply to the Roman claims, which was published exactly as he wrote it.

Thus he came back full of vigour. His "Cyprian" was finished and he was carrying with him his book on the Revelation which was close on completion.

The following are my father's last two letters; the first, to Mr Edmund Gosse, I found lying on his dressing-room table; he had written it on the Saturday night, but left it open, possibly intending to add a few words.

To Edmund Gosse.

HAWARDEN CASTLE.
Oct. 10, 1896.

One word, dear Mr Gosse, to thank you very much indeed, and to say that I am sending the letter you advise.

I have been over-travelled and overworked, and unable to do it before. Ireland is as exacting as she is affectionate.

I need not say the G. O. M. is "marvellous," for no one says anything else of him, and the word is not full measure.

Sincerely yours, with sincerest thanks indeed,

E. W. CANTUAR.

The last letter was written after breakfast on the Sunday morning, and finished only a short time before my father started for Church; it was written to the Archbishop of York and dealt with the necessity of a joint official pronouncement by the two Archbishops in reply to the Roman claims.

To the Archbishop of York.

HAWARDEN CASTLE.
Oct. 11*th*, 1896.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

I find such *great* anxiety to know what, if anything, we are prepared to do—(and certain misgivings about important people)—that I will send a note to the *Times*, now that I know your mind as to the advisability of a pronouncement, to say that

one *will* be made, and that meantime we are surer than ever before, now we know Leo XIII.'s *reasons*, that they have *nothing* to say.

Peterboro will have told you how they are getting on, and I am glad you approve of that and the subsequent course which we should take.

Mr Gladstone was much pleased with your kind message. He is still a marvel.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. CANTUAR.

Delighted that you come to me on 4th Nov.

CHAPTER XV.

CHARACTER.

"*Who, rowing hard against the stream,*
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream." TENNYSON.

ONE of the chief difficulties under which a biographer labours in the case of a temperament like my father's, is the necessity for bringing out the two strains that existed side by side in him—strains which are generally strongly contrasted.

On the one side he was a stern Puritan: he was severe, strict, and if not in all ways disciplined, with a natural and deliberate love of discipline. He had dark and melancholy moods in which he dwelt gloomily upon his own and others' deficiencies. He hated luxury, waste, extravagance, worldliness, wilfulness, idleness, folly. He disapproved of much innocent pleasure and gaiety, and the light-hearted, thoughtless youthful cynicism, which proceeds more from pure ignorance of the world than from any philosophy, was to him a thing to be sharply reproved. All graceful, indolent trifling with the serious side of life was inconceivable to him.

Thus to the outer world he often seemed to have more of the master than the priest in his character; he had more respect for strength than sympathy for weakness; he had trained himself carefully in the latter, as

in other graces, and could give, if it was required, a strong, wise and tender sympathy; but it was more deliberate than instinctive; and it was not so much his nature to bear the burdens of others in the realm of sympathetic emotion as to provide for their welfare; he was more disposed to emend weakness and correct faults than to penetrate motives or allow for shortcomings.

The feeling of responsibility was a primal instinct in him, developed not only by deliberate purpose but by the force of circumstances throughout a lifetime. At a singularly early age he had to share responsibilities with his mother, and far sooner than comes to the lot of most men to assume the chief responsibility of younger lives.

My youngest brother writes:—

> Up to the end of my first year at Cambridge I had no intention of taking Holy Orders, and up to that time the character of the master in my father appeared certainly the stronger; but from the time that I had decided to take Holy Orders this side of his character was turned away from me, and I saw him far more as the priest than as the master. "He was before all else a priest," said a friend of his after his death; "if he had been in the Greek, the Russian, the Roman Church, he would have been equally a priest everywhere. He was before all else a priest." At the end of his Church Service Book again, the book which he generally used in Church, there is a careful analysis on the last page of Gal. v. 22, drawn up, it cannot be doubted, as a guide to the spiritual life, and the only virtue on which he comments is that of "gentleness," upon which he wrote, "Inner Spirit—no revolt from burdens laid by others' sin,"—the very essence of the priestly life.

His very strenuousness could be at conflict with itself in some ways. He made friends without great difficulty with apparently congenial people, but his friendships were apt to deepen or diminish in proportion as the friend had large reserves of strength and feeling. He asked so much from those he admired, believed so much in them, and

was so sensitive to their defects, that his friendships were sometimes strained and broken in the making. He had a natural shrinking from giving or receiving eulogy, though he valued it deeply if he thought it sincere. A certain shyness, not always recognised, made it easier for him to express appreciation and admiration in writing than in speech.

The vitality which was one of the most striking elements in his character made him give himself, not merely his relaxed attention, to even the details of life, as if for the moment these were the only things worth doing. Few letters have more vividly and simply touched this characteristic than the following:—

From William Whalley, Bailiff at Addington, to Arthur Benson.

ADDINGTON PARK.
Jan. 18th, 1897.

SIR,

I am glad to say we are getting on well; but what a difference there is for quietness. I never had such a quiet Xmas since I have been at Addington. I am now missing the Archbishop most dreadfully; if he had been here, he and I would have been as busy as two ants, all through the woods, planting and cutting; but it is no use building up high hopes; all our plans are at an end, I am sorry to say.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM WHALLEY.

The grinding discipline of a life full of responsibility, acting on a will eagerly set to find and follow the Divine will, brought a great softening of the masterful element which had been strong in early life.

In 1876 he wrote to his wife, on a visit from Lincoln to Wellington :—

...The masterful feeling is quite gone, and one quite forgets how one used to think it was the work of one's own hands, and feels that for all that may have been good one was only the merest instrument moved by a power—which in the greatest things which really were within, one often rejected. All the unhappy feeling about the reminiscences is only due to want of Love. Oh, how little one knew the value of that. How little all those years one thought about Grace and graces. Strength and Finish seem to have been one's compassless aims...But I can try that the coming years, if they are given, shall have the work of Love and Grace in them...

And again he wrote to my mother two years later :—

14th July, 1878.

...So this is my birthday. Nine and forty years, like the knights and squires of Branksome, but not of name or of fame. Only of work, such as it is according to my very poor notions of working, and service according to my very poor notions of service. ...I think the most grave and altogether best lesson which I have learned in nine and forty years is the incalculable and infinite superiority of gentleness to every other force, and the imperious necessity of humility as a foundation to every other virtue. Without this it appears to me the best characters and noblest have to be taken to pieces and built up again with the new concrete underlaid—and without gentleness things may be done, but Oh, at what needless cost of tears and blood too.

The care, the detailed attention, that inspired all things, from his early energies for the Church down to the very minor matters of life, gave a sincerity, and a care to his courtesies which made them not easily forgotten.

Dr Gifford gives one such instance :—

One anecdote may help to illustrate the late Archbishop's kindness to all who were in any way connected with him. The excellent Dean's Verger at St Paul's, who is also the Ostiarius of the Lower House of Convocation, once spoke to me of his regret that he was the only official of Convocation who had not

been presented with a copy of the Revised Version of the Bible. I wrote in Mr Green's name a petition addressed to the Archbishop in a dozen Latin Iambics; and in a day or two our much esteemed friend the Ostiarius received a well-bound copy of the Revised Version, containing a graceful inscription in a few words of Latin by his Grace's own hand.

And the Rev. Vernon Musgrave writes :—

I must, at the risk of being wearisome, add one out of thousands of stories of the Archbishop's true kindness and thought; some nine or ten years ago I had occasion to write to him on some formal matter as one of the trustees of St Catherine's School, and I asked him, when his Secretary answered my letter, to sign it himself, that my daughter might have his autograph. The answer duly came, and on a slip of paper the Archbishop's signature: but some three weeks after, I received a letter from him, saying he was sorry to find the answer to my letter had been sent without his knowledge, and enclosing a note which he begged me to hand to my daughter, in which he gave her what recollections he had of me in our Undergraduate days. Such gentle thought and kindness from one overwhelmed with cares and business was quite priceless; and it is a privilege to be allowed to tell it to his son.

The Rev. Leonard White-Thomson, formerly my father's domestic Chaplain, and now Rector of St Martin's, Canterbury, writes :—

Whenever I had occasion to go for an episcopal visit with him I was amazed at the trouble he took to entertain me. It was never dull—and he would lay himself out to amuse and instruct as if I had been an honoured guest. We always wrote in the train, sometimes in the carriage.

At Lambeth we were never certain of seeing him, and had to depend chiefly on the baskets for communication with him. His "dockets" which we found in our baskets were very entertaining. I have found in the same basket an exaggeratedly bitter complaint that I had hidden or lost an important letter and an apology saying that he had found it. We and our letter baskets were still more unwelcome than at Addington, and he often took refuge in his dressing-room where I believe he did most of his big works. He placed the most unreserved confidence in his chaplains, and

in the carrying out of arrangements left himself entirely in their hands, and he used often to say that we never forgot anything or anybody.

He often suffered from acute attacks of depression, especially at Addington: he used to speak freely of them afterwards, and describe the effects in detail, but at the time he found it almost impossible to speak, and one felt that he was quite alone while they lasted. He encouraged every kind of cheerfulness amongst us, and I am perfectly sure that he knew that his chaplains used to indulge in silly jokes in his presence, though he never showed it. He really hated the smell of tobacco but allowed us to smoke with certain conditions, and we tried to show our appreciation by not making it offensive to him. On a journey he used to chaff us about mysterious temporary disappearances, occasionally he would sniff at a letter, perhaps from an innocent old lady and "wish she wouldn't smoke when she wrote to him."

I cannot help remembering my first few days at Addington. I had been told that chaplains were not encouraged to talk—so I said nothing, but listened. After a few days the Archbishop took me for a walk in the woods, and in the kindest possible manner begged me to talk freely and said he wished me to be one of them, and to feel perfectly at home. This was his attitude throughout, and he made us feel that we were not officials or machines, but part of the daily life and interest. I found it absolutely impossible to be afraid of him in any way. He used to save up anything amusing to bring in to luncheon and read out. Sometimes his Cyprian studies supplied him with a most interesting discovery which he would relate in detail at dinner. He rarely spoke of controversial subjects or of very deep matters of doctrine, and though there were many things I wanted to ask him I refrained myself, knowing how important it was that he should have his mind clear and free during recreation hours.

I think the Archbishop liked to have his chaplains about him. I knew so well an inarticulate exclamation he used to utter when the door was closing behind me, which recalled me into the study and kept me there ever so long, more for company's sake than anything definite. And when we were staying anywhere he would often keep me talking in his dressing-room till quite late in the night. The last time I saw him he slipped away alone from the Deanery at Canterbury and walked up to St Martin's Church, where I met him and spent a delightful time while he inspected the recent discoveries, and we went on

to St Augustine's where he gave me biographies of many of the distinguished men whose names are recorded on the walls.

In contrast to the Puritan element of character he had a great deal of the artist and poet in him, and was possessed by an almost passionate love of the beautiful. This mood pervaded all his thoughts, though he regarded it as strictly secondary. Thus to him the pursuit of beauty—the untainted, unsensual beauty of statuary, holy imaginings, stately buildings, gnarled forest-trees and snow-topped peaks—was the relief from what was stern and practical and dry: it was his recreation.

But the poet's mood he carried about with him—and though it found but rare expression in verse, his intense idealism, his penetrating love of God and Christ broke out in glow and rich ardour, and adorned all that he wrote or acted, like the woods which clothe the lower mountain slopes. Beauty was to him primarily symbolic. The Poetry of the Church, the Poetry of Religion, high associations, ancient traditions were to him the spring of life—and it may be that in enforcing this, in kindling what to many are but outworn and antiquated forms to a living and leaping flame—that he served his generation best, if the ideals which he so passionately cherished are destined to survive and grow.

To a nature, then, where these two elements of character met in unison, conscientious sincerity in art was the deepest charm. My father had a great admiration for what he called "cryptic" or concealed decoration. It was agreeable to him that the front of an altar should be elaborately carved, even if it were to be permanently covered with a magnificent frontal. "Think of the splendid old fellow," I have heard him say of a piece of work of this kind, "who chiselled away never caring that his work should be seen, so long as it was beautiful." For the utilitarian argument

that he might have done twice as much work that was to be seen, he had nothing but scorn. On the other hand superficial finish he felt to be repellent; he loved to see the chisel-marks left on finely carved stone, and delighted in the very rake-marks on the gravel.

The subordination of decoration was an essential of taste; and one detected a certain subtle pleasure in the necessity, which free expenditure on the main fabric of Truro Cathedral imposed, of leaving roughly hewn blocks to be carved into corbels and capitals with loving and diligent care by future generations.

Many human things indeed he counted altogether alien to him, but he passed through the world with an extraordinary reverence for the creations of God and the greater works of men; for their ideals and ποιήματα, not altogether for their affairs. "There was never anything worth contemplating," he said, "from a Raffaelle to a railroad, which did not begin from an ideal[1]."

My father has been not unfrequently spoken of as lacking, in some matters, a sense of proportion. The estimation of this criticism is a difficult matter, and one cannot but think it may come, in some cases, from a misunderstanding of his aspect towards life.

His attention to detail has been often remarked; he himself knew it was at times overmastering, but it was nevertheless in the main the outcome of a principle,—of an intense love of perfection. The "policy of thorough" would lead him to pay minute attention to the place on a page where a letter should be dated; to draw all possible and derivative meanings out of a word in the Greek Testament. An economy that seemed to others to be disproportioned, a luxury he seemed arbitrarily to condemn, were perhaps in the same way single, typical instances to him of some

[1] *Seven Gifts*, p. 13.

great principle which he insisted on or warred against. The actual instance might be trifling but in it he saw the principle. He could not understand the total absence of love of perfection; in whatever form it was present it was grateful to him.

As the scientific man will not reckon with chance, so in the moral world my father refused to join issue with carelessness. Carelessness never seemed to him an elementary principle of human nature, but the outcome of some deeper trait of character—selfishness, cruelty, laziness or the like. He knew it was not always so, but he had the tendency always to think it so.

To minds of a more material tendency, such reverence as he had for plants and animals seemed even ludicrously disproportioned. As children we thought him unnecessarily severe to the childish carelessness of striking off young shoots and leaves from the hedges—"It is breaking the Third Commandment," he said once to a friend; and he appeared to show an unreasonable vexation with little fingers that spoiled, by touching them, the tender crumpled ends of the fern leaves. His horror of a holocaust of birds for the sake of ornamental feathers, his attention to the needs of a dog, or his wonder and admiration of its half-grown intelligence, seemed disproportionate to those who consider animals as playthings and the beauties of plants as an object of relaxed attention. He thought of nature and the world of sentient creatures with something less of intimacy than many professed Nature-lovers, little of ownership, and with far greater reverence.

"The live-bird plaything," he said once, was the test of the morality of a nation. The quality of mercy or of charity, it seemed to him, could be as surely shown towards a sparrow as towards a child; the comparative smallness of an object did not seem to him to dwarf a motive.

Animals, birds, plants were naturally dear to him in themselves, dearer still in their mystery and beauty as the creation of God.

It is to make oneself an arbiter of life to say that Karshish and the Jews knew more of true proportion than the awakened Lazarus. It is to make oneself no less a judge to say that this more metaphysical view is less true than that which proportions the weight of an action to its object.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford writes:—

His habit of taking counsel with a few persons whom he marked as conversant with a subject was very characteristic. He respected individuality more than anyone I have ever known, and consequently he drew out the best products of mind, heart, and head. All that was genuine he accounted sacred. "Have you thought over this or that?" he would say, "I cannot see far into it, can you help me?" He expected perfect simplicity of acquiescence; the bare interest of the matter carried one past hesitation, and a conversation, destined perhaps to last several hours, was fairly launched! In glorious summer weather during a Swiss holiday he brooded over a Charge (since published under the title *Fishers of Men*); taking one or two companions for long rambles through the mountain paths, he worked out the substance of it in a desultory, but very real manner, with the stainless snow above and the radiance of blue air all around. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." As a mower whets his scythe for the day's work, he would by a few rapid questions feel the edge of the subject he was about to handle. Neither note, nor book, nor summary ever assisted these discussions, though he would stand still again and again in the course of a walk to press the analysis, to illustrate or expand. It was the same on winter evenings in the study at Addington. He would think aloud by the firelight, securing the points in his memory without the least effort. His eagerness infected all who came within his reach. One frosty morning he came into the room where his family and a guest or two were at breakfast, with a somewhat anguished expression of countenance. "I have to preach the 'Humility' sermon before the Judges at Oxford, can

anyone tell me what humility *is*?" It was rather a severe question to answer at 8.30 a.m., but there was no evading it. Some definitions were hazarded, which did not seem to win his approval. Later it appeared that he had digested them every one. All that was imaginative (as distinct from fanciful) appealed to him, and he loved to discuss a nicety in expression or a shade of meaning in language. Two brief June days he would spend year by year at my Cottage at Chenies, to rest during the fierce rush of the London summer. The stately monuments in the Russell Chapel greatly interested him, and he visited them again and again, composing admirable Latin inscriptions for the stained windows. "These men and such as they are the blood and bone of England," he would say, "and what Protestants they were—would there were more like them!" But, ere he turned to go, he would kneel and with deep feeling recite a collect from the Burial Service, adding the venerable words "Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

The charm of his companionship in such quiet seasons was unequalled, no detail escaped him which betrayed the personal tastes and interests of his friends, and when those were worthy, he fostered them with eager sympathy.

On the other hand, no one would ever deny that he could sting, or assert that it was a painless process to receive the dart. Notwithstanding his great general knowledge of human nature, certain forms of weakness were unintelligible to him, and he was consequently over-severe with regard to them. Sloth, physical or moral, wasted powers, or withered energies, had in his eyes little excuse, and he gave but small quarter to a venial preference of pleasure to duty. The pessimism of the day was distasteful to him and cynicism in its deeper forms abhorrent. It would not be untrue to say that he had certain prejudices and even cherished them with some care. A sense of proportion was lacking here and there; and it was sometimes hard to divert him from the less to the greater aspects of a question. In other words, when overstrained, his mind did not always balance a question quite exactly. But it was characteristic of him that he always marked the wider possibilities latent in some apparently small act. The fact that a lady possessed a cloak composed entirely of feathers culled from the breasts of humming-birds, was mentioned in his presence. He gave vent to his indignation in no measured tone. To tease him (for his *veine* was delightful) someone pretended to approve the

practice of wearing *aigrettes*, saying that there were so many old sins, it was a pity to invent a new one. The artifice was successful—he flamed. "A new sin! it is the old and heinous one of murder—a man who can pluck the *aigrette* from a living bird would kill a babe in its mother's arms," and so on.

It is cold work to recall these things now that his voice is stilled for ever; one feels as if the fire had gone out, and the room were dark and lonely. Best perhaps (in closing this brief sketch) to dwell on the words that he spake "concerning them that are asleep," as he now is, and the fuller life, which in inconceivable ways, expands the spirit into maturity. No one ever felt more profoundly the mystery of death. But when thoughts of gloom preyed upon him he threw his mind forward (like a fine steed plunging through swift currents at night) till it found foothold in the Eternal. To one in heavy sorrow he wrote:

"He who asked God those frightening questions,

'Wilt thou show wonders to the Dead?
Shall the Dead arise and praise Thee?
Shall Thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave?
And Thy righteousness in the land of oblivion?'

knew he could never answer them intelligibly in this world, and so he says, 'But unto Thee have I cried, O Lord, and in the morning shall my prayer prevent Thee.' This '*But*' means '*there is no knowing.*'

"Do not let the earthly mind torment you with innumerable questions and imaginings, but having 'cried unto the Lord' say, 'Liberasti' as I told you." And again: "To think that it is a week since we were in that cool chancel and under those green shadows, and again in that memorable chapel. And since then my brother has given a gentle soul to God, and I have laid his fair head in the dust. How fast the world μετασχηματίζεται, and even when the life which goes is so simple and quiet and useful a life, still one feels that the secret of the next stage must be *education* on that ἐνδήμησις πρὸς τὸν Κύριον which has so struck you and so dwelt with you. How very soon we shall know (be known)."

He drew from depths of suffering not only a negative gain of submission, but a positive good in the shape of added power for life and work. "Do not think life intolerable," he says in another letter to the same friend, "it is not, though the storms are fierce and deep. 'Life' is a long word. It is only a *piece* of life, and it

is only *almost* intolerable. Why the trial is yours I cannot divine. But only I see that it *is*, and therefore there *is* something to come out of it, more than out of any soul which has not had such trials. The Travail of the Soul! What would prevent its fruitfulness is a sense that it could not be endured." The "transfiguration of Trial" was an expression he often used. Sorrow was, in his thought, not only a process purifying to the sufferer, but a part of redemptive work, linked to the Cross. The sense of hopelessness and waste went out of the trial, when, summoning all the forces of his nature, he unfolded to a crushed and suffering spirit the mysteries of the larger life and the glory of participation therein. The "Altar-stairs which slope through darkness up to God" are steep, but who would not ascend them to such a goal? This is high doctrine, but he knew that nothing lower could meet the questions of Pain.

It is natural, though perhaps needless, to read a meaning into last words because they were the last, and yet some change is apparent in utterances which grow deeper because the "hour" had come. The messages to Ireland speak for themselves. To the writer of these lines, who was leaving for a short journey to France, he said: "Go and look at the Rose-window at Rheims, you will have a glimpse of the 'rainbow round about the Throne.'"

A few short weeks, and the "glimpse" was his, and more than a glimpse, for is it not written in words which, intelligible to human thought, express also the deepest yearning of the human heart?—

"Then face to face."

The Bishop of Natal[1] writes:—

To pass from a provincial Parish to Lambeth Palace might seem to be to exchange the realities of personal religious work and warfare for mere machinery of organization. It might be like passing from the glowing realities of the battle field to the War Office in Pall Mall. With Archbishop Benson at Lambeth the change for anyone was far different. It was at once to gain a broader view not only of the sphere of the Church's operations but of the underlying principles, to come into touch with its heart and brain. With the Archbishop there was no fear of losing sight of the great spiritual realities which underlay all the manifold and sometimes wearisome detail of a great office. With all their differences of character there was in this a great similarity between the

[1] Arthur Hamilton Baynes, D.D.

three school-fellows and lifelong friends—Lightfoot, Westcott, and Benson. The Church was at all times the actual Kingdom of God in England, the organized life of the nation on its spiritual side, the ideal human society in process of realisation. It was this which kept continually luminous that cloud of official detail which might well shut out of Lambeth the spiritual rays—details of Ecclesiastical Commission, House of Lords, great Societies, Annual Meetings, Blue Books and Reports. "These are the times of Christ," he said in his Charge to his Diocese. And with him all these details were the business of Christ. Nothing was dull, nothing was secular, nothing was unimportant, just because it was all part of the one great work by which life was being spiritualised, and the Body of Christ edified. In the midst of all the drudgery of business routine, I fancy the Archbishop had always present to his mind's eye far other aspects of Church work, which yet this drudgery was making possible—the work of the village Priest with his schools, his varied offices of love and help for all his flock, and his ministrations by cottage sick-beds.

Next to this spirituality, this breadth and loftiness of view, the thing that struck me most in early days at Lambeth and strikes me still was the extraordinary precision of the Archbishop's care for detail. Nothing escaped him, nothing was insignificant, nothing might be slurred. It was the precision of a scholar whose knowledge is all clearly mapped out, sharp and well defined, with no hazy undefined gaps like early maps of Africa. What he knew he knew exactly, and what he did not know he at least knew that he did not know. And this habit of exactness showed itself in all his work. He once said to me that he thought his method of writing an important letter, correcting and recorrecting till it taxed the ingenuity of his Secretaries to decipher the manuscript, was the result of early habits of writing Latin Prose. In connection with the Archbishop's care for detail I can recall his elaborate pre-arrangement of such functions as ordinations. He would have the candidates into chapel the night before the service and would make them rehearse their parts that each might know exactly where he had to sit and when to move, that there might be no confusion when the time came. Or again I remember his arrangements for the Lambeth Conference, how he accompanied the carpenter who had the making of the dais on which the Metropolitans were to sit, and how minutely he discussed exactly how much his own seat should be raised above

theirs. And again all the plans for the Bishops' robing, each Bishop's place being exactly labelled along the galleries outside the Guard Room at Lambeth. And the exactness which he used himself he expected in others. He was never tired of preaching to us Secretaries (and we needed the lesson and I hope profited by it) that the greatest men have been those who counted no detail insignificant.

It might indeed be argued that in the Archbishop devotion to detail ran the risk of sacrificing the due proportion. He himself would confess sometimes that when he was hard pressed to finish some all-important piece of work he would look up from his desk and notice that a book on his shelves was an eighth of an inch shorter than those on either side of it, and that he could not get on with his work until he had got up to put it in its proper order, and that no sooner was this done than the same thing would occur again with another book. We chaplains used in our irreverent moods to make merry over the fact that a moment after he had proved to us conclusively that he had not a single free minute in which to see some person who wrote for an interview he would become absorbed in some detail which to him seemed for the moment all-important. The carpenter would arrive to hang a picture and everything would give way to the absorbing interest in the picture being exactly straight. But though we made merry we learned by degrees to discover that this was one of the secrets of the Archbishop's extraordinary success in dealing finally and conclusively with the most difficult problems. Again and again I have felt the shame of being convicted of slovenly work and imperfect information where the Archbishop had already grasped each detail. In this matter of carefulness he used to be fond of testing our powers of careful observation by putting questions at meal times as to some building which we were daily passing. We were often at fault, but the Archbishop seldom was, if we returned the compliment and put him to similar examination. And the extraordinary thing to us was that while he seemed to waste valuable time over unimportant details his big work requiring immense amount of time was always punctually accomplished. It was a perfect marvel for instance during the Lincoln case how the Archbishop had found time to get through the huge amount of reading and research involved when his day was filled with engagements and we seldom saw him at work. Of course one secret was that he needed little more than half the time for sleep

which ordinary men need. When the rest of the household were retiring for the night after prayers at 10.15 the Archbishop would put on his cassock and slippers, and then the real work was about to begin and we seldom saw his light put out. Five hours' sleep was as much as he needed, though nature asserted her claims at odd times—on journeys, in leisure moments, and even sometimes during dull sermons. And at any moment he could go to sleep at two minutes' notice. If he had a specially trying day in which engagement followed engagement from morning to night, there was only one thing which we chaplains made a point of stipulating for with the clergyman who was making the arrangements, and that was that there should be an interval of at least a quarter of an hour in the afternoon, knowing that even this small interval would give the Archbishop that which was enough to set him going again fresh and vigorous for the rest of the day, viz. ten minutes' sleep.

It was at these quiet hours of the night that those absorbing and interrupting domestic details could be forgotten, and that all that carefully elaborated work which was his special characteristic was accomplished. There was never a sermon to be preached but it was carefully written out at full length, corrected laboriously, and often sent in MS. to the printer that a proof might be corrected before it appeared in the *Guardian*. In the same way week by week during the Lambeth half of the year the addresses to ladies on Wednesday afternoons which were a standing institution were always ready in time for a syllabus to go to the printer and be in the hands of the congregation. There was no such thing as "a few words" put together at the last moment. There were indeed few things of which the Archbishop had such a horror as this expression, "A few words." He used again and again to warn his ordination candidates against the method of the clergyman who said once to him, "My people do not care for set sermons; they like me to say a few plain extemporary words." There was no man who could say those few plain extemporary words so well as the Archbishop when circumstances left him no alternative, but yet when a choice was left him he would prepare every utterance with the same sort of precision that he would have written a copy of Latin Prose in the old Schoolmastering days.

The same untiring labour was given to his charges delivered to the clergy at his quadrennial Visitations, and subsequently

published as separate volumes. And this elaborate preparation accounts for the peculiar condensation of his style. Whereas a speaker like Mr Gladstone will elaborate a single thought, going round and round it till it is seen from every point of view and thoroughly mastered, the Archbishop often touches a whole subject with a single allusive word, so that if the whole condensed substance of these utterances is to be assimilated they need careful study and a mind quick to detect and to follow up a clue. The task thus imposed on his audience is too exhausting to make his utterances popular in the ordinary sense. But the style was none the less admirably suited to the purpose to which it was put in these charges, which had to deal, within the compass of an address which could be listened to without fatigue, with varied and manifold problems of clerical life and work.

But this was not the Archbishop's only style. He never could have been in the strict sense a popular orator; he had not for one thing the knack which John Bright was said to have acquired by careful preparation of making telling perorations. Many a sentence which had really carried his audience with him, and which, with a more effective termination, would have "brought down the house," ended tamely and without applause for want of a mere knack of voice and manner. But he had the power of direct and telling speech. We never heard it at greater advantage than in his addresses to his ordination candidates. Those Ember Days were throughout a "time of refreshing." It was a great boon to us older priests, whose ordination was receding every year further into the past, to go over the old ground with its solemn thoughts under the Archbishop's guidance. One feature of the week was the viva voce examination in the Greek Testament. He would first test the knowledge of the candidates as to the finer shades of thought and interpretation to be gained by scholarly attention to tenses and particles, and then, leaving the halting efforts of the candidates behind, he would himself proceed to expound the passage, showing us what wealth of meaning there was, hidden indeed to the careless scholar but yielding to the careful and minute examination to which he put it. One's feeling at such times was "Why has all this never been told us before, and why even now is such wealth of teaching not made available to the ordinary student?" But the crowning feature of those great Ember Weeks was the final Charge delivered by the Archbishop

himself as a rule on the last Saturday afternoon. It was at this time that he showed that he had, when he cared to use it, the power of direct and forcible and simple utterance. He spoke as a father to his sons, as a prophet to his disciples, of all the manifold toils and needs and dangers of the clergyman's life. We listened with unflagging attention, though the address was sometimes prolonged beyond two hours; I am not sure that we could not have listened for as long again—so intensely real and solemn, so full of love and solicitude, so permeated by the spirit of wisest counsel, were these charges. They read to us our own hearts and all their weaknesses, our lurking egotisms, our worldliness, our ambition, our want of the simple ungrudging surrender of all but the one perfect motive. We felt at those times that we knew at least something of what the absolute following of Christ meant, of what it was to put aside all thought of applause or success or ease, and find our happiness and our reward only in the love of Christ and the love of souls for His sake.

This leads me to say a word about the Archbishop's view of his vocation. Some notable biographies lately have revealed a perfectly candid and ingenuous ambition, a deliberate desire for preferment, an unconcealed satisfaction when it has been secured. And many, no doubt, will admire the candour which is not ashamed openly to confess what they suppose is always present whether confessed or not. It is of course impossible to prove a negative, especially with regard to the inner thoughts and motives, but at least one may say with confidence that such a view of the clerical vocation was one which Archbishop Benson would never for a moment admit as tolerable. He set before himself and before others the office on the side of its duties, not its rights. Preferment was the addition of new and terrible responsibilities. The awful thing in his eyes would be to have lost by any self-seeking motive the confidence that the work a man had to do was that to which he was called by God. His own maxim which he had followed consistently was never to seek and never to refuse an office rightly offered. He was ready at all times to make the largest demands on his clergy. He took the view that a clergyman was a man under authority, in "orders," and that he ought to be ready at a call from his Chief to go to the ends of the earth, and to accept indifferently a Curacy or a Bishopric, and that the only security for success

and happiness and peace was the certainty that the work, whichever it was, was assigned, not chosen. And again in the face of a spurious liberality which urges in Society Papers the claims of clergy of long service to preferment as against younger and newer men, he never moved from the view that the first consideration in all appointments is the needs of the flock and not the claims of the would-be shepherd, and that any hard and fast rule of thumb, such as that no man should be appointed to a Benefice until he had been ten years in orders, would greatly cripple the service (to use an army phrase which in this context seems appropriate).

Like all sensitive, highly strung men, the Archbishop was very largely affected by the influences of his environment. It was difficult to recognise the same man speaking before the House of Lords and before a Church Congress or a Lambeth Conference. He never to the last could get over the chilling influences of the Gilded Chamber. He went to the House when he knew a speech was in prospect without confidence or enthusiasm. He dreaded the ordeal, and when it came he passed through it conscientiously and often with marked effect, but never with any of that conscious strength, that instinctive sense of leadership, which marked him when he was among Churchmen. The contrast of his appearances, half apologetic and wholly diffident, in the House of Lords, and his appearances at such great Church gatherings as I have referred to, where he took his place without hesitation or uneasiness as the natural and Heaven-sent leader of men, was as great as well could be.

The Lambeth Conference has been felt from the first to be a gathering with immense potentialities of usefulness but not a few also of perplexity. The difficulties of the relation between the Established Mother Church and her unestablished daughters are so great that there is always the danger of some rash and impatient person cutting the knot between them as the shortest way out of the difficulty. And therefore there are few gatherings that need such care on the part of the Chairman. And Archbishop Benson was the very man for such a task. He seemed to take the lead as a thing which belonged to him, and to keep it easily by his careful handling of dangerous topics, his constant courtesy and tact, and his quickness to grasp the drift and scope of any new proposal. And in all Church gatherings he spoke with the authority of one who had all ecclesiastical history behind

him spread out for reference and guidance. But while his power was self-evident and his claim to leadership acknowledged by all, here too there was perhaps at times the same want of proportion which showed itself elsewhere. If a point of even minor importance arose which yet appealed to his historic instincts, there was the danger that time would slip by without his discovering how unduly it was monopolizing attention.

Just because the Archbishop was a stalwart Churchman and an accomplished scholar of ancient Church usages he was impatient with what he would have called modern and ignorant ritual. He used for instance to tell his ordination candidates that they had no business to kneel down directly they had put their contribution into the offertory bag. "There are right times," he would say, "for your own private prayers but this is not one of them. You ought to be taking part in the act of oblation which the Priest is offering." I remember too that one of my first days at Lambeth I was taken to task by the Archbishop for having announced "Here beginneth the fifth chapter of the *Holy* Gospel according to St Matthew." The "Holy Gospel" he said is a technical phrase in liturgical language, meaning the Gospel for the day. The book of the Holy Gospels is the proper name for the Office-Book used by the Gospeller at the Holy Communion. These are two out of many examples of practices which have come into general acceptance as being quite the correct and proper thing by those who are particular about outward forms, which yet the Archbishop regarded as having no authority of antiquity behind them. It was because he was a stickler for antiquity and authority that he condemned that which most High Churchmen would rather condemn people for omitting.

To return to the Lambeth Conference. One of the secrets of the Archbishop's conspicuous success in all connected with the Conference was the fact that at all times and not merely at the time of the Gathering his heart was with all the far-off branches of the Anglican Communion. He never lost touch with any outpost of Church life or Missionary enterprise. This is a part of the work of the Archbishopric which depends more perhaps than any on the personal character and mind of the Archbishop. The nexus which binds the far-off branches to the parent stock is not one of legal obligation but of personal confidence between workers in the midst of their own peculiar and forgotten difficulties

in distant lands and an Archbishop to whom they know by experience they can turn for true and intelligent and sympathetic guidance. And therefore this part of the work is one which will increase or diminish according to the interest in it which the Archbishop shows. With Archbishop Benson there was no doubt in any mind as to his true Patriarchal office. His was a Patriarchate not of intruded authority but of true sympathy, wide knowledge and ever ready and valuable counsel. When I think of the immense bundles of correspondence in the Lambeth pigeon-holes under such heads as Natal, Japan, Madras, or The Niger, I often wonder how big those bundles would have been under a different head who had either not the sympathy or the knowledge to make his intervention and advice so invaluable. This work of fostering, of guiding, of powerfully aiding, the Colonial and Missionary Church is very much what each Archbishop makes it. And Archbishop Benson made it a very great one.

As a host the Archbishop always seemed to me peculiarly happy. He was never more in his element than amid a congenial party at Addington Park. He had indeed a special love of country life, and one could feel the glow of happiness that shone in his face when the time came for the annual removal from Lambeth to Addington. He enjoyed the rides across the long stretches of open grass country. He took the keenest interest in all the affairs of the farm and the estate. He had views about forestry, and delighted to discuss the felling of timber with Whalley, the Scotch Bailiff. But among all the pleasures of country life none was greater with him than the delight in a houseful of friends with whom he had much in common. And he was always full of entertainment. In walks on the terrace, or in the dining-room after dinner, he would pour out an unceasing flow of interesting anecdote and reminiscence. Lambeth entertainments were of a more official and formal character. But in addition to the state functions there were continually small dinner parties at which people of varied interests were brought together, and at which none felt any of the constraint which might be expected by men less accustomed to an ecclesiastical atmosphere.

But happy as the Archbishop was as a host, there was yet a special charm about the home life when the last guest had left and for a short time the little family circle was left all to itself except for the presence of us chaplains who enjoyed a privileged

position. I had heard years before I ever thought of having any connection with it of the perfect home life of the Benson family whether at Wellington or Lincoln or Truro. And certainly there are few families where the love is so real, where the tone is so high, and where out of so great diversity of elements and gifts such perfect unity is secured. Others have more right than I to draw aside the veil from that happy privacy and to speak of the personnel of that home circle. I venture to speak only of the Archbishop in the midst of it. One of my pleasantest recollections is of the afternoon tea at Addington when the family was alone. At these times we had tea not in the drawing-room but in the school-room, and it was a sociable meal at which we sat round the table, and Beth, the nurse both of Mrs Benson and of all her family, presided. The Archbishop sat on the opposite side of the round table. It was I think the meal of the day which he most enjoyed. He was allowed three cups and generally availed himself of his right, and would indeed sometimes complain of the bondage of convention which laid down as a Law of the Medes and Persians that tea must not interfere with the sacred rite of dinner and that therefore one must on no account, whatever might be the demands of appetite, take enough to "spoil one's dinner." Whatever might be the pressure of work or of vexing and perplexing problems nothing was allowed to intrude upon the gaiety and humour which characterised these gatherings in the school-room. The logical faculties and the sense of humour were largely developed in every member of the family. If one wanted to see these brought into play one had only to start a discussion on some subtle point of grammar, and the family was thoroughly at home and settled down to an argument which sometimes went over from one meal to the next, so fertile did it turn out and so ingenious and varied were the points raised. I recall as one example a prolonged debate between the Archbishop and his youngest son, into which all of us were ultimately drawn as to the propriety of the expression "I should have thought," the Archbishop undertaking to prove the paradox that it was a phrase to be avoided—that either one did still think, in which case "I think" was the proper phrase, or having been persuaded to the contrary one should say "I did think," but to say "I should have thought" was to imply at the same time that one was and was not persuaded.

It required some ingenuity to decide exactly when to take

such discussions seriously, and throughout the home life at Addington and Lambeth there was always the lighter vein. The Archbishop had indeed a very keen sense of humour. One often wishes one could recall more of the bright and witty things he said, but as a rule such sayings divorced from their original context have lost the flash and glitter. One day we were driving back from a function at Miss Octavia Hill's Settlement in Southwark, at which some enthusiastic advocate of the higher culture of the people had spoken of the day when great works of art should be no longer in private collections but at every patient's bedside in every Hospital ward. The Archbishop said, "He might as well wish to see a pulpit between every bed and a well-endowed preacher in each."

The life at Addington was a bright and happy life with little of restraint or conventionality. Often on winter evenings the whole family including the Archbishop himself would join in games. The love of grammatical niceties would come out in the "Adverb game" in which each person had in turn to give in answer to a question his rendering of the sense of some adverb by the tone of the reply—a game which may be childish enough, when the adverb selected expresses some elementary feeling but which gives play to much ingenuity when the quality to be expressed is more complex. At other times we were set to write poems on some given theme—a game we called American nouns. At another it was couplets, and sometimes it was a household Magazine to which every one was expected to contribute an article, a very serious task in the midst of a family every member of which had so much literary faculty.

At Christmas time there were always delightful gatherings of the inner circle of relations. And some of these had the delightful faculty of retaining even with grey hairs as fresh and spontaneous delight in games and merriment as the youngest member of the family. There was generally a play composed by the family, with Mr Arthur Sidgwick as Stage Manager, in which a part was assigned to all except the Archbishop and Mrs Benson, then there was also a servants' Ball, in which the Butler would lead off with Mrs Benson for a partner. Outside there were grand times while snow and ice lasted, for the pond made an excellent skating rink and the steep slopes of "Fir Mount" made a splendid if perilous tobogganing slide. The horses and old Watch, the favourite Collie, were quite regarded as

belonging to the inner circle, and the swans on the pond came in for personal attention from the Archbishop, who always carried them bread from the luncheon table on Sunday afternoons.

One other point which added to the Archbishop's delight in the Addington period was that then he had more intervals for his own particular hobby, the life and works of St Cyprian. It was a standing joke with us chaplains that the Archbishop would say to us—"You fellows are for ever taking up my time with your letters and appointments and other details so that I have not had a moment all day for my work":—as if the work of the Archbishopric were our concern and a mere interruption of his own proper avocation, the editing of St Cyprian. He had, I used to think, very keen enjoyment in this work, and indeed in all work that involved research into the past history of the Church. The Lincoln case, trying as it was in many aspects, yet furnished the Archbishop many hours of patient study which were thoroughly congenial to him.

The Archbishop always seemed to me a thoroughgoing optimist. His hopefulness showed itself in his view of the Education question. He never seemed to doubt but that the Church both could and would hold her own and be faithful to the traditions and the responsibilities inherited from the past. With regard to the Eastern Churches too he was full of hopefulness. No doubt much will be said by others as to his intense interest in the Mission to the Nestorian Christians of Urmi which bore his name. The point I am concerned with here is the wonderful hopefulness with which he would confidently look forward to the day when these trampled remnants of ancient Churches should arise once more to be the Missionaries of the future to their Mahometan brethren. His conception too of our own part in the developments which lie before us in the Providence of God was marked by the same optimism. The Church of England he regarded as destined to act hereafter as mediator between East and West, between the Historic Churches and the unattached bodies on their borders.

Hopeful, enthusiastic, warm-hearted, considerate to all, the Archbishop had yet his days of reaction—days when the hopefulness was clouded, days when the cloud would even for a moment settle down on his nearest and dearest relationships. We all knew, I think, when one of those dark days came. The whole household was as it were alert and wary. One wished on those

days for the power of David's harp. There was thunder in the air, and sooner or later the storm would burst. Woe to the unlucky one who happened to act as the lightning conductor. The Archbishop could be terrible in his wrath. I daresay Wellington boys could say something under this head. We, in the Lambeth days, still felt probably much as they did. But the storm passed as quickly as it came and then the air was clear again, and we were all the best friends. It was often a question with me whether the Archbishop was himself conscious of the effect these times had on the household. There is no doubt that the power of his wrath was a great instrument which he could at times use with righteous and wholesome effect. I have seen a guilty clergyman flinch and cower and cry like a child before the terrific vehemence with which he would bring home to a conscience, which was not as yet awakened, the depth of the abyss before it in the path of drunkenness or immorality. Seldom as it was used I cannot doubt that it was the consciousness of this reserve of force in the background which helped to give the Archbishop the power he had in the leadership of men.

But while I have ventured to speak of this quality of the Archbishop, I should be giving an altogether wrong impression if it were supposed that, except on those rare days of depression, which was primarily physical, he was other than gentle and considerate and affectionate. Again and again he would think of his chaplains, and be careful to save them what he never saved himself. If for instance he found us sitting up late at night over arrears of correspondence or other work, he would come into our rooms and gently reproach us for overtaxing ourselves and would send us to bed, though we knew well enough that he himself was continuing his work for hours later. And his generous and loving interest in us reached far further than our outward health. From the first day of beginning my work at Lambeth when the Archbishop took me into his study in the midst of my unpacking that he might say a few words of earnest prayer for a blessing on our work, down to the day when I had to pass on to another the happy responsibilities which had been mine for nearly four years, I had always the consciousness that my chief was also my dearest spiritual friend and guide. And I can thankfully say that there has been no period in my life in which I have learnt so much of the spiritual life or had set before me ideals so lofty. Much that I then gained will be to me a life-long possession, and

if I am not a better man for my years at Lambeth and for the fatherly guidance of the great Archbishop I ought to be.

The Bishop of St Andrews writes :—

You asked me to send you, for the Archbishop's Life, "a few paragraphs about his attitude to spiritual things, the character of his inner life of religion." You have given me a difficult work. Apart from the fact that many of the most happy and blessed memories of our friendship are such as can be written in no book, it seems almost irreverent to attempt to lift the veil from that part of his life which was in so marked a degree "hidden with Christ in God." Without however exactly complying with your request, I may mention some features by which, if I judge aright, his inner life was characterised.

Long before I first knew him, it had become his habit to feed upon the revelation of God which has been given us in Holy Scripture. He had realised that, to use his own words, "the first activity of a real spiritual religion is a long, determined, unswerving, intelligent gaze into the Word of God." Early in the day, before its distractions began, he had learned the secret of keeping his spirit God-ward through them all. To this habit may be traced, I think, several of his characteristics.

I. He had grasped the Divine teaching as to individual ideals.

Who that has ever seen it can forget that kindling of his whole being as he unfolded to his ordination candidates those passages in St James' Epistle which refer to the "face of our birth" (τὸ πρόσωπον τῆς γενέσεως). He was speaking out of the depths of his own experience when he told them of the light of a true ideal, the "only light of life which God meant us and formed us and strengthens us to attain." (*Communings of a Day*, p. 17.) The effect upon others of this inspiring recognition of the individual ideal was very marked. I remember, for instance, how one whom he scarcely knew, who was in all the vigour of his young manhood, was so laid hold of by it, that, after a long night of thought, he altered the entire plan of his life, that he might conform it to what he believed to be the will of God.

Those who knew him best recognised that whatever might be his human infirmities, the end and aim of his entire being was to be what God intended him to be, and to teach what God had given him to teach, and to do the work which God had prepared

for him to walk in. To use again his own words (*The Seven Gifts*, p. 14), "His soul was governed by that God-inspired wisdom which fills man's thought with worthy ideas of the end for which he *is*. Prepares him to receive all he may of the Majesty and the Fatherliness of God. Makes him feel his own place to be a reality in God's sight: to be neither small nor great according to earthly measures of greatness; but simply to be a place marked for him, in which, he, as one particle in the thought of God, is to move onward in Its unfolding through the ages."

II. As the result of this secret pondering on the things of God, he was ready to give, at a moment's notice, the Divine principle which underlay any question of detail which was submitted to him. For instance, when someone was defending certain devotions which were not authorised by Holy Scripture on the ground that they brought great comfort to those by whom they were used, he remarked that God had nowhere in the Bible made our inner enjoyment a test of truth. Again, when he was urged to appoint a day of intercession in some public crisis on the ground that it would strengthen the influence of the Church with those who were separated from her communion if she were seen to be taking the lead in this spiritual act, he replied, "Is not this dangerously like praying to be seen of men?" Or, once more, on my speaking to him of the familiar quotation as to the effects of evil-doing, "though the wounds of sin may be healed, the scars remain," "Yes," he answered, "but they are glorious scars." I need not say that in this answer there was no lightening of the horrible character of sin. No man was more severe in his judgment, not merely on gross evil, but on neglect of duty, or the acceptance of a low standard of living. But in the presence-chamber of his God, he had also grasped the incorporation with Christ of the baptized believer who, "with steadfast holy Communions, followed to their innermost depths," dwells in Christ and Christ in him, is one with Christ and Christ with him, becomes even upon earth a partaker of the glory of the Incarnate God.

III. His communion with God had enlarged his vision of the Divine Being and Attributes, without lessening the peculiar privileges of those whom He has regenerated, who have been baptized into His Son, and who are living for His glory. He never forgot that Jehovah was also the God of the whole earth—God of the world of nature as well as God of the Kingdom of Grace.

IV. This devotional study of the Bible accounts for that inner steadfastness which saved him from being carried away by any outward movement, however attractive.

Those of us who knew him best felt that, beneath his power of adapting himself to his environment, he was nourishing each day, in his communings with God, the martyr spirit which would, at any moment, be prepared calmly to lay down his life for Christ and his Church.

V. This habit of gazing upon God fashioned in him the spirit of humility. It is quite true that when once he had made up his mind that a thing was right, he was almost masterful in his determination to carry it into effect. Some who are still alive remember his vigour in critical moments at Wellington College, the determination which gave to Truro a Cathedral instead of a restored parish church, and the like. But beneath it all, he had the humility of a little child. He was always ready to learn, even from those who sat at his feet as his disciples.

A friend once gave him a little book of devotion which was wanting in all the force of the ancient liturgies. He used it patiently for an entire month, and when he gave up its use, he merely described it as not adapted to his own cast of mind.

He was always ready to try new methods of work, to assimilate new aspects of truth.

When any attack was made upon him, instead of resenting it, he probed his whole inner being, examined himself as to whether there was anything hidden in the depths of his heart which had not yet been detected and confessed to God.

His Bible had taught him that, in the words of that last Sermon at Armagh, "deep beyond all forgivable offences, even behind sins we have repented and tried to forsake, there may be a shrine of self within us."

May we not believe that as the reward of his humility there was vouchsafed to him that revelation of the Saviour, that Divine companionship, of which he was so often accustomed to write.

Almost his last public utterance was a witness to the relation which exists between the believer and the Son of God. "The Christ of our youth is unveiled to us endlessly greater, stronger to save, mightier to lead than we conceived in our young days, and we worship Him."

"Then begins the companionship."

"Between companions there are confidences, and with no companion are there surer confidences than with Him."

And then—in the quiet Church at Hawarden on that Sunday morning—there was granted to him the answer to the last prayer of that last sermon, "Lord, that our eyes may be opened—opened on Thee."

But with all that one can collect of vivid incident or ardent impression, with all that one can show of personality in his handling of affairs, with all that one can indicate, if not fully express of that which inspired his life, it is difficult to give expression to the intense vitality that characterised him, the restless eager spirit, full to the brim of definite hopes and aims, and yet so acutely sensitive to opposition or criticism.

It is difficult for a son to enlarge upon such matters as these, yet it is even more impossible to tell the story of a life without attempting to indicate where the sources that fed it, lay. The very basis of life to my father was his belief in "the vital matter of Prayer." One of his strongest beliefs from his earliest days, was in the value of intercessory prayer as a living and vital force. It has been brought home to me by reading his letters, how deeply he desired and how earnestly he asked for the prayers of all who loved him that he might be sustained and guided. His own "bede-roll," as he called it, contained the names of old school-fellows and college friends, many of whom he had not seen since his University days, but for whom he never omitted to pray. This was not in him a mere sentiment, but a deep conviction of the actual power of intercession in the world. This gave him a great sympathy for the contemplative, the cloistered life, and he used to say that if one could see behind the veil of things, into the secret agencies of life, we might and he believed we should find that many of our most real victories were won on the strength of the prayers of others for us. He

deplored the tendency to "depreciate specific petitions to the Source of Grace in favour of what may be figuratively called an Attitude of Prayer." "That 'your Father knows what you have need of before you ask Him' is made a reason for not asking him anything as a Father[1]."

But he himself clung not only with instinctive desire but with settled conviction, to "the teaching of an older age, which knew 'that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.'" Many have heard him speak of the omission of thanksgiving for answered prayer as the cause of that "general lowering of the conviction that every petition is certainly heard and certainly answered[2]," and I can recollect nothing more fundamentally characteristic of him than this instinctive, this settled, this profound conviction of the power of prayer in matters the least and the largest.

Thus he wrote to Sir Arthur Gordon in 1877:—

That your prayers should have been offered for me in the wonderful land you rule is, I am sure you know, a great joy known, as it is a great strength unknown. What perpetually adds spirit and life to my work is just this feeling, that though I *know* my own faith to be weak, to be dying out almost, when I am tried, and my own will to be so visibly *not* set on unity with God's, except at the rare moments when recollectedness returns, and makes one wish that that should be, which one forgets generally to wish; yet in spite of these defects, blanks of faith and will, the way is made so easy before one. *Then* one feels that the γαλήνη[3] is the smooth breathing on the world's waters of that breath of intercession "quam Christus secundat." These things are the δυνάμεις μέλλοντος αἰῶνος[4], are they not? The supernatural influences which fly about like magnetic currents, and which can be conveyed by magnetic faiths hither and thither? But I must not fill my letter with *not* succeeding in telling you how at Land's End I have *felt* you praying at Fiji. Only pray on —and I will for *your* work.

[1] *Fishers of Men*, p. 95. [2] *Ibid.* p. 97.
[3] The calm. [4] "The powers of the world to come," Heb. vi. 5.

There are some to whom this position seems retrograde, narrow, unscientific. He would have retorted on them that greatness is not synonymous with vagueness; that "a real breadth is not the slurring or obliterating of particulars, but the treating them in such a manner that all blend into one harmonious view," "the view of the true relation of the soul to God[1]," and that to call the belief in Prayer unscientific was, as he hinted, to limit science: "Prayer looks to immaterial causes and immaterial subcauses[2]." Then rising to heights where the unmystical find it hard to follow him he argued "What in Him is Divine purpose, in us is Prayer, and again in Him is Fulfilment[3]."

Yet any faithless suggestion that this attitude must inevitably fade into an isolated cherishing of a Devotional Life, he met with a stern warning.

"Devotional Life in itself is not peculiar to Christianity. It belongs to all nations and religions"—"It cannot then be in its mere self a good, nor yet in the fact that it is Christ who is taken to be adored, unless the adoration is itself a true one. The quality of it is what matters—that it should be a manly, womanly life—not hysterical, not finical." If "the chief end of Devotion is Devotion..... then of course there may be no limit to the importance of a phylactery. But the Kingdom will be a mustard tree no more; it will be a petty herb of mint or anise[4]."

Thus that a man could love God, could truly adore Him in an emotional isolation, my father hardly contemplated—his aspiration was rather to this end—"to get Him set at the heart of Society as the spring and principle of effort[5]."

"There is only one 'Victory that overcometh,' only one Power to win 'the world'—the Faith of Christians[6]."

[1] *Fishers of Men*, p. 99. [2] *Ibid.* p. 100. [3] *Ibid.* p. 105.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 119 ff. [5] *Ibid.* p. 130. [6] *Ibid.* p. 131.

The first and deepest preoccupation of his whole life was the preaching of Christ; the knowledge of Christ and the Father through Christ was to him the one thing worth attaining. If his many-sided nature, with its immense variety of interests, had ever in early life distracted him from this oneness of aim, through labour and disappointment, by prayer and patient waiting upon God, the single heart was cleansed and strengthened: his spiritual nature grew and deepened: his devotion to Cathedral life, at first an aesthetic devotion, was rewarded by a position of unique capabilities, and he then found how small a part in that life the aesthetic element played: he was brought into contact with men, with democratic forces, which seemed to him to need even a deeper hallowing than the vivid energies of boyhood. Then I think the feeling gathered strength that the world was as it were the lost heritage of the Church, which by sad neglect and easeful indolence she had nearly forfeited, and which needed to be reclaimed and reconquered by patience and pure example. There followed the quiet years of Cornwall, consecrated by a great sorrow, in which his spiritual life assumed proportions that it had never before reached.

He wrote to his wife from Wellington in 1879:—

...The few people left here are as good and dear as ever, and look back to the times when all went with so glorious a rush and spin, and with so much love. But oh! how I lament that I was so sour and so clouded and so bitter and so hot, so incessantly that the sweetest place on earth has its scowling ghosts—and you my dearest, know more of this than anyone. I hope you can forget. Lincoln would not be near so much so—in fact is quite different in this respect. Light not so bright but shadow not so dark, more glow and more softness. Kenwyn is all peace. Martin's sweet spirit that was pained at nothing but disunion, seems to have entered in there, and brought rest with power. God keep it so.

Then followed his elevation to the great work of his

life, and there as before he genuinely doubted of his fitness and capacity for the mighty task. If to some the historical traditions, the great memories of the throne of Augustine might be a temptation to glory in achievement, he was sobered by his sense of almost tremulous responsibility, his deep consciousness that these ancient glories had represented a secular influence which the Church no longer wielded, and which she had lost because she had deserved to lose it. He did not underestimate the great influence which the Church possessed, but he felt bitterly how small that influence was compared to what it might have been, had the sense of religion grown in proportion to the secular and commercial prosperity of the land: he regarded the Church as co-extensive with the nation, and as possessing a title to national respect which she had to fully earn; he refused to look on her as the possession of any sect or school, or as a separate fold, fitted for certain natures and certain modes of thought, but not adapted for all; if the truth of her doctrines were denied by some, he held that it was because she was unfaithful, or petty, or narrow in her presentment of them, not that the doctrine was not essentially true. His own instinct for beauty in worship and his knowledge of ancient traditions gave him a peculiar power over the largest and most dominant party in the Church, but it was sometimes forgotten by those who valued his special sympathy, how unessential to truth he held the outward observance to be, and how comprehensive he wished the Church to be.

Such a nature, with its fervid prepossessions and intense enthusiasm, was bound to have its restrictions; and the intensity with which he valued antiquity and decorum and ceremonial, charged as they were for him with all kinds of subtle associations, made him perhaps unsympathetic to those over whom such influences had no power.

All very effective work is done by natures whose objects and aims are very definite, and in one sense my father was a partisan. It was impossible to him not to take a side. He was not one who, in an attitude of philosophical abstraction, could see the various sides of great questions, and weigh the different elements of truth in each divergent view. He was a soldier and in the foremost of the fray; but he did not, as some unhappily do, reserve his shrewdest thrusts and his fiercest denunciations for those who differed only in trifling details from himself: the enemies that he fought were irreligion and scepticism, impurity, worldliness, hardness and self-satisfaction: and where he saw or thought he saw these qualities deliberately adopted, his sympathy failed.

I can hardly imagine any definite line of practical life which my father could not have pursued with success. If, by birth and circumstances, he had been and had remained an artisan, he would have had the old feeling of the Guild, the pride of being a master in his own handicraft; he would have loved every several tool, known its most exact and best use, and left an individual impress on every piece of work. He would have been great in commerce, if his lot had fallen there, from the capacity for detail and the practical shrewdness in finance he possessed. He would have been an admirable soldier, as he had all the qualities of a leader of men; he would have been a really great architect, from his intense appreciation of artistic detail; he might have been a great writer; had he succeeded to an unembarrassed estate, such as his grandfather wasted, he would have thrown himself into civic business. He was not only intense in his perceptions, but he had that basis of practical shrewdness that ensured success, while his native humility and sensitiveness secured him against the baneful self-elation which undoes so much noble work.

But he was led by God along a fateful path, and placed again and again in positions which he did not seek but for which his eminent fitness pointed him out. His friend Lord Ashcombe used in early days to tell him that as he had been the first Master of Wellington College, and the first Bishop of Truro, so he would be the first Archbishop of a disestablished Church; as it was, it is hard not to believe that his wise and gracious presidency of Church matters did much towards retaining for the Church its position as the Church of the Nation, while it certainly enriched and encouraged her spiritual energy.

Archbishop Temple, speaking of my father a few months after his death at the gathering of Convocation, said:—

> ...There was one thing which I seemed to recognise, which I may add to all the rest, and that is that he showed, beyond what most other men showed, a power of growth in intellectual force, in insight, in the faculty of dealing with men, in the faculty of handling difficult matters, a power of growth which continued down to the very day of his death. He was a far smaller man when I first knew him than he was when he died.... He became, as it were, bigger before our eyes. He certainly gained in the estimation of the public, not only because of his greater experience arising from all that he had to do, but he gained also because of his own internal expansion of soul, and his whole life seemed, as it were, to be perpetually casting a light upon his own past.

This I believe to be a very wise and true criticism. Looking back through the years one sees my father the idolised son of a home-circle which never questioned his will (for his father died when he was quite a child), intensely absorbed in culture, in the aesthetic side of religion, in sacred and classical art, conscious of strength and will and intensely definite aims, with very precise ambitions, but without any very deep sympathy with humanity, inclined to condemn rather than to condone, to command rather than to lead, and imperiously claiming

love from others as his right—love which his brightness and eagerness easily won. He had at first little of that simple love of others, the patient waiting upon others' needs; the pleading desire for others' happiness—the watching for stubbornness to melt, for wandering feet to return—the spirit that rejoices more over the penitent than over the just, the spirit of humblest self-sacrifice—the spirit of Christ.

The terrible catastrophe of his early life, the loss of his mother and sister, brought the need for self-reliance and prudence, and the burden of the disposal of others' lives. Then came the years of fullest strength and conspicuous professional success; but wedded life, and uncertain health and the failures of the educator, felt all the more sensitively probably by one whose success seemed so secure, the growing consciousness that the best educator can only modify, not alter temperament, can only partially shelter from evil influences, only partially implant the seed of virtue—all these widened and deepened his view: he began to feel that his will was not to be paramount—that he was but an instrument in mightier hands. Then followed the Lincoln days when he was brought still nearer to human nature: and when the lesson was beginning to dawn upon him came the crowning sorrow of his life, the death of his son, which altered him as radically as any nature can be altered whose habits of thought are more or less formed: it was then I think that he grew to see the power and depth of love—how it overshines and puts into the shadow all other forms of human striving—how it is the divinest attribute of man. Then again came the elevation to the chief seat of the Church; but by that time he had learnt the lesson, and in the place of elation and self-confidence came the crushing sense of inadequacy, the tremendous weight of responsibility, and the entire leaning upon God. I do not say that his temperament was altered entirely—he knew himself

that over sensitiveness, over discontent, over sharpness, he had still many victories of grace to win; but the spirit in which he set his hand to his later work was utterly different from the buoyant self-sufficiency of his early manhood. He had been faithful to light; he had prayed that God should lead and guide him, and the answer had come; he had learned to follow the Will of God even when it thwarted and crossed not only his human inclination but his highest and holiest hopes and resolution. So all his life he grew in faith and love and deepened year by year; and for one whose life has been a progress, an advance, we may rest in joyful hope that in the land which is nearer to the Father's face he still goes from strength to strength, mounting onwards to the Perfect Vision to which he ever aspired.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END.

"Post haec vidi, et ecce ostium apertum...et statim fui in spiritu."
REVELATION OF ST JOHN.

WHEN anyone is beckoned very swiftly into the unseen world, it is natural to ask oneself whether such a one has manifested any premonition of his approaching and impending fate, uttered any words to show that such a sudden departure was in his thoughts, whether he was touched with any shadow of the end.

I do not think there was any such thought in my father's mind; there had been periods in his life when his spirit had been overclouded with presentiments of evil, troubled with the shadow of death, but in those last few months it was not so. All September before he went to Ireland—we noticed it at the time and are unutterably thankful that it was so—there was about him a peculiar radiance, an equable cheerfulness which was not characteristic of him. Seldom have I known him in so acquiescent, so gentle a mood. Often at Addington away from the stir of London, his cares of policy dwelt heavily in his mind. But then he seemed to have no preoccupations.

Once or twice indeed, talking to me after prayers late at night, he said with a humorous despair that he did not know what he could find to say in Ireland, but the idea of the tour seemed to be a genuine satisfaction to him, and he

was looking forward with keen delight to the idea of spending a few days at Hawarden.

When I went away to Eton he said a few encouraging words to me about my work, sent particular messages to our Headmaster, for whom he had an affectionate admiration, said how much he had enjoyed the holidays and came out to see me off, waving his handkerchief as his custom was till the carriage had surmounted the brow of the hill.

He enjoyed his Irish tour very much, and was full of life and energy. He was rather conscious of the strain, but his nervous force, as it had so often done before, came to his assistance. His spirits were very high. Just after he had been preaching in the Cathedral at Kildare, and was walking with my mother to the Deanery for luncheon, a sudden burst of wind and rain overtook them; my father had no umbrella and my mother hastily opened her own and endeavoured to shelter him. "You may put out my eye, dearest, if you please," he said, "but don't spoil my new hat."

He found the Archbishop of Dublin, the late Lord Plunket, the most cordial of hosts, and also enjoyed particularly his stay with the Primate, Archbishop Alexander of Armagh; his farewell of the latter was most characteristic. The Primate in a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, wrote:—

> May I be allowed to mention something which happened under my own roof on the morning when the Primate of All England left it—something which will ever make it to me a holy and a haunted spot? The time was come to say good-bye. I had received heavy tidings, and as I walked with him to the carriage I asked for his benediction. He laid his hand upon my head and tenderly cheered me with the Aaronic benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." The while he lifted up his eyes and poured out some words of prayer and pleading. As

I looked upon his earnest, hushed, and radiant face I instinctively understood a little better that wonderful effect of prayer in the pattern of humanity—"As He prayed the fashion of His countenance was changed." Then as if in the Archbishop's subtlety of gentleness he would leave behind no possible impression of superiority, he took my hand and smilingly kissed the archiepiscopal ring upon it, saying, "I salute the ancient See of Armagh."

My mother wrote for us an account of the last days; I give a few paragraphs here:—

The meeting at Belfast on Oct. 9th was one of the most inspiring we had had. The big hall, holding, I suppose, about 2000, quite full. It was a wet, cheerless day and we had driven down from the Castle—the welcome was thundered—the platform was very full of magnates and clergy.

He spoke as well as—better than—I have ever heard him, I think, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. A letter was read from the Primate of Ireland, who was absent owing to the death of his daughter-in-law in England and his long journey there. It spoke of your father in such warm terms that when he mentioned the letter in his speech he brought the house down by saying after he had spoken most affectionately of the Primate—"but you must remember—he is a poet."

There was a roar of laughter—the speech was warm, inspiring, encouraging, full of life, right up to the close, and the whole place sang with one voice at the end a beautiful doxology to the tune of Rousseau's Dream—I can never lose the memory of that hymn.

We drove to the station and ran down the lovely little bit of line to Larne—as we went I said to him, "You've spoken beautifully all through, and this was the best of all"—and he just smiled. At Larne he was met also, and listened to a hearty little address, read with difficulty by a flaring station light—it was then quite dark—with a crowd surging about—and he answered warmly. After we had got on the boat he stood waving to the people as the boat glided away, and a railway journey brought us to Carlisle at 12 o'clock. Next morning we went to the Cathedral in torrents of rain, and heard together "Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth, let them lead me"—we were so happy to be in an English Cathedral again. As we travelled to Chester he was so busy writing that though I asked him if he would lunch he did not hear

me even, and went on writing till half-past two, and was suddenly very apologetic when he realised how late it was. We had some agitating moments at Chester station where a despatch box went wrong—we feared it contained his "Christian Year,"—but all was serene when we arrived at Hawarden. He was looking forward immensely to the visit—we had constantly been asked, but never able to go. Mr Gladstone received him with the greatest warmth and deference—just as his manner always was,—and they settled down at 5 o'clock to talk about all the business of the Pope's Bull which had come out whilst we were in Ireland. Mr Gladstone was smarting with the knowledge which had only been given him the day before, that when the Pope issued his commission to inquire into Anglican Orders, he instructed them *not* to examine into the past.—He seemed to feel he had been deceived—he never would have taken the part he did, he said, or written to the Archbishop of York as he did, if he had known this at the beginning[1]. He was very hot on it, and they talked most delightfully. I left them talking, and your father did not come upstairs till nearly 8 o'clock, full of animation and interest.

The Countess Grosvenor had written the same evening:—

SATURDAY NIGHT, *October 10th*, 1896.

Midnight, and just home from Hawarden through gales of wind and tempests and pouring rain—I arrived to tea a few minutes before the Archbishop and Mrs Benson; when they arrived Mr Gladstone plunged straightway into the "Bull," and we all listened breathless: it was very interesting, I had never seen him so excited; what with Armenia, Lord Rosebery[2] and most of all the Pope, all in one moment, the Archbishop sat with his teacup in his hand, I suppose for three quarters of an hour, waiting to drink. Dinner was delightful, I sat between Mr Drew and Mr Gladstone at a tiny table and just opposite the Archbishop

[1] Mr Gladstone had written, in May 1896, an open letter on the subject of the Papal claims, called a "*Soliloquium*," to the Archbishop of York, by whom it was, with Mr Gladstone's approval, made public. It was republished in the volume of "Later Gleanings" with a short Postscript by Mr Gladstone, in which he explains his "intervention."

[2] On Oct. 7 Lord Rosebery had addressed a letter to Mr T. Ellis, the chief Liberal whip, announcing his resignation of the leadership of the Liberal party, on account of his difference of opinion from many of the party on the Armenian Question.

with his beautiful smile. Conversation never flagged,—it was an interesting evening—so simple and yet so great. Only the Rector dined beside Mary and Mr Drew. Mrs Gladstone was dressed as a bride, in a long white lace veil and flowing lace robe. The Archbishop asked much after Perf and said he should never forget the "fascinating little face"—they said they would try to come over here Monday.....

Mrs Drew wrote of the same impression of vigour and life:—

Sibell Grosvenor was here at tea when the Archbishop and Mrs Benson arrived and we were all struck by his *wellness*; he enjoyed the tea and entered at once into a big talk with my father on the Papal Bull. Dorothy sat on my lap through the talk; she was begging to know if he was very great, greater than the Princess of Wales. At dinner he sat between my mother and me and was full of interesting talk about Ireland, Armenia, the Church Congress, about the Queen, and especially about a little speech of hers which had struck him deeply.

My mother continues:—

When your father came upstairs at night he was very bright and full of talk; he and I went on talking on every subject till 12 o'clock—I never saw him better, more active, serener. He slept well, and when he got up on the Sunday morning he drew up the blind, and behold! a white world—snow had fallen during the night and everything was covered. He was immensely struck with the beauty of Hawarden—we had neither of us any idea of the picturesqueness of the whole place.

My father and mother went up with Mrs Drew to the Early Celebration. It had been seldom of late years that they had been able to receive the Sacrament kneeling side by side. After the Service the hymn "Thine for ever, God of love" was sung to a beautiful Welsh tune that they had not heard before.

After breakfast and another talk about Mr Gladstone's "*Soliloquium*," he went again into his dressing-room to write. My mother came in, and finding him hard at work was anxious, wondering how, if he was working

again so hard after the exertion of the Irish tour, he could be ready for the fresh work in the spring and the Lambeth Conference, which was arranged for the summer. When she came down ready for Church she found the others waiting for him in the hall. He was to walk up to Church with Mrs Drew and Dorothy while my mother drove with Mrs Gladstone. She ran up again to hurry him, and he laid down his pen and came. Mrs Gladstone was seated in the hall and he greeted her with the warmest deference and kissed her hand. My mother noticed how well and happy he was looking, full of kindliness and interest.

He did not get to Church until some time after Mrs Gladstone and my mother. Mrs Drew says that he did not hurry at all, but stopped many times, as his way was. She noticed that he was out of breath. They were talking about Mr Gladstone and Mr Balfour. People who had seen him enter the Church said afterwards to her that they noticed how bright and how well he looked. Before they went in he was speaking to Dorothy. "I will show you my cross," he said, "when I come out." He asked where he was to sit. Mrs Drew showed him Mr Gladstone's place at the corner of the seat next Mrs Gladstone. Beyond Mrs Gladstone my mother sat. Mrs Gladstone asked if she should move her husband's prayer-book. He smiled and took up the book tenderly, glancing round, they said, as if he was glad to be sitting there.

He was still smiling as he stood through the Exhortation, but some one noticed that he raised a hand to his eyes, looking up towards a window as if he were not quite sure of what he saw, or were testing his sight. As he knelt for the Confession his head was sunk upon the book and my mother heard a sound of hard breathing which frightened her. She went round to him, and others came,

a doctor among the number, and raised him. He was quite unconscious.

The Lord's Prayer was beginning as they carried him out of Church, and as they went down the path to the Rectory they saw the spirit had passed without a word or a pang.

They laid him on a wide sofa in the library, and tried, as they were bound to do, some remedies. After half an hour they ceased and went quietly out, leaving my mother alone with him.

The knowledge of his passing had come back to the Church. Mr Stephen Gladstone told it in a few words, and gave out the appointed hymn; by a strange and beautiful coincidence, it was "For ever with the Lord."

Later he was arrayed in his robes, his hands were crossed on his breast, and he lay there looking kingly and strong, and on his face not the hush and awed serenity of death, but a smile as of one utterly content and at rest.

My mother stayed at the Rectory all day, going down from time to time into what seemed like a royal chamber. The blinds were up and the sun streamed in. Near him was a little table with a cross.

Then my mother went back to the Castle. Mr Gladstone said to her, "It was a soldier's death—a noble end to a noble life," and many other strengthening words.

So passed, in a moment, with the holy words of pardon sounding in his ears, on a day of tranquil joy, in the midst of his most beloved employment, the sacrifice of prayer, with eye undimmed and force unabated, a Levite indeed, a true son of Aaron who had ruled with diligence and served in fear. Like Cyprian's the act of his death was so full of power that there was no need for speech. From the time that he lay in his robes in the great library of

Hawarden Rectory, with lights round him and one of the faithful clergy of Hawarden kneeling in prayer at his side, we never faltered for an instant in the conviction that his death was in every smallest detail exactly what anyone who loved him would desire most tenderly for him—what he would have desired himself. What had been feared was an ever increasing weariness and weakness, a life which could only have been prolonged by the sacrifice of the activities of work and thought in which he lived. It is impossible even to think without pain of what this would have been to him. But this was a death that made one feel the very beckoning of God to a beloved servant. "It will be very easy for my Lord to give me the signal when my work is done," he had written ten years before; and easy indeed it was. He had but left his work for prayer when the signal came, and he rose up, and the doors of death and life were flung wide, and he went to meet his Lord, leaving even the earthly tabernacle radiant with glory.

Then and for many days it seemed impossible to realise that that vivid life, that ardent personality had passed from sight. On his dressing-room table lay all the signs of activity. His Irish journal, his proofs of Cyprian, the document dealing with the Papal pronouncement on Anglican Orders, which we published just as he left it, a letter—still open—and the untiring hand was still.

Letters and messages poured in from every side; and though we had naturally expected love and grief to flow, we were fairly amazed at the intensity of feeling, of love and loyalty and devotion that breathed through the messages: the Queen, the Emperor of Germany, the Prince of Wales, expressed their sense of personal loss in feeling words; the sorrow, the bewilderment, the love of Bishops and Churchmen of every station was conspicuous; and the

many expressions of sympathy from Nonconformist bodies, leading Dissenters, and Jews showed that they esteemed him as indeed a man of God.

On the Monday (Oct. 12th) he was laid in his coffin; the lid bore a plain metal cross and a plate giving his name and the date of his death. The coffin was covered with a magnificent white embroidered pall[1], which Mrs Gladstone tenderly provided. All Tuesday it lay in the Church at Hawarden. In the dim dawn of Wednesday morning the Bishop of St Asaph with the Bishop and Dean of Chester celebrated the Holy Communion, and the body was borne with a procession of the Hawarden choir and many of the neighbouring clergy down the long descent to Sandycroft station. At intervals there were halts while hymns were sung. It was a bright October day, the woods yellowing with early frosts: there was a calm sunlit haze everywhere, as if nature was welcoming her winter rest. The last hymn ended just as the train came up, and the body was lifted in while the *Nunc Dimittis* was sung. Mr and Mrs Gladstone had joined the procession in an open carriage, as it passed the Castle gates; as the train went slowly away, Mr Gladstone stood bareheaded and very pale, with Mrs Gladstone in deep mourning leaning on his arm, to say farewell to the guest that they had welcomed four short days before with such different anticipations. All down the line at the principal stations were clergy and other churchmen bareheaded to do him honour. The Bishop of Winchester and the Rev. E. L. Ridge, my father's senior chaplain, who had accompanied him on his tour in Ireland, travelled with me to Canterbury.

From Willesden the carriage was taken to Victoria; and we arrived at Canterbury on a dark drizzling evening,

[1] Afterwards used for the same purpose at the lying-in-state and funeral of Mr Gladstone.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S BODY RESTING IN HAWARDEN CHURCH.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1896.

From a photograph by Watmough Webster, Chester.

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THE ARCHBISHOP'S GRAVE IN THE N.W. AISLE OF THE NAVE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

From a photograph by Collis, Canterbury.

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to be met by the Dean and Canons. The coffin was taken in a hearse through the crowded streets; it was received at the Cathedral; the Cathedral was dimly lighted, and only a very few were admitted; the body was borne slowly to the East, to Becket's crown, the choir singing "For ever with the Lord." The contrast of the quiet stately church, and the ravishing music of that strong Puritan hymn stealing through the arches, with the wild and rainy evening outside was infinitely grateful and encouraging. All that night, all through the Thursday and the Thursday night the coffin lay with lights around it, watched by friends who had loved him, and bearing only a wreath of white flowers from the Queen and Mrs Gladstone's white cross. A great number of people silent and impressed came to see it where it lay. On the Friday the coffin was moved to the transept, close to the cenotaph of Archbishop Tait[1].

From here it was borne through the cloisters and in at the West Door; the wind blew fiercely outside and the rain beat upon the regimental escort who guarded all the West Front. The muffled military music, the quiet playing of the organ filled the air. The body was followed by the Duke of York and Prince Charles of Denmark, to represent the Queen and the Prince of Wales; and the great majority of English Bishops came to do their chief Pastor honour. The first part of the service was in the choir; the coffin was then borne to its last resting-place under the N.W. tower, and lowered slowly into the vault. My youngest brother, who had carried his father's train at the enthronement, read the lesser litany by the grave, the Dean, Canon Mason and the Bishop

[1] There appeared to be almost insuperable obstacles in the way of my father's being buried in his own Cathedral. The Home Secretary intimated that a special Act would be needed—but this was overcome by the kindness of Captain Austin, who gave up a portion of his own family vault under the N.W. tower.

of Winchester also officiating. The anthem sung was Gounod's "Send out Thy light," to which he had listened a week before at Carlisle. The Archbishop of York pronounced a benediction. The ceremony was one of the stateliest that it is possible to conceive; and the pomp of burial was sweetened by the evident and heartfelt grief of the great silent congregation, who seemed to feel that it was the laying to rest of a true father in Israel.

Whether or not I have been able to depict that noble personality is for others to judge.

Yet I cannot but think that the record of his actions and such revelation of his thought as we may here and now give, must show how he who began in eager strenuous aspiration, grew in all that is lovely and gracious to the very end. There are many struggles towards perfection of which the knowledge is hidden in the heart, known only to the man and the God who made and sanctifies him, but it is well for the rest of us that something at least of the striving may be seen.

In reality of spiritual instinct, in deep yearnings towards Christ, in large ideals of service to His Church, he began where many end. He had laid down no petty lines of life and action, so that the disappointment which comes to many a narrower soul from seeing the ideal itself contract could not touch him, and a singular unworldliness robbed cynicism of its vantage ground. He was above all an idealist, yet not one of those idealists who force unassimilated theories on a world of bitter experience; though the man of the world might sometimes distrust his optimism, it rested fundamentally on the belief that God was yet in man, in the individual, in society, in history: above all it rested on the belief that in the greatest things nothing short of the greatest could be leant on or demanded.

No "working substitute[1]" could be accepted in the

[1] *Fishers of Men*, ch. v. "Spiritual Power."

place of spiritual power. The child of God could not consent either for himself or for others to lighten the burden of responsibility, or ease the strain of reaching towards the Spiritual, by yielding to a "beautiful materialism," resting on human mediatorship, and so declining to some easier way than the Free Access to God Himself. The soul which believed in God could not seek for less than God,—"We know it to be no metaphor by which we are called sons of God."

Therefore he lost no spark of vitality or power or will. He would not train his mind to cease to will, "but to will more and more strongly as it conforms the acts of the will to the will of God." Thus the struggle with the lower nature in the strife towards the Divine was shaping year by year the "giant image of perfection," made visible even in the outward man—in a face which age did not mould to a gentler, milder cast, but which rather grew in power and grandeur as it grew in sweetness. Never was this more visible than when Death, the last earthly minister of God in the moulding of a righteous soul, had done his work by a stroke so sudden that there could be no pang or struggle of resistance. "It has been found good and happy for men that they care about their Father like earthly children";—he had said, and it was almost with the smile of a child that he went to meet his Father.

From boyhood he had hankered after the secluded life, had longed for contemplative quiet, had even formulated in words the hope that before death he might have enjoyed some brief period of study and thought and prayer and freedom from worldly cares, and sink into sleep among his beloved books, with his dear ones round him, in some sequestered home; but such was not the will of God for him. He had been endowed by Heaven with gifts of grace that fitted him all his life through to enact a seemly

and gracious part before the eyes of the world, to show forth in word and gesture and look the dignity of holiness, and he was to enact it to the end. And so his very passing was to shine before men:—"When Mr *Standfast* had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the River. Now there was a great Calm at that time in the River."

THE ARCHBISHOP'S MONUMENT.

The monument stands under the North-West Tower of Canterbury Cathedral, close to the Archbishop's grave. It was unveiled by H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany on July 8, 1899. The figure is by Mr Thomas Brock, R.A., the rest of the design by Mr T. G. Jackson, R.A.

From a photograph by H. B. Collis, Canterbury.

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ERRATA.

Vol. ii. p. 151, l. 16, for 'Townsend,' read 'Townroe.'

Vol. ii. p. 698, l. 9, "It has edified me &c." It will be seen by reference to p. 707 (note), that these words refer to my father's work on the Apocalypse: I regret that I omitted to point this out to the Bishop of Durham in time for the correction to be made in his contribution.

Vol. ii. p. 44 (letter to Bp Wordsworth of Lincoln), l. 20, for 'war*n*' read 'war*m*.'

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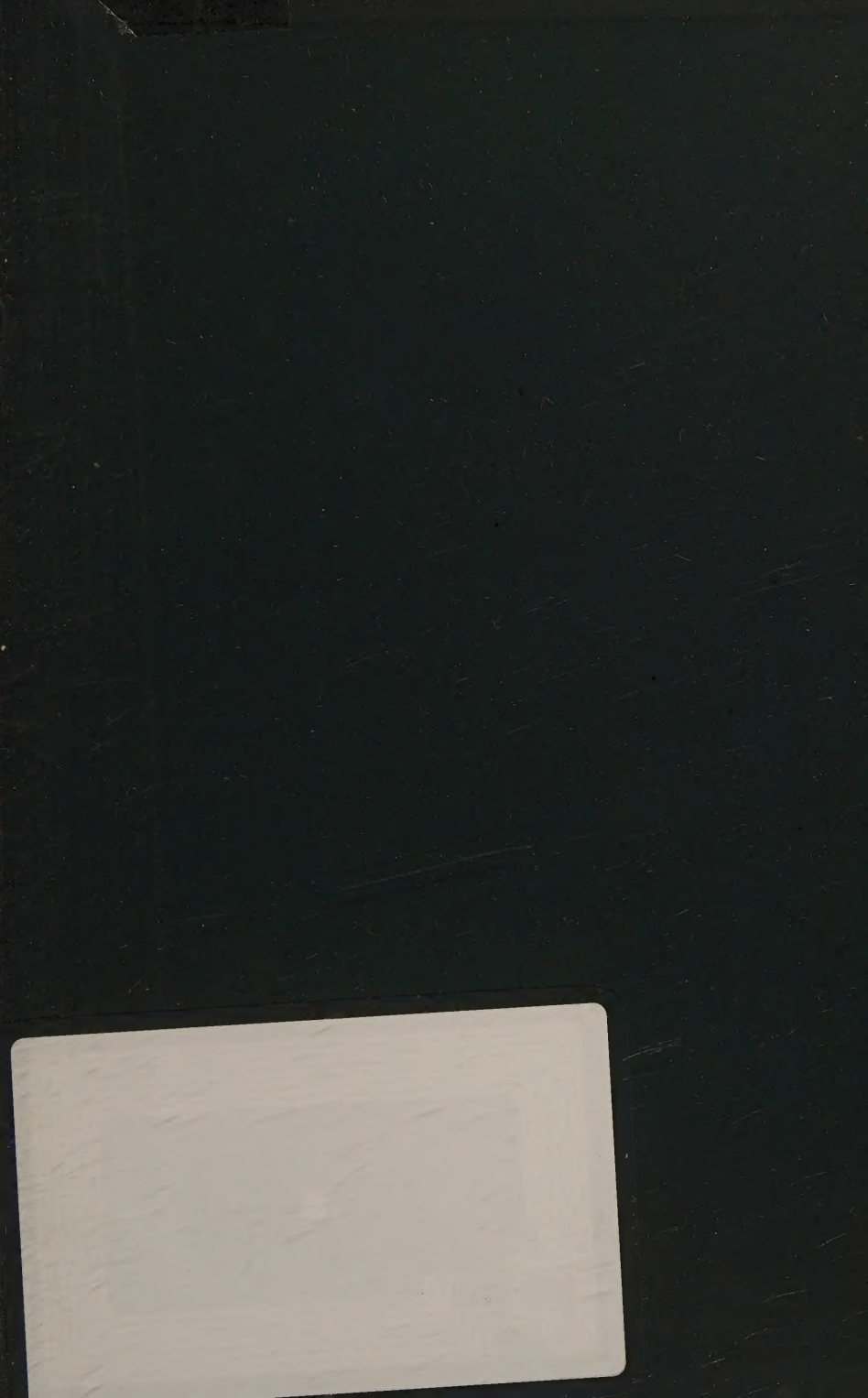
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